

THE *ITALICS* ARE MINE



Library
of the

Meadville/Lombard Theological School

5701 S. Woodlawn Avenue

Chicago, Illinois 60637

AC
8
.L46

Robert Collyer Fund

4.5.6

300

Hello


Ed Wilson,

Americas leading

humanist,

with affection,

Leo Kerner



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2022 with funding from
Kahle/Austin Foundation

THE *ITALICS* ARE MINE

THE *ITALICS* ARE

OPEN COURT

PUBLISHING COMPANY

LA S

MINE BY LEO A. LERNER

INOIS

ESTABLISHED 1887

Books by Leo A. Lerner

CONTINENTAL JOURNEY

THE ITCH OF OPINION

THE ITALICS ARE MINE

Copyright, ©, 1960, by Leo A. Lerner

All rights reserved. No part
of this book in excess of five hundred
words may be reproduced in any form
without permission in writing from the
OPEN COURT PUBLISHING COMPANY

Portions of this book were serialized
and copyrighted by the Myers Publishing
Company in 1957, 1958, 1959, and 1960.

Library of Congress Card No. 60. 15589

Printed in the United States of America

For my mother, Dora Lerner,
who, having borne ten of us,
has discovered over the years that
that was the easiest part of it.

Preface

The World's Most Dangerous Trade

When in Copenhagen, my wife and I spent half a day in one of the world's most interesting museums. There was not a single painting, statue, tapestry or ancient glass bottle in that museum. I gave it my own name, The Art Institute of Freedom.

The rare art in this unique museum consisted of things you would never think of as art, but it was more inspiring than the Elgin Marbles or the Portland Vase, even though the exhibit consisted of rusty old printing presses, ink-smearred mimeograph machines, toothless typewriters, yellow clippings from newspapers, holey old overcoats, a complete jail cell, and hundreds of crude amateur newspapers of all kinds.

Why did these things belong in this rare little museum? Because they were the "things" of freedom.

They were part of the carefully restored Freedom Exhibit telling how Denmark was taken over by the Nazis in 1940, what happened during the occupation, how the Resistance developed, how the Danes and the Swedes saved thousands of Jews from extermination in gas ovens by smuggling them into Sweden, and how eventually the Danish underground became a part of the victory team that drove Hitler's brutes from Denmark.

Perhaps you have heard how rich men take wood-paneled rooms from European castles, transport them to America, and fit them into their own houses. Well, the jail cell I speak of was taken from a German concentration camp. The overcoats I have mentioned are bespoke with Nazi bullet holes. They were worn by a Danish patriot.

There was a pathetic and modest item in that Art Institute of Freedom. It was an apology to the world that the Danes did not get every single Jewish resident safely across to neutral Sweden, past the Nazi subs and torpedo boats. The sign said regretfully that one boatload was lost in a storm.

This museum is terribly important right now for a very special reason. We are already fifteen years past 1945, when the war ended. If you are thirty years old you have only a vague recollection or even no accurate memory of what the first world-wide dictatorship meant. You would really have to be past forty to have been mature enough between 1939 to 1945 to have in your bones the full feeling of the meaning of Hitlerism.

The present generation of youth needs to know, thank God without the actual experience. It is too bad that the Little Art Institute of Freedom in Copenhagen is not available for all the world to see.

The other point I wanted to make is that the press and the poster and the mimeograph machine and the old broken down radio sending set are live and vital instruments of freedom. Even people with big brains sometimes have a blind spot when it comes to understanding how much the world depends on the free exchange of information. There is no freedom for any man, not one, if there is no freedom for the press. That's why there are so many old decrepit typewriters.

The typewriter and the mimeograph machine and the little hand-fed press are the really great symbols of liberty.

Writing and printing especially in the continuous fight for democracy, is the world's most dangerous trade.

In some places a man who writes and prints simple things like meeting notices is in danger of having his friends send his bullet-riddled overcoat to some future Art Institute of Freedom.

To have a better world, we have to get into the mood to respect at all times, not necessarily the individuals, but the idea that freedom of the press is the sine qua non of keeping a yoke off the shoulders of every human person.

Chicago—June, 1960

1957:	<i>The Italics are Mine</i>	1		<i>Dignity is a Quiet Thing</i>	4
	<i>The Numbers Game</i>	12		<i>Confessions of a Scribbler</i>	15
				<i>The Ridiculous and the Sublime</i>	23
				<i>Something to Think About</i>	30
	<i>Creed for Patriots</i>	39		<i>Out of the Stuff of Legend</i>	42
	<i>The Birthday Present</i>	49		<i>About Books</i>	51
	<i>Propaganda Soothes the Savage Breast</i>				57
	<i>Christmas in the Woods</i>				65

1958:				<i>The World is Your Idea</i>	69
	<i>The "Partners" Who Made Nasser Can Make Peace</i>				77
				<i>Courage and the Gangs</i>	82
	<i>"The Fifth" Passes a Test</i>	86		<i>The Clean Bomb</i>	88
	<i>The Piano Player and the Jumping Jacks</i>	94		<i>It's a Living</i>	96
	<i>The Blind Leading the Blind</i>	101		<i>The Lady</i>	103
	<i>Faubus, Ike and the Crisis</i>	110		<i>The Truth to Live By</i>	113
	<i>The Country Dog and the City Dog</i>				119
	<i>The Partridge and the Bluebird</i>	125		<i>Hypnotized</i>	127
	<i>The "New" Barbarians</i>				134
	<i>The Golden Angel</i>				141

Contents

<i>TV, The Time Machine</i>	7		<i>Paul's Wall</i>	10
<i>The Eleventh Commandment</i>	20			
<i>'That Which I Should Have Done —'</i>	29			
<i>The Hyena and the Tiger</i>	34		<i>Allah Be Praised</i>	37
<i>Enlightened State</i>	45		<i>Bloom and Birth</i>	46
<i>Bargain for the Eyes</i>	55			
<i>More Than Sputnik</i>	60		<i>Why Adlai Couldn't</i>	63
<i>Into the Arms of Khrushchev</i>	72		<i>This Side of the Curtain</i>	74
<i>The Bloom on My Wild Irish Rose</i>	79			
<i>If You are Going to Have Spring</i>	84			
<i>Sit Down, You're Rocking the Boat!</i>	91			
<i>The Education of Sherman Adams</i>	98			
<i>Attractive Nuisance</i>	105		<i>The Bird in the Popple</i>	107
<i>The Shade of Banquo</i>	115		<i>Restraint</i>	117
<i>The Whiteheaded Boy and Mr. Truman's Backbone</i>	122			
<i>Like it Says on the Label</i>	130		<i>Cats and Dogmas</i>	131
<i>Bright Light on the Countryside</i>	136		<i>Captain Ahab</i>	139

1959:	<i>Buy a Book</i>	144		<i>The People's Dog</i>	146
	<i>Money, Hard and Soft</i>	153		<i>Miracle in the Barn</i>	156
	<i>Motorists at Bay</i>	162		<i>How to Get Away With Murder</i>	164
	<i>The Necktie</i>	171		<i>Israel and Germany</i>	173
	<i>The Easy Way</i>	180		<i>Nixon and Nikita</i>	183
	<i>The Search for Motives</i>	190		<i>Drama of Hypocrisy</i>	192
	<i>Hidden Laughter</i>	200		<i>Too Much Freud</i>	202
				<i>Beautiful and Crazy</i>	210

1960:	<i>They Won't Give it Back to the Indians</i>	214
	<i>Babes in Toyland</i>	219
	<i>First Person Plural</i>	221
	<i>He'd Rather be Right</i>	228
	<i>Into the Daylight</i>	230
	<i>The Place in Kingly Street</i>	235
	<i>Winter of the Sauerkraut</i>	241

<i>Disturbing the Wild</i>	149		<i>Law Versus Prejudice</i>	151
<i>The Calamity of Clare</i>	152		<i>Out of Himself by Himself</i>	160
<i>Let Light Shine in the Darkness</i>	167		<i>Nature on a Lark</i>	169
<i>The Bent Back</i>	176		<i>The Romantic Rebel</i>	172
<i>Soliloquy in a Launderette</i>	185		<i>Love Will Find a Way</i>	187
<i>Creative Patterns</i>	194		<i>Nothing Sacred</i>	197
<i>The Unreality of De Facto</i>	205		<i>Jet Flight</i>	207
<i>The Case of the Cut Price Corpse (or From Here to Eternity)</i>	217			
<i>Give the Voters a Chance</i>	224		<i>Self-Created Burden</i>	226
<i>Dreams of a Distant City</i>	232			
<i>Rhythms of England in the Spring</i>	237			

THE *ITALICS* ARE MINE

1957

The Italics Are Mine

IN his book, "Profiles in Courage," Sen. John F. Kennedy (Dem., Mass.) tells one story that shows what the members of Congress are up against.

Some New England textile manufacturers came to see him about their business problems. (I am telling this anecdote from memory and in free style interpolation, so I urge that Sen. Kennedy not be held responsible for my version.)

Their first request was simple. Since they import wool from Australia, and want to buy the raw material at the lowest price, they asked him to do all he could to reduce the import tariff on Australian wool. Fair enough. It was clear that, as buyers, the textile manufacturers were *against* high tariffs.

Their second request was less simple. These manufacturers, anxious to sell all they could of their finished products, were strongly opposed to what they called "cheap" imports of competitive woven goods from foreign sources, so they asked the senator to do what he could to increase tariffs on these goods to keep the competition out. It was clear, then, that as sellers the weavers were *in favor* of high tariffs.



As if this were not confusing enough, the spokesman for the group wanted to have a little talk with the senator about wages, domestic and foreign.

Japanese wages were much too low, said the spokesman.

Something ought to be done, he said, to bring them up closer to American standards. Why, those Japs were making goods so cheap you couldn't get your price in the U.S.A. for the same kind of article made domestically.

Therefore, his third request was simple, too. He wanted the senator to use his influence to see what could be done to put an end to cheap labor in a then U.S.-occupied country.

Obviously, then, the business man was for *higher* wages. (In Japan.)

And, oh, yes, by the way, since the \$1 per hour minimum wage law was being discussed in Congress as of that time, he wanted to let the senator know they were against it. He would appreciate the senator's making his opposition to higher wages known, on account of the needs of the industry.

So he was for *lower* wages. (In the U.S.A.)

These were the four favors the innocent manufacturer asked of the senator. The senator was a little bewildered, but the industrialist was calm, confident, and certain he had not posed any dilemma.

He was not frustrated because, as far as he was concerned, the four requests were entirely consistent with what *he* wanted. He was even a humanitarian of sorts, since he was easy on Australian wool growers and Japanese workers. What could be more liberal?

If the other two requests were illiberal, they were at least patriotic, for were they not in the interest of *trade*? And isn't trade one of the Lord's creations, in the same class with the sparrow, the honey locust, the cherub and the sweet Stradivarius?

If He knows about every little sparrow, surely He knows about every little taxpaying, politics-contributing, smooth-talk-lobbying "little" manufacturer. Mayhap He knows not

of every little consumer, but it's easier to count the manufacturers; the N.A.M. puts out a list of them.



Well, Sen. Kennedy did not fall for this piety, and told the story (in a paragraph and not all drawn out and gabby as I have) to show the ludicrous side of public pressure on politicians.

But not all politicians can resist the temptation to do a little Good.

For instance, our President, also a pious man, and one devoted to international trade, authorized some time back a boost in tariffs on imported bicycles.

If this was not connected with increasing the price of domestic bicycles, I know no other Good this could have done because the decision obviously took a Couple of Bucks out of the pockets of Americans who wanted English, French, Belgian, or Italian bikes.

Anyway, don't Despair, it is possible to eat your cake and have it, for I read not long ago in a New York paper that the President and the Vice-President are going to Get Together on a national program to encourage bicycle riding in the United States. Any day I am expecting to see at least the eager Mr. Nixon on a bicycle, setting a breezy example for all us lazy duffers who have thus far shown a preference for piggy back.



If the campaign goes over, the bike makers will have their higher prices and customers, too.

Thus *trade* is aided, and public *health* advanced.

This might even make a good script for a cinema, starring Robert Montgomery and Jimmy Stewart, those perennial White House favorites.

Too bad poor Humphrey Bogart, the man with the most experience with leeches since his part in *The African Queen*, is not around for the fun. But he wouldn't have gotten the job anyway, having been a lowly Stevenson Democrat.

Dignity is A Quiet Thing

THE life you live may be your own.

I like this better than the slogan for auto safety, "The life you save may be your own."

The life you live may be worthwhile, to you, but the life you save may have a value to no one.

There are some snobs who think that if you live your life their way, it is a good life. You must love books, or paintings, or plays, or money, or manners, or New England, or Paris, or Tahiti. You must have "goals," as though life is a hockey game, in which nothing counts except scoring.

Life isn't lived on scores, or in any special place, or with certain prescribed materials. It isn't a game with dice and a board.

You never really can tell the winner. There is a mistaken notion that moments of triumph are necessary for "points" in the game, and yet I know people who have had many moments of triumph who are not winners, and many people who have had no moments of triumph who are wonderful to be with, satisfied with themselves and angry with nobody.



I came out of "Lust for Life," the movie, with a strange feeling. Here was a man who said he loved his fellow human beings. He wanted to minister to them. He wanted to relieve their suffering. He considered himself a tender protector of

the unfortunate. But whenever he had to live with anybody, including Theo, there was no love in him for the individual. He loved people, but not persons.

Finally, Vincent Van Gogh destroyed himself.

It may be that it doesn't matter, because he left behind him the design and color of his own torment, and this was good for the world, which now enjoys his genius as a painter.

But speaking for myself, I think it does matter. Had he been angry with nobody, wonderful to live with and reasonably satisfied with himself, he could have painted as well, or even better. One of the most tantalizing of the world's thoughts is how much better our great men could have been.

The great becoming greater isn't as important as the un-great becoming greater. It is better for the world to raise the mental and moral standards of the two billion people by 5 per cent than to improve the several hundred leaders in all fields by 20 per cent.

When I say mental I don't mean knowledge or brilliance, and when I say moral I don't mean narrow questions of sex or politeness. By mental I mean attitude, and by moral I mean character.



The most important single characteristic of both attitude and character is thoughtfulness. I don't mean by this, reflective, meditative or contemplative thoughtfulness, but thoughtfulness as applied to persons. I mean consideration and attention as compared to carelessness, heedlessness, rashness and indifference. I mean attentiveness as compared to neglect.

A person of character trains himself to think through any circumstance, and to take a fair and considerate attitude toward it. This does not mean an attitude of neutralism or politeness, but one of penetrating the full meaning of any event

or contact and then dealing kindly, but if necessary firmly and courageously, with the people involved.

Did you ever notice that the people who are unable to deal thoughtfully with others usually have a careless attitude toward themselves? They injure themselves as much or more than they injure others. They really can't care about others because they have no respect for themselves.

I know a man who married a woman because one day, dropping in on her in her apartment, he noticed that she had cooked an entire lunch, with salad, hot vegetable, and all the trimmings, for herself. He said then and there to himself, "Any girl who would go to all this trouble must have respect for herself, and I want her for a wife."

They were married not long afterward, and his judgment was right. The girl was not just hungry, she had a healthy attitude and a good character. If she was just hungry, she could have stuffed herself in the local beanery with much less trouble.



Whenever we talk about human goals, we talk about human dignity, but we don't often say where the dignity comes from. ~~Dignity isn't a woman in an organdy dress walking down Fifth Avenue under a silk umbrella, and it isn't a man in a cutaway coat kissing somebody's knuckles.~~ Dignity is a quiet thing that comes out of the character of people, people with the attitude of kindness and the character of thoughtfulness.

I say "beware" to all the heedless and the careless, all the thoughtless and the merciless — the life you live may be your own.

TV, The Time Machine

H. G. WELLS once wrote a book called "The Time Machine." The machine was invented by a man who wanted to go backward and forward in time, whenever the spirit moved him.

We have a time machine at our house, too, although when we bought it we did not realize that. It is our TV set.

Our time machine has recently broken out with a rash of painful memories of the 1930s and the 1940s.

After seeing half a dozen movies of the second world war, and after seeing several "dust bowl" and Okie pictures of the '30s, I have concluded that television is performing a great service for the American public. It is reminding them of things that happened which could have a favorable effect on our future.

There is nothing that we forget so easily as that which was unpleasant.

Today's old movies scheduled for television remind us in the late hours of the night during the time best for contemplation that we were once very serious about fighting for liberty and democracy and that many people gave up their lives for this ideal.



This thought was especially vivid when I saw Paul Muni in "The Commandos Strike at Dawn" very late one night on television. This was a picture of the courage and determination of the Norwegian people to overcome the Nazi occupation, and the part played by the English and American people in helping the Norwegians to liberate themselves.

I think much of the American population has forgotten what England did in the late war, and what many of our other allies did in that war.

Today it is popular to make a goat of Mr. Eden, and to

laugh at the plight of the British, who we say “pulled a boner” in Egypt. But there was a day when a man who died or risked his life for the Allied cause was considered a hero. There were many small acts of individual heroism where they could not be seen, and these acts were supposed to add up to a great world appreciation for the rejection of fascism and the growth of democracy.

As I watch these pictures I get a strong sense that our modern America has partly betrayed not only those Allies who remained our Allies and want to be our friends, but our own American heroes who thought they knew what they were fighting for. (Look at conditions in the South today. Is that what we were fighting for — the right to throw bombs at people opposed to segregation?)

Several nights ago I saw one of the best movies that came out of the second world war, “Cry Havoc,” starring Margaret Sullavan, Ann Sothorn, and Joan Blondell. This was a picture on the American resistance on Bataan in the Philippines, as seen through the eyes of a dozen or so women who acted as volunteer nurses under the direction of some Army nurses. In this movie, too, there is a direct discussion of what the war was about, and what the people were fighting for.

At one point a frail and frightened young woman says, “This time we know what we are fighting for — it’s not like in other wars — this time we are fighting for our lives, and if one of us dies, all of us die.” It was old John Donne’s principle — “each man’s death diminishes me.”

There was the solidarity of world opinion during World War II against the Rome-Berlin-Tokyo axis, a determination of the past, only 11 years old, which has almost melted away since the start of the cold war.



We seldom find anybody anymore who talks about fascism or about the fact that it is still a danger, or that we owe something to those people who starved to death, and got pellagra and malaria and jungle rot at a time when they “knew” why they were doing it.

Somewhere we went wrong since 1945. I mean we went off the path of the things we were determined to win for our own country and for the world, and have become cynical, political, selfish and insular.

We have returned to a strange form of isolationism, and the isolationists themselves, the ones who opposed America's entrance into the second world war, are now making heroes of themselves, and rejecting totally many of the ideas for which we went into the war, and which came out of the crucible of the world's painful struggle against fascism.

I am not saying that the new situation is all our fault, but I do think we have the power and the brains and the resources to put an end to this drifting toward another war, and more totalitarianism, if we had the keen sense of direction and self-sacrifice that people had during the late depression and the second world war.



As mad as I get at TV commercials and those endless quiz shows, I think we owe to television some thanks for the re-setting, time-wise, of our minds back toward the incidents and the heroes and the fighters of our immediate, and what we thought was a glorious, past.

Paul's Wall

THE offices of the members of Congress are long and narrow. If you are a House member, you get two long and narrow rooms, one outer for the secretariat and one inner for yourself. If you are a senator, you usually get three long and narrow rooms, an outer for reception and the secretariat, a middle-inner for the administrative assistant, and an inner-inner for the senator himself.

Sen. Paul H. Douglas of Illinois, a former college professor and city alderman who is really a jolly, but sometimes irascible philosopher and has spent the last seven years of his life in the U.S. Senate, has three long and narrow super-cluttered offices in the Senate Office building.

The outer is full of secretaries and papers. The middle-inner is full of the spirit and personality, endless papers and constant person of Frank W. McCulloch, one of the ablest and kindest men in the nation's capital. Frank McCulloch is seldom alone in the middle-inner because he does not stand on pride of privacy.



In the inner-inner sits the philosopher politician, Paul Douglas, a fun loving man who is seldom allowed to have any. One of his substitutes for joy in the midst of slaying dragons is to adorn his walls. Paul's Walls, I call them, and I never tire of looking at them when I am in Washington because they are so wonderfully American, corny, educational, artistic and revelatory of a man who has so much intellect, curiosity, naivete, earnestness, culture and intensity.

I haven't seen them all, but I guess of all the walls in the long and narrow rooms of Washington, Paul's walls are the only ones with prints and paintings of Italian and Dutch masters. From the gay Pieter Breughel in the outer to the pictures of the Michelangelo sculpture from the Florentine Lorenzo

chapel in the inner almost every inch of wall space is covered with pictures and people and things admired by Paul Douglas.

The frames don't match, the colors are not laid out for decorators' taste, you will find a map of the world or of Illinois next to Botticelli's "Primavera," but there is an old-fashioned charm, almost a quaintness to those three rooms that suggest Quaker economy, traditions, youthful influences, memories, and, above all, a lifetime of enthusiasm. There is nothing quite so fascinating, as well as sad, about wallfuls of a lifetime of enthusiasms.



But I started out to write all this to tell you about the special wall, the one at Paul's right as he sits at his desk in the inner-inner, the uncluttered wall.

This wall is uncluttered for a very special reason. It contains pictures of the heroes in Paul Douglas' life, the really great, the inspirers, the pure in heart, and there were never enough of those to clutter up a wall.

The pictures on that wall are six — a president, a governor, two senators, a lawyer and a social worker.

The president is Abraham Lincoln, of whom Carl Sandburg once said, "Perhaps no human clay-pot has held more laughter and tears."

The governor is John Peter Altgeld, the "eagle forgotten," the Illinois governor who fought the corruptionists and the monopolies and who was broken by the powerful but will be remembered forever by the meek, who are destined to inherit the earth.

The senators are George W. Norris and Robert M. La Follette Sr., two of the ablest statesmen in American history, and both Midwesterners, giving the lie to those who say that the people of the central plains are narrow and provincial. Norris and La Follette prove that it was not ever thus.

The lawyer is Clarence Darrow, who said at the funeral of John P. Altgeld:

"Liberty is the most jealous and exacting mistress that can beguile the brain and soul of man. She will have nothing from him who will not give her all. She knows that his pretended love serves but to betray. But when once the fierce heat of her quenchless, lustrous eyes has burned into the victim's heart, he will know no other smile but hers. Liberty will have none but the great devoted souls . . ."

The social worker is Jane Adams, founder of Hull House, one of Chicago's genuine gifts to world humanity.



These are the men and this is the woman on Paul's wall. Four are Illinoisans, three of them from Chicago. All six are Midwesterners. At least three of them were Republicans, only two, Altgeld and Darrow, staunch Democrats. All, however, were upholders of Jeffersonian social justice and enemies of brutality, corruption and greed.

Sometimes I hear people who go into buildings say, "If only these walls could talk."

Paul's wall says plenty.

The Numbers Game

If you don't know how we suffer, those of us who write columns, think of all the ghastly stuff we have to read. How would you like to have to read Gov. Marvin Griffin's message on Constitutional segregation, word for word? Or the complete text of Mr. Macmillan's radio and television address to the people of Britain? Or a transcript of the whole press conference at which Mr. George N. Humphrey, the Secretary

of the Treasury, made his famous warning against U.S. spending?

Overworked, that's what we are, doing for the public what the public ought to be doing for itself. Try a Khrushchev speech about Stalin, sometime, or a pious Arab sounding off at the United Nations about how "Israeli arrogance is endangering peace and security."

It's something like mining slag. Once in a while a tiny particle of metal turns up. For instance, the other day I was reading the text of the Nixon report to the President on problems of Hungarian Refugee Relief. It contained all the usual platitudes (including a quote from Herbert Hoover), but at the end there was a mighty interesting appendix.

The appendix gave the status report of the Hungarian refugee situation as of Dec. 31, 1956, and gave a list of 24 countries and the number of Hungarian refugees each country had taken in.

As I looked at this appendix, I realized that I had run across another numbers game, like the one the administration had been playing with "security risks."

The impression has been given that we are doing a magnificent, unbelievable, world shaking job for Hungarian refugees. But the appendix unwittingly delivered another message.

For instance, Switzerland on that day had already taken in 10,300 refugees. I did some mental arithmetic. Switzerland has a population of about 4 million. We have a population of 160 million. Switzerland, therefore, is one fortieth the size of the United States, but took in, in actual numbers, half as many Hungarian refugees as we did! Meaning? Simple, on a population basis, Switzerland took in 20 times as many refugees as we did. And I'll bet with a lot less bombast.



My eye went down the list. Denmark took in 1000 Hungarians. This is about one-twentieth as many as we did, but Denmark is about one-fiftieth the size of the United States in population, so that it actually took about two and one-half times as many people as we did, comparing populations.

The state of Israel, according to population proportion, took in four times as many Hungarians as we did. (If we are 80 times bigger than Israel and took only 20 times as many, they took four times as many as we did.)

England, whom we recently accused of "immorality," actually took in 12,886 Hungarian refugees, which means (on the population basis, since we are over five times as large in population), we let them take about six times as many Hungarian "people of the highest quality," as Mr. Nixon called them, as we did.

And I've been reading the British newspapers and I can assure you that they accomplished it with much less orchestral din than we did.

But it's when you take the same figures, and look at them from the angle of the amount of room each country has (overlooking economic capability, a large factor in itself), that you really see that we have made much ado about nothing.

England covers 88,000 square miles and took in (as of that date) 13,000 Hungarians. The United States covers more than 3 million square miles and took in 19,668 Hungarians on that date. We have 40 times as much space for people and took in only 19/13 as many refugees.

Roughly, this means that we would have to take in 25 times as many Hungarians as we did to equal the record of the British, and if we consider smaller countries like Switzerland, Denmark, Israel, or Belgium, the difference is staggering. Instead of looking like heroes, we look like people who have really shirked their duty.



I'm not mad at anybody and I'm not trying to prove that we are all a bunch of hypocrites. I'm only expressing a kind of shoulder-shrug over what the foreign policy of bluff, brag, and bully has done to us and to our journalism. We have to feel so big all the time, that often our swagger shows, the way it does on a 12-year-old juvenile delinquent.

All the charity has gone out of our good deeds for Hungarians because the figures on close examination of the numbers show the deed is not so good. Richard flew like a bird to Austria on his noble errand of mercy, probably unaware that he and the Ike-on in the Dwight House were being outdone by countries with less space, less wealth and with much less fanfare.

Also, I read in the *New York Times* on Friday a significant report from a responsible American official in Austria that the flow of refugees from Hungary is increasing while the process of absorption by free countries is "almost halted."

The Jewish people among these refugees are piling up in Austria because there was "a quota within a quota," which, American officials say, "does not *now* exist." (The italics are mine.) But further immigration does not now exist, either, and there are 10,000 Hungarian Jewish refugees homeless and stateless in Austria, with more coming in every day. As of Jan. 18 there were 70,000 Hungarians in Austrian camps.

The situation reads like the early days of Hitler. And, as in Hitler's day, we are responding with — too little help too late and with our prejudices showing on our sleeves.

Confessions of A Scribbler

OFTEN I read in the professional magazines that so and so who makes a half million a year writing movie scripts (did he write "Zarak"?) is a methodical worker who begins at nine

every morning and quits exactly at three every day except Wednesdays, when he walks his hound dogs.

There seems to be a plot of sorts to convince the public that writing is a respectable profession with regular hours, leak-proof valves that never drip, and conformist ideas that need never worry anybody.

(Do you know why so many writers emphasize sex today? It is one of the few exciting noncontroversial subjects. Why should a writer get himself into trouble trying to tell the truth about some other subject when he can tell the truth about sex without getting anybody really mad and having the advantage of being banned in Boston or Detroit?)

(John O'Hara, one of the really great scribblers of this viperous generation, writes mostly about sex because that dynamite-laden style of his, all full of little explosions, employed to describe foreign policy or domestic danger would have him before congressional committees most of the time. In "10 North Frederick" he shrewdly makes the politician a good man and then gives a clinical account of the private sex life of his other characters.

(I am beginning to think that Freud did not really mean that sex dominated human psychology, but that it is one of the few safe doors through which we can examine all other human motivation.)



I started out to say that as far as I am concerned there is no regular time for writing, no regular materials, no pattern of decision about subjects, and no fixed place.

There is lightning in my head, and when it strikes, I write.

Sometimes, like lightning, all it does is set fire to nobody but me. People are always asking me, "Do you write far in advance?" and the answer, of course, is no.

If you meet a regular deadline for years, your lightning sta-

bilizer or whatever it is, has a way of hitting you sometime before deadline, but sometimes it waits so long you think it is going to betray you.

A week or two ago I was sitting in the barbership down in the bowels of the Congress hotel, when the juice suddenly went on inside my skull.

I looked up at the barber and said: "Do you have any writing paper here?" "Sure," he said, "letter paper?" "That'll do." He handed me five or six sheets of narrow gauge note paper, a *Saturday Evening Post*, and all during the haircut I wrote a column with the magazine for backing.

When the haircut was done, I asked the manicurist if I could use her second table to finish. She was most solicitous, although I had not taken a manicure, asking me if I was comfortable and whether I needed more paper.

I scribbled for another half hour, and when I folded the papers for my pocket, the barber wanted to know if I wanted stamps and envelopes. When I thanked him and said no, I could see that the barbers and the manicurist were puzzled. Why would a man scribble so long and fast and then not want to mail the result? What kind of traveling salesman was I? (I have often asked myself that same question. In the next world I will probably be a frog fisherman like Trajan or a stocking mender like Alexander or a peeler of walnuts like Pertinax, but in this world I know not if I am Willy Lohmann or half Albert and half Arthur Brisbane.)



People ask me often, do I use a typewriter? Do I dictate? Do I write with pen or pencil? Do I always use copy paper? Do I have a favorite place from which I always work?

The answer to all these questions (which I do not resent because they are a legitimate part of natural curiosity and polite conversation) is yes and no.

My natural habitat is the business end of a typewriter, but I'm not always in front of a typewriter when I must get an idea down on paper. Once I was in a nursery, and confounded my six-year-old hostess by scribbling madly on the blank pages of a picture book with her orange and purple crayons. After vainly trying to get my attention, she went to her father and complained, "Uncle Leo won't play with me, and he's spoiling my picture book."

Pen and pencil? Copy paper? The answer to that is that anything that writes and anything that can be written on is fair game for me. (Once I saw a drunken dermatologist write an essay with pen and ink on the legs of a woman patient, so I say to you that it is not necessary to be a writer to be crazy.)

I have never written with burnt embers on a wooden shovel, as Lincoln is supposed to have done, but that is only because you can't write a thousand words on one shovel and I didn't have enough shovels. The various Rabelasian torcheculs have nothing on my materials. I have used old letters, paper and cloth napkins, orange wrappers, paper towels, old invoices, paper bags, composition books, margins of newspapers and magazines, the foldout page in *Playboy*, and the backs of laundry lists.

With a respectful salute to Grangousier and Gargantua, I never used sea grape leaves or the neck of a goose, but I did try birch bark, which is overrated.



I have what amounts to a passion for all kinds of writing materials, and particularly for notebooks. I suspect this is a hidden desire for orderliness, which I pretend to disdain. I tell myself that if I carried a little book, I wouldn't always be looking for paper. Everytime I go into a dime store or a self-service drug store I can't seem to get enough notebooks, composition books, pocket pads, and clipboards. If I had the

nerve and the money, I'd build shelves all over the house and have my own stationery department, loaded to the ceiling with lovely lined pages waiting to be written upon.

(As certain as I'm scribbling this, with a ball point pen on the backs of letters requesting donations, some psychiatrist in my audience will interpret this predilection for paper to some desire to fertilize the fallow, but I think it's just the Boy Scout in me: "be prepared.")

Dictation? I have an ediphone. But how can you say into a dictaphone "the Ike-on in the Dwight House" and make sure the stenographer will get it right? Since I strive for conversational tone in printed communication, to unstilt it and make sure it flows as easily into the ear as the eye, I often dictate in spite of my reservations, and often have a successful result, usually because things I have written in this medium did not satisfy me when I turned them in, but which the public seemed to like in spite of my misgivings. I think it's because dictated material tends to be simpler and easier to understand. You are probably conscious of the stenographer and try to get through to her, which is a way of talking to, and often pleading with, the public.



Several years ago I was plagued with rumors that I do not write my own column. This palpable falsehood persisted in spite of my denials. One man wrote me that he didn't like what I had to say, that he didn't like the way I said it, and, anyway, he was sure I didn't write it myself because somebody who ought to know told him so. I answered him by saying that I was sorry he didn't like what I wrote, but that since he didn't believe I wrote it, I was pleased to think that he was madder at the man who really wrote it than at me, thus limiting and proscribing my guilt to bad taste in my plagiarism, instead of making me responsible for more deliberate mischief.

This schizophrenic dodge did not keep me, however, from saving every scrap of original writing to prove, if I ever "had" to, that all these scrivenings were original composition.

These accumulated until my wife wanted to know one day if I was ready to move elsewhere and abandon this home for a warehouse.

"You are speaking," I said, "of my life's blood."

"All right," she said, "let's call it blood. Does that mean we have to have it lying around the house?"

Next day there was a big bonfire in our alley.

The Eleventh Commandment

SOMETIMES I am self-conscious about my criticism of the State Department.

I haven't said anything good about our diplomacy since I was in long cotton stockings and knee pants.

And here I go again.

Perhaps the whole historical cycle of the State Department behaving like a mad thing in the night and the editorialists nagging at it is inevitable.

Some are born to make mistakes and some are destined to grumble. In nearly all other cases, this inevitability would make comedy at some point, but in the stumblings of American diplomacy there is no time for comedy. As time passes, the blundering becomes more tragic, the critics become more righteous, and the situation becomes more pathetic. The hydrogen bomb waits for nobody.

The State Department is in a strange position. It was hired to do a job by the American people, and under the leadership of a weak president and a mercenary political leadership it failed.

Then unlike private industry, where a man who cannot do the job is fired and someone more competent is hired to take his place, the incompetents are rehired, because their salesmanship exceeds their capability. (Having myself been talked into hiring people for jobs they couldn't do, I don't blame anybody for this.)



Perhaps no more can be expected from our diplomatists. They are subject in the first place to diplomatic thinking, which has the vitality of a bagel in the deep freeze. Then there is the political pressure, where somebody who has picked up the tab for postage or television in a campaign has more to say than the people.

And lastly, there is the perpetual state of unreality. You mustn't tell your constituency the truth, you mustn't tell your Allies the truth, you mustn't deal honestly with the enemy, and it finally gets so that you can't tell truth from falsehood at all.

To complicate the matter the press cannot afford to admit any original sin of political selection (we are all creatures of habit, as Jimmy Wechsler says) so it is willing to help twist the tail off whatever little recognizable truth is left.

Sometimes when I read the editorials in the daily press, mostly apology and puerile explanation of State Department policy, all intended to soothe and to prevent regret, I do not think so much of deliberate deviltry as I do of ignorance, naivete and simple incompetence, much like that of an illiterate precinct captain apologizing for a ward boss. ("He's a big man, he can't think of everything.")

The trouble we are in already, with this terrible bobble we have made in the Middle East, can be blamed as much on the newspapers and the magazines as on the politicians and the oil interests. If it were not for Walter Lippmann, there would

not be a single competent journalistic voice in America speaking out, and today one man against the pack is tragedy.

If William Allen White were alive today, I am positive he would be fighting with all his might against the neo-Chamberlainism that has engulfed us. What better evidence is there of Chamberlainism than what we have done to Sir Anthony Eden, one of the most competent and sincere of the protagonists of the West?

As Hans Morgenthau says we should have learned in 1938 that if you act as though certain conditions do not exist, they still exist. We cover our eyes because we think it minimizes war, when it actually maximizes it.



This new business called Ike's Dike, the request for permission to go to war in the Middle East if necessary, is a snare and a delusion. The Russians may be crazy but they are not stupid. They know that Ike won't do any more or less after "permission" than before. They know the "policy" is a local consumption political gimmick, and they will proceed to ignore it.

They won't wage war anyway. They'll keep on waging their form of "peace" by dividing, infiltrating and colonializing by being "anti-colonial."

Behind our "get tough by vote" policy we will go on helping the Communists by appointing donors of campaign funds to embassies, appeasing feudal rulers and dictators, protecting oil interests, humiliating our Allies, and, worst of all, appeasing our hate-mongers at home so that no matter what we try to do in the world, the people in Africa and Asia do not believe in our sincerity.

Carl Sandburg once added a commandment he called the Eleventh. It was "Thou shalt not commit nincompoopery."

Yet that is what I fear we are doing in the world.

I agree with the Hungarian who said recently that he would rather have a free government than a good government. So while there is still freedom, let us try to find some statesmen with some brains, some guts and some compassionate understanding. And let them try truth as a weapon of diplomacy; it might work. It would certainly be no worse than committing nincompoopery.

The Ridiculous and the Sublime

(Commencement address to Wright College and Police Department graduates, Jan. 31, 1957)

IN books and movies we have lately been surfeited with titles like "The High and the Mighty," "The Power and the Prize," "The Proud and the Beautiful," "The Proud and the Profane," and now, ladies and gentlemen, I give you "The Ridiculous and the Sublime."

The usual speaker exhorts the graduates to continue their education. I used to do likewise.

Tonight I think I ought to break down and tell the truth.

Consider, instead, the advantages of *not* continuing your education. If you go to work instead, if you have room and board at home, you will save \$8,000 to \$10,000 in cash if you work 2 years, plus the money you save your parents (about \$5,000) on books, tuition, clothes, and living expenses. You will be able to do 2,000 hours of work a year, at current rates of wages, plus overtime!

This is actually the time of highest earning-saving capacity of your whole lifetime, since you have the least obligation to your family, home, or wife, husband, or children.

You will mature much faster in a work environment than

in a school environment. You get to learn the value of money. A fellow with a college degree has other values. But you'll know about money.



Since most college students when they graduate go into industry or business, you will have a two or three year advantage of them. Furthermore, you will be under no illusions as to your worth. A fellow with a degree has a tendency to over-value himself. When they are finished haggling, the employer then has to unteach the college graduate and disenfranchise him from what he thinks he knows. With you, there will be an advantage; you won't have to unlearn anything. You will have much less conflict with the employer because you will have no illusion of superiority.

Your parents, who complain to you about their self-sacrifices, will be released from their obligation to you. You will be able to deal with your parents on an adult level. You will stop being sub-human to your parents and they will stop nagging you and making you feel dependent.

Parents will be liberated from the shackles of their own ambitions.

If you fail to continue your education, it will be easy for you to conform, and today to conform is to be unobtrusively happy.

You won't be steeped in the theories taught in education. You won't be complicated.

In fact, you are most likely to be simple.

Let's make a little ad out of it, a radio jingle:

"No clutter, no sputter,
Just bread and butter."

By 1963, there will be 10 million students in colleges—more than twice what there are today. There will be no place for them. There is already not enough money to run the uni-

versities. Some politicians call Federal aid to education "socialism." By keeping out of college, you'll help reduce socialism.

You'll be a patriot, you'll save money for the taxpayers, of which you will be one.

Think of all the doctors, dentists, CPA's, engineers, lawyers, trying to prevent competition.

If you keep out of college, the doctors and dentists and lawyers will get older and busier and richer without any competition from you.



Consider the alternative to going to work right now.

The alternative is enrolling in a University.

It's hard to decide what you want to do in life.

It's hard to decide which college offers it.

It's hard to get into college.

After you get in, if you do, then the real trouble starts.

You will have to study. You have to pay for it.

You will have to read hundreds of books without pictures or conversation. You will have to burn the midnight oil, live on black coffee, and take Benzedrine.

You will be on a quest to find out where man comes from and where he might be going.

You will be serious, to learn to think.

In college, you will come into daily contact with people who are so smart they may give you an inferiority complex.

But why rise to the challenge of something so difficult?

True, out of every 25 people born, only eight will have avoided pathological neurosis in a lifetime.

True, in thirty years we had two world wars, and developed the fine art of exterminating whole races of people.

True, we need more chemists, physicists, technicians and scientists. The Russians are training many more than we.

But this is a free country. You don't have to learn all that

hard stuff. And if the Communists take over, you can always claim that you never did collaborate with the U.S.A.!

True, a political vacuum is developing in which freedom is suspect and conformity is a desirable norm.

True, we are losing the high standards we once set for democratic government.

True, the combination of all this may lead to the end of our democracy as we pretend to cherish it.



Why worry about all this?

Many civilizations have perished. The ancient Mayan and Aztec civilizations are overgrown with weeds. The only thing we have left from the Aztecs is the swastika.

The jungle and the monkeys have taken over the ancient temples of Indo-China.

Materialism has conquered Modern China and her partner, Modern Russia.

The idealistic Hungarians who don't like this are kept under control by some materialistic tanks.

The ancient civilizations of Greece and Rome have vanished. We Americans, and our great Allies of the West, saved something of Pericles and Aristotle, something of Cicero and St. Augustine, but we are not necessarily the chosen repository of bygone civilization and the heritage of wisdom! If we can't hang on to it, the sun will still shine every day, the birds will still sing.

Why must we survive? And even if we must, it's not necessarily *your* business!

We can let the drouth and desert take over. We can be "comfortable" to the end, as Gibbon showed us the Romans were.

On one occasion Aristotle was asked how much educated men were superior to the uneducated. "As much," said he, "as the living are to the dead."

But, I submit that was before the days of high wages and cold war prosperity. Today our prejudices and our fears and our suspicions, yes, and our inability to find a way to make peace, are actually a substitute for acquiring knowledge and building character. Building hydrogen bombs is our work, and maintaining our customs and prejudices is our patriotism.

Where is there room in this to learn truth and acquire wisdom?

What evidence do we have that if we are educated, we will be called upon for leadership in our democracy?

I remind you that the last two ambassadors appointed to the Court of St. James's were not appointed because they were skillful diplomats or held doctorates from the University, but because they were heavy contributors to the President's political party.

Will you get into the Cabinet if you go to college? It's very unlikely. You'll do better if you are an auto dealer or an oil speculator.

Take my advice, become an oil speculator. You'll pay less income tax and have a profound effect on our foreign policy.

Did John Brown or Tom Paine ever get anything out of feeling responsible for the human race?

Were William Lloyd Garrison or Wendell Phillips rewarded for their valiant battles against slavery?

Thoreau was graduated from Harvard college and went to live at Walden on 10 cents a day.



So in conclusion, I ask you why be free and independent in mind and spirit when you can be a slave to a mortgage?

Why try to make a life when all you have to do is make a living?

Why study to be a chemist or a physicist or a scientist, which the country sorely needs, when you can dawdle along with a convertible and a television set?

Why keep your freshness and your innocence when you can give it up so easily in pursuit of financial security?

Why bother with the higher values of life when you can have so much fun, and a sense of your own importance, by ignoring them?

Some day, if our civilization does not rot away, new leaders will be needed in America—the skilled, the knowing, the trained, those with brains and vision nurtured by our heritage of freedom, but if you're not among them, so what?

Some day, as we go forward with the stubborn who believe in education, democracy could develop a forward look, higher standards, new leadership. Will you be up there? Maybe not. Why worry?

And some day, the brutality and greed and commercialism may be on their way out. There will be new values, which are already crystallizing in the world of culture, the arts, and religion. Will you be able to help speed this process, to take your place in it?

If not, you'll still have a silk shirt!

Let me tell you a story. A king was dying. The doctor said, "He'll die unless he wears the shirt of a happy man."

They searched the whole kingdom for a truly happy man. When they found him, guess what?

He had no shirt!

(Note: A few days ago one of my friends told me that she had been at the Art Institute one day when Ivan Le Lorraine Albright's painting "That Which I Should Have Done I Did Not Do" was displayed as the "picture of the week." I recalled that at one time, back in 1944, I did a short column about the picture. Having found it, I offer it to you now, when it seems as timely as ever)

"That Which I Should Have Done"

THE artist Ivan Albright, an imaginative devil who spreads his paint on thickly and makes his ideas stick, has won prizes over the country with a painting of a door with a crape hanging on it. The only human thing you see in the picture is a black gloved hand, hesitating on the door knob; it is the hand of somebody going in to pay a final call on the remains of what was once a friend.

The title of the picture is "That Which I Should Have Done I Did Not Do." It is the poignant thought of the owner of the gloved hand. He didn't do what he should have done, and it was too late.

The world can ask: "So what? You didn't do what you should have done, but who is the wiser? Who measures what you should have done? Who passes judgment? When is the moment of retribution?"

"Maybe never," your hard and cynical side can reply. Forget it. The dead have no memories, the living no standards, no punishments for sins of omission. That which you should have done and did not do cannot be charged against you; you can slam doors in your mind, turn the locks and throw away the keys.



Today, only such things as Albright's moralistic painting or the thin cries of abstract preachments are heard railing against sins of omission. All our punishments are for crimes of commission, and they are not the worst. A man who kills one man will be hanged; a man like Chamberlain whose act killed millions may be honored.

The sins of omission of our narrow nationalistic politicians will cause suffering for generations, but there is no punishment for them; the jails are for men who steal bread.

I am looking forward to the day when sins of omission will be measured and punished — then politicians, like Chinese doctors, will be hired to keep the social system well, not to cure it after it becomes sick.

Often I have worried about our inability to measure the results of neglect. Neglect is a crime, but because we can't see it committed, we find it hard to evaluate. A book we didn't read, a kind word we didn't say, an important matter we failed to investigate, a passive attitude toward work or duty, a dangerous compromise, a belief that bad situations will "solve themselves" — all these are types of crimes against self and community.



If we neglect the education of our children, it is a high crime, and yet there is no judge or jury to accuse us. The libraries we fail to build, the social centers we fail to establish, the good men we fail to elect to office, the things we fail to get together on are all setbacks to generations. Our sins of omission are the causes of all our troubles.

The materialists who lead us into shallow and temporal compromises are not so practical as they think they are. They do in fact deny reality. That which they should have done and did not do denies the worth and purpose of human life.

Something to Think About

WHENEVER I think I learn something, I always want to pass it on to the readers of this column.

Last week some friends invited me to Northwestern university to hear Walter Blucher, the city planner, and a panel of experts talk about "The Plight of the Cities."

I just listened for my own information and pleasure, took

no notes and had not intended to do a column on the meeting, but the important points brought out have been swishing in my cranium all week, and I must pass them on to you.

First, however, I want to say a word about Walter Blucher. There are some people who just “click” with you the first time you see them and hear them. I felt that way about Blucher. He had a “cold” audience, but he addressed them with modesty, sincerity, a little humor, and an obvious store of experience and knowledge of the great cities of America and their problems.

Hundreds (yes, literally) of ideas spouted from Blucher and the men on the panel, but I have boiled down the essentials in these points, which I think will vastly interest you.



1. All the “wise” people in planning know that more and more roads won’t solve the traffic problem. In fact, some roads are being built that will complicate traffic congestion. We never catch up with the increasing number of automobiles by building more and wider roads, cutting up the landscape. The real solution to urban and suburban living is public transportation, rapid transit and railroads.

2. Mass transportation to the center of the main city from the farthest reaches of the suburbs must be fast, cheap, frequent and regular. The community will support it if it is adequate, and the parking, road and death rate problems will reduce as rapid transit increases.

3. The cities and villages in and around a metropolitan area must get together and plan a combined transit service all sharing in the capital expense, which will pay for itself easily if it is properly planned. This kind of transportation will benefit the main city and neighborhoods as well as the suburbs.

4. Buses are utterly inadequate for long haul suburb-to-city and return transportation, and too expensive to operate. The

CTA's biggest mistake has been to convert practically the whole system into buses. What Chicago needs is a subway from the north, the northwest, the west, the southwest, and the south, with frequent stations, operating around the clock to put all of metropolitan Chicago within a 40-minute distance from the extremes to the center, including the suburbs.

5. The CTA will no doubt have to have a tax subsidy, but the service should include the whole metropolitan area and be supported by all the cities and villages. The "separationist" idea, if it persists, can be fatal.



6. The suburbs are sowing the seeds of their own blight by piecemeal decisions instead of strict planning. Some suburbs are over-industrialized, causing personnel difficulty and un-economic costs to the industries.

7. As a starter, suburbs need two things: Honest government and a determination to work together with other governments to solve problems mutually.

8. A shocking inadequacy has developed in numerous suburban services, including schools (considering the growing population), water, sewers, storm water, traffic, police and fire service. There will probably be a terrible outlying flood problem in several years.

9. The "real" city is not Chicago alone, or Los Angeles alone, or Tulsa alone. The real city is the whole metropolitan district, crossing the invisible boundaries. Whoever thinks he is hiding in his bedroom in the suburbs is kidding himself. To paraphrase Donne, "no suburb is an island unto itself." Toronto has created a metropolitan commission and is on the way to solving its problems better and earlier than any other North American city.

10. Auto ownership is approaching the Los Angeles statistical pattern of one car for every 1.4 people. Traffic itself is al-

ready averaging 1.2 persons per car, which is costly and dangerous.

11. Central area merchants and business men are alarmed by the changes, but they have been responsible for many of the short-sighted policies and lack of overall planning that have put the cities in their special plight.

12. It is much cheaper to save a neighborhood than to rebuild it. The trouble is that very few groups act in any circumstances but near-disaster.



13. Too many parking-shopping centers are being built around the big cities. "Surveys" of potential can be made to prove anything. Stores that build more stores to keep the customers they already have may be indulging in uneconomic practice unless they can get substantial increases in their volume. Volume is going up, but not fast enough to absorb all costs of so many new stores. Caution is advised. Many shopping centers on the edge of big cities throughout America are being operated by inexperienced real estate investors instead of seasoned retail people.

14. "Real" cities (metropolitan areas) are growing at a much faster rate than was predicted, which means that governments must be on the alert to service their communities realistically in the next 15 years.

15. Many cities have enormously increased the number of older people in their midst, without realizing it. Thus, some cities are full of unused baseball lots but no place for people over 60 to have proper recreation or outdoor facilities.

16. A successful city wants more babies and more old people (growth and health), but it also wants to keep its age 20 to 45 population. To do this the metropolitan area must strive to provide services that will attract the "restless" age group, and that means intelligent planning and progressive government.

The Hyena and the Tiger

THERE are some newspaper people who think there is no further point in talking about what happens to Sen. Joe McCarthy, or what he says, but I think he remains politically and psychologically significant.

In some ways McCarthy is a pathetically human figure.

Last week, in the uncouth and bullying manner he uses to cover up a terrible sense of inferiority, he got up on the floor of the Senate and asked where all the senators were during the important debate on the Eisenhower doctrine in the Middle East. He tried, in fact, to blame the absenteeism on the Democrats, claiming that he noticed a few more Republicans floating around on the floor (or sitting in their seats reading newspapers) than Democrats.

Sen. Neuberger, the freshman Oregon Democrat, a cool and terrible infighter, took McCarthy apart simply by asking where McCarthy himself had been during the last two weeks of the debate. McCarthy tried to bluff that one out, so Neuberger asked the attendance clerk to give him the record, and he turned out to be right — McCarthy had been absent most of the time during what he had himself called an important debate.



Then, the “thing” happened, that which happens to many people when they are challenged by somebody hostile. They make abject fools of themselves. Neuberger asked McCarthy where he had been on Saturday (there were only three or four senators on the floor Saturday afternoon when Sen. Wayne Morse made a strong speech against the Eisenhower military permissions bill) and McCarthy answered that on Saturday he was working the senate committee investigating labor rackets.

This was fatal, because there was no meeting of that committee on Saturday, and McCarthy, humiliated again because he barges in like a bull instead of being accurate and cautious, was gaveled down in spite of the fact that he was perfectly right in making the point that the place for senators is on the floor of the Senate when the Senate is in session.

That a grown man (and a U.S. senator) can act like such an impetuous and irresponsible delinquent is a fascinating subject, and I hope that someday a reliable psychiatrist will contribute to national thought by writing an analysis of this man, his motivations, and something of the mentality and motives of the people who elect him.

To think that Wisconsin has spawned great statesmen like the two La Follettes and is now sending to the Senate ciphers like Wiley and characters like McCarthy is to make you wonder what is happening to American democracy. Is there something wrong with the process? Don't people really care? Or are the politicians so clever that the will of the people is really thwarted? I hold with the latter theory myself (control of the election machinery by the professionals plus lack of courage of those who see the disaster but won't do anything about it).



Sometimes I wonder about the taste and good judgment of some of the politicians who dislike McCarthy.

Let's take last Wednesday's McCarthy news story, about how Mr. Eisenhower left McCarthy off the invitation list to come to the White House, making him the only person in Congress not invited.

James Hagerty, the President's press secretary, made it plain to all who asked that McCarthy was not wanted at the White House, and the year before he had actually announced that not inviting McCarthy was the personal decision of Ike and Mamie.

Well, the White House is not a private home, it belongs to the people of the United States. McCarthy, no matter what he says in Congress or how he behaves in a committee brawl, is one of the two representatives of the sovereign state of Wisconsin. If Wisconsin sends such representatives to the Senate, then Wisconsin should take the responsibility for how they behave. When he's quiet, I'm sure the junior senator from Wisconsin looks as much like a penguin in white tie and tails as the next senator.

The President's personal pique should have nothing to do with official business. Besides, I suggest that Ike is probably mad at McCarthy for personal reasons, and not principle. He took McCarthy's help in 1952, let him alone during some fantastic excesses during the first Ike term, and didn't even bother to screw up the courage of the Secretary of the Army during the Army-McCarthy hearings, which were a farce principally because there was no apparent courage or leadership in the executive department.

I think that in connection with Ike, Mac's crime was being disrespectful to the military.



Another point I consider valid is that Mr. Eisenhower's new leader of the Republican party, Mr. Alcorn, described as a "modern Republican," has already announced that the party will support McCarthy for senator if he is nominated next year. The inference is obvious that if Ike's party will have the man supposedly personally obnoxious, why can't he go to Ike's party, in the White House?

Unless, of course, there is a plot afoot to get the people in Wisconsin so mad, they will renominate and reelect McCarthy.

When asked how he felt about being refused an invitation to the White House, McCarthy said he was "amused."

My guess is that he was as amused as a laughing hyena being torn apart by a hungry tiger.

Allah Be Praised

WHILE we were reading the juicy scandal about Mr. Dave Beck in the papers, blanketed as it was by all forms of press and air coverage, another senatorial investigation was going on, involving a much greater scandal, and neither you nor I read a line about it in any newspaper.

Thousands of people milled around the day Mr. Beck appeared in Washington, but only a dozen or so persons appeared at the same kind of official Senate investigation looking into American oil interests in the Middle East.

The president of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey testified in that hearing, and of course he is not vulgar like Mr. Beck and he did not piddle around with small sums like two or three hundred thousand.

The fact is, from what was brought out at the hearing, Standard Oil Company of New Jersey's corporate operations in Saudi Arabia bring terrific profits to the company without payment of one penny of income tax to Uncle Sam!



If my memory serves me right, the company and the king split 544 million dollars last year, which was a kind of poor year because somebody messed up the canal and the pipelines. In other years, when things are more peaceful, the profits are higher, but that doesn't mean Uncle Sam gets any taxes. Taxes are for American peasants.

It seems that the company gave half of its income, 272 million dollars, to the king and the company calls this a "tax." This is a matter of semantics, but important semantics, be-

cause if they called it a “bribe” or a “profit share to partner,” they would have to pay a tax on it.

Ordinarily, if you or I were to make 544 millions, we would pay 52 per cent corporation tax on it, but you and I didn’t make it. The people who made it spend most of their time figuring the tax angles. They called the amount they gave the king “tax paid in country of origin,” and they took this off the amount from what they figured the tax to be, and it came out that Uncle Sam owed them money!

However, one of the big oil officials smiled indulgently when asked if he expected the government to compensate them for the difference. That would be all right, he said. One thing about these fellows, they are not greedy. They waive cash returns like crazy, out of simple patriotism. They aren’t vulgar people like that Dave Beck over in the other meeting. A quiet two to three hundred million a year protected by American soldiers with guns (the right kind of American soldiers approved by Arab-Nazi selection policy) and they don’t complain.



After reading some of this in *The Congressional Record* and TRB’s column in *The New Republic* (as I say, not a word did I see in any daily newspaper), I got to thinking about our recent foreign policy in the Middle East. It was designed mostly to protect our private oil ownership in Arab lands. We opposed our own allies and little Israel to follow the wants and needs of the American-owned oil companies.

Up to now, I thought that the United States at least got some tax cash out of those companies, but I see now that the whole policy protects their profits without any benefit to the U.S. itself at all! If it was bad before, it is worse now. It is all a one-way payoff.

Let’s go further. The United States proposes to spend hun-

dreds of millions of dollars' worth of "aid" in Arab lands. This now turns out to be a case of bad money after no money. American oil company people will nod silently at the "right" people and we will pay out aid extras in American tax money in addition to the "tax" the oil companies now pay. It's a kind of well-deserved raise for the Arabs. The title of it is the Eisenhower doctrine. Nice name.

Later, the Arabs, more prosperous and pregnant with our investments, and the gentlemen of the American oil pregnant with our 27 per cent depletion allowance that practically wipes out their income taxes on profits, will tell the State Department how to conduct further foreign policy.

If I were to have to find an Aesop's fable moral for all this, it would be that if you really want to be important in the U.S. government, find a way to avoid paying your income taxes, and with the cash thus accumulated, make the proper application of funds before election, and you will live a long and happy life.

Allah be praised!

Creed for Patriots

(To the Young People at the Independence Hall Awards)

SINCE patriotism, as Samuel Johnson said, is the last refuge of a scoundrel, never use patriotism for any selfish, commercial or Machiavellian purpose. If you do, you will be found out anyway. There is a smell about a false patriot that reaches the sensitive nostrils of the people who really love their country. The essence of patriotism is moral objectivity.

Love America, but if you will love it well, do not love it blindly. Help make your country the kind of place that, because it is better, deserves more of your loyalty and love.

True love of country is not ignorant emotion.

It comes from a joyful familiarity with history. In these days of great populations when it is not possible to lay our heads in the bosom of the land, we can learn to love our country by putting our noses into the folds of books.

The more real Thomas Jefferson or Abraham Lincoln becomes to us, the more intense our identification with the United States of America, and the more certain we are of possessing intelligent courage in a crisis.



Americanism is not a lone quality, standing by itself like a lonely tree in the desert. It is actually interdependent. No true American patriot can be lacking in Judeo-Christian ethics, in the highest moral principles, in the love of freedom and idealism, and in humanitarian grounding. No good American can be cruel, hateful or thoughtless.

No one can be a good American who does not recognize the universal problems of need and conditions in other countries.

The man who claims to be a patriot and wants to exclude from his thoughts the people of other countries comes closer, in the long run, to being a traitor. Today we look out for ourselves only if our outlook includes the whole world.

Thorold Rogers once wrote that as religion is mocked by hypocrisy, so public duty is parodied by patriotism. This is true as long as either one comes from a desire for conformity instead of a sense of deep conviction.

The phenomenon of conforming patriotism without understanding has its uses, in war and times of public stress, but no country can stand that forces patriotism through social prestige or brainwashing.

Since 1870 the Germans threw the world into three terrible wars because they were intensely patriotic. But their patriot-

ism had no thought behind it; they accepted blindly a creed of patriotism that was based on falsehood. What they thought of as Germanism became so fanatic it led to violence and self-destruction. Under certain circumstances, what we think of as Americanism could do the same thing.



If our Americanism is intelligent, it will go in the direction of democracy and enlightenment; if it is unintelligent, it could very well go in the direction of dictatorship and totalitarianism, which always begin with patriotic slogans and pretended love of country.

A good American is as alert to defend the principles of his country as a nervous wren with a nestful of fledglings. He is aware of the possibility of foreign infiltration or domestic greed. He makes it his business to understand civil rights and civil liberties, the Constitution and the Bill of Rights, and he helps to shape public opinion on the side of preserving the American republic against foreign and domestic fools and fatheads.

Americanism is an everyday business as flexible as a fine steel spring. That spring gets bumped on the rough ground all day long.

A good American must make decisions every day as to what and who is threatening his country.

An American is a social-political animal of extraordinary sensitivity and, when necessary, monumental courage.

No good American can let the world slip past him for a single day. He must keep himself informed and he must make a value judgment of the facts. He must keep accounts of these value judgments and must apply them in the exercise of his citizenship.

He must discuss current events with his friends and apply his knowledge of American tradition. He must not swallow

what he reads in newspapers or magazines. He must think for himself.



Just before the Civil war a man wrote a letter from Washington, D.C. In it he said, "Treason is in the air all around us. It goes by the name of patriotism."

What he meant was that we have to be able to tell the difference. Being able to tell the difference may sometimes make the difference between life and death. We must not under any circumstances, accept any man's estimate of himself at face value.

I put two qualities very high in the judgment of Americanism and decisions regarding the exercise thereof, healthy skepticism and healthy indecision. Wait for a sober second thought. Beware of all patriots who bluff and bluster. Beware of those who think that love of country is connected with getting their names in the papers or making a vulgar speech on the Fourth of July.

Love of country can be detected like all other kinds of love, by gentle subtle devotion, by deeds, by kind appreciation, by quiet, friendly intelligence, by toleration, by good humor and by a keen sense of sportsmanship and fairness.

Out of the Stuff of Legend

A 14-YEAR-OLD boy has written me a letter asking me to write something about the 100th anniversary of the birth of Clarence Darrow.

In the time that Clarence Darrow lived and worked he was far ahead of his time.

A sadder fact is that if he were living and working today, he would still be ahead of his time.

Instead of getting smarter, the public seems to be getting dumber. It seems that the mass has sympathy for humanitarian ideas and democratic ideals only when it has an empty belly.

I am almost glad that Clarence Darrow is dead because a man with a tongue like his and a cranium like his would be a most unhappy man in these days of national euphoria.

Not that Clarence Darrow was so very happy in the 35 or 40 years he practiced law around Chicago.

He was no hero to the newspapers when he quit the North Western railroad and decided to defend the workers instead.

He was no hero in the newspapers when he made his magnificent funeral oration at the bier of Gov. John P. Altgeld.

Although he was a deeply religious man personally, he was no hero to the fundamentalists when he made a monkey out of William Jennings Bryan in the Scopes trial.

He was no hero when he defended Leopold and Loeb and many others who according to American law were entitled to defense.



Many years after his death Clarence Darrow is a hero, but (and I hate to say this to a 14-year-old boy) he is a hero only because he can no longer do any "harm." The public may be cruel but it is sentimental. It loves reflected glory and it loves to spin out of the thin gossamer stuff of legend a hero with mighty thoughts and mighty courage.

While a man is alive this can hardly happen because the people who do not like it stand guard against the appreciation of the noble, for, after all, nobility inhibits the selfish and the greedy.

Darrow had one simple idea that I think was his greatest contribution. He used to stand before a jury and say, "Look, this defendant committed a crime in a moment of passion or

of compulsion. Now what I want to ask you, ladies and gentlemen of the jury, is whether the State is also going to commit a crime out of passion or out of compulsion?"

Darrow's point was that if men were sometimes mad, that should not make the State mad. (State Department, please copy.)

The State is a rationality, it is a collective intelligence, it is a responsible entity. The State should act with sympathy, with understanding, with belief in the essential goodness of people and with confidence in its ability to rehabilitate human beings.

Thus the old "laws" of an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth, and a life for a life, were laws of vengeance and not laws of intelligence.



I always think of Darrow's idea of a responsible State when I read about these bloodthirsty district attorneys screaming for vengeance instead of pleading for justice. To me one of the saddest facts about democracy is that nobody teaches lawyers how to be state's attorneys.

Still, when we think of what kind of higher officers we elect, we can hardly blame the poor state's attorneys.

Clarence Darrow made this prairie state and this onion city of lake and wind a better place because he lived in it. He was a fine writer, orator and teacher. He ranks with Paine, Jefferson, Walt Whitman, and Lincoln among those who dedicated themselves to the idea that men could be taught to think more clearly and operate from motives created by their best thoughts.

Enlightened State

WHEN I wrote in a recent column about Clarence Darrow's idea that the State ought to be more responsible than individuals, I should have mentioned how this theory applies to the police.

Darrow used to say to a jury that because a man has committed a murder in anger, the State is not angry and should not commit another murder in anger.

This is also true of the police, who really have more opportunity to do damage to the public than courts or juries do.

If every policeman remembers that he represents a civilized civic entity, such as a village, city or state, and that this civic entity is wise and enlightened, a lot of tragedies could be avoided.

Recently, I read in the paper of a man who got into a car and stole it. Two policemen followed him in their car and, because he was a thief and desperately frightened, he drove the stolen car at 95 miles an hour and killed himself in an accident.

To me, this is a form of the angry state.

A man or boy who steals a car should not necessarily wind up dead. The punishment does not fit the crime and an enlightened community would make every effort to prevent petty crimes ending in death, because the criminals are under passion or compulsion.

We are constantly striving to improve our moral status and official justice, and, therefore, we must lean over backward to prevent excessive punishment.

The most excessive punishment is the kind that is meted out to a criminal in flight, because in this there is the terrible implication of no fair trial by a jury of peers.

It would be my own preference as a member of an enlight-

ened society to let an auto thief run himself out of gas, rather than to shoot him, or force him to kill himself or somebody else in an accident.

The police are not God, and they should not try to be, by passing judgment with pistols and machine guns.

I want to point out that I am not blaming any individual policeman but a system that is not well developed in a society that is embarrassingly primitive.

Not a single member of the London metropolitan police force carries a gun and the criminals in that city (twice as large as Chicago) are just as mean and desperate as they are here.

The whole question is one of attitude of our officials. If the official does not abuse his power, the State is wise and enlightened. If he does, the State (which means all of us put together) is degraded and on the same level with its anti-social enemies.

If every official would keep in mind when dealing with law breakers that "this man may be a madman, but the people I work for are sane," then sanity can prevail.

Bloom and Birth

Hartford, Wisconsin

THIS is the time of year when our little river has muscles. It becomes overhead deep, and so wide it has no boundaries. Also, it makes a steady sound.

I was walking among the new quaking aspen, searching the green floor for creeping juniper and trillium, when I heard the slap of the river, not much more of a noise than a baby might make in a bathtub, but consistent, and suggestive of the distant power of the overflow of the northern lakes.

I could tell from the sound, and the flow around the eddies, and the faster current by dead logs and high yellow grasses, that the carp were spawning in our river, and that a boy with a sharp eye and a sharp stick could do business there.

It is a bit too early for frogs and turtles, but not for the occasional mosquito, advance man of the future echelons, guarding the swamp, the woods, and the fat and noisy little river against the prying eyes of the rubberneck invading the privacy of bloom and birth.

And it was something like peeping into nature's bedroom, and witnessing the intimate details of coming to life.



You could blush at the candid limpness of the catkins on the yellow birch, not very proud at the moment of parturition, making the first feeble effort to throw leaves, curled and disheveled, saying, "Excuse me, I won't be able to go to the beauty parlor until I'm finished with this."

Or take the unbelievable boldness of the hard, tight, pointed, scaly bud of the shagbark hickory, wearing its virility low on the branches that brush your head, uttering yellow blossoms and curly, downy green leaves.

The moist woods are full of heady perfumes, as mysterious as a boudoir.

Whether it is wild lilac or jasmine or wild sweet crab or the red bud that makes such fragrance by the wild little river is not certain, it may be just the mood and time of year and the wind from the fresh clovers and grasses.

The orchard is ablaze with shades of pink, light for wild plum, pink and bold for greening apples, less bold but more prolific for yellow Dutchess and dark red Cortland.

There are male trees and female. In Oregon they take the blossom from the boy trees, pack them in shotguns and shoot them at the girl trees so they will get the most Delicious ap-

ples. In our orchard we leave this work to the bees, who are so worn out by the end of the day they don't even have the energy to sting you.

In exchange for the rights to pick ground apples in the fall, my neighbors, who own our busy bees, give me all the honey I can eat, but right now the advantage is all mine. When I hear a fat yellow bee buzzing in the pear tree, I can feel the weight of that juicy September pear in my hot little paw. It may be a long, long spray from June to September, but all farmers live on hope and imagination. At this time of year there is no blight, no borer, no blister to blot one's aspirations.



There are yellow chicks in the brooder house, fluffy ducks in the nest under the feed bags in the barn, limpid white and yellow blossoms on the strawberries, and a new sound in the night, the cry of the heifer in heat for the first time.

In the morning an artificial inseminator from the Curtiss barns will be out with the semen of a champion bull. The bleat of the heifer will be stilled. I will pay \$7 with a guarantee that if it does not "take," the inseminator will come back, in his sanitary boots and new Chevrolet.

There is a harvest in the early spring. Rhubarb is plentiful for pie and preserves, asparagus grows faster than it can be eaten, and tiny green onions are ready in the garden. While we worry about night frost, the sunshine of the day already provides its rewards.

In the early evening we dine at the local inn, a better restaurant by far than any in Paris or New York, and partake of the local brew and big T-bone steaks. We listen to boastful concern over the Milwaukee Braves, and the gossip about who is getting married, and who had a baby over the winter.

The Birthday Present

I'LL bet you've often wondered if it pays to have an opinion.

For instance, you don't like the way the CTA operates, or the fact that the roads are getting more crowded and nobody seems to do anything about it, or some particular person you know seems to be getting away with murder in all directions without being held back.

All these things, and many others, annoy you, and sometimes you express your opinions, in private or in public, and it doesn't get you anywhere. The CTA goes on tearing up the streets, raising the fares, and speeding past your stop, the cars increase and if you drive you wait 10 minutes three blocks behind a stoplight, or the phony you know who makes you wince in throwing more curves everyday is still getting away with it.

So it doesn't seem that your opinion counts for anything.

You sound off, and the air takes it away. Just noise.

You get so discouraged you stop saying what you think and decide to ride along with civilization as it is. In fact, you finally become a conformist and take it as it comes.

Instead of being a critic, you are now a philosopher.



There is only one question I want to ask.

What kind of country would this be, or what kind of world, if nobody had any opinions, if nobody was indignant about injustice, and everybody said, "It's fate to have things as they are" and turned philosopher?

One hundred and sixty-five million philosophers sound good on paper, but they don't create a free country. In fact, they kill it.

When we stop saying what we think, and saying it out loud, and saying it with convictions and all the facts at our com-

mand, you'd be surprised how fast what we call our way of life, the parts we like as compared with the parts we don't like, will fall apart.

The kind of country we have today didn't just happen. We didn't win it in a raffle or a bingo game. As Carl Sandburg says, living men paid for it with their blood. People who were thought to be fools because they said what they thought and were willing to fight for it gave us this gift, the United States of America.

Think of it, George Washington and Lafayette and Kosciusko and Thomas Paine and men with brains named Jefferson and Madison and millions who are nameless gave us the United States of America for our birthdays, the day we were born, I mean. What a birthday present!



But you can't drag that present around the floor like a toy duck and then throw it in the trash heap. It's a thing you have to care for and work at. You have to keep it in top repair. Because in the United States of America there are people who want freedom only to step on somebody else, who are ignorant of, or don't give a hoot for, the laws and documents that make us what we are, we have to pay the price for keeping that present in top, working condition, and part of that price is to have opinions, and to state them and to keep on working to prevent a collapse of the decent democracy we know about and want to preserve.

At this point I must say a word on behalf of villains. Not all villains know what they're doing. The evil men who work in lobbies to get more power or increase their profits think they are working loyally for their companies or their wives and children. The evil men who lie or deceive to get an advantage over somebody else are kind to their mothers and give big weekly allowances to their kids in high school. The politicians

who cheat and dissemble and work against public interest send out seeds or do favors for poor people.

Somebody has to recognize each little thing that is against the people and then fight for the people, on the people's side. If he is good at it, he can be as American as baseball and apple pie, and some unmitigated jerk is sure to call him a Communist.

But if he has guts, and he understands the bigness of that special gift, and that he is one of the stewards of that magnificent birthday present, he will keep on saying what he thinks, and he will pick out, one by one, the things that are against the people and for persons, and fight the persons for the people. He does this mostly with his opinion.



He may not cure the CTA or the road problem or live to see the big lug he's been watching get his just desert, but he will be helping to make the public opinion the big lugs are afraid of.

I can just hear, in my mind's ear, the statement made in one place or another a thousand times a day. "We can't get away with that, the people won't stand for it."

About Books

I WAS mowing the lawn and thinking about books.

About my friend, who was now reading "Pickwick Papers" after having seen the movie saying, "You know, at last, I'm enjoying the book immensely. The picture opened my eyes to the beauty of the story and the characters."

About our discussion at home of "A Flame for Doubting Thomas" by Richard Llewellyn, in which I ventured that

rapid “sight” readers would not get much sense out of it, because the author has a way of saying a whole lot with a single adjective or adverb, which might be missed by a “fast” reader. At which point my aunt put in quietly, “You can’t read Dostoevski too rapidly, either.”

About the speed at which youngsters devour books. When we go to the library together I take one book and my daughter takes five. She finishes her five before I read one.

About the respect my two boys have developed for Shakespeare, who was a chore for them in high school. They don’t sit around reading Shakespeare’s plays for pleasure, but they discuss the plays with enthusiasm and never miss a chance to see or hear them performed.



About the strange prohibition that we should never bend a page to save a place in a book. It seems to me it’s a compliment to a book to have its pages bent, and that if the book knew of the custom it would say, “Never mind, I’m not so fragile.”

About what fun it is to find an old book that has been read thoroughly by someone who has marked the passages that interested him, and written comments in the margins.

About what a waste it is to buy a book, read it and put it on a shelf where it may lie for eternity. There is an imbalance that must shake the soul of the book as it wonders who will get it, a library that will lend it 50 times, rebind it and lend it 50 times more, or an individual who will buy it, and often try to start it two or three times without success and then toss it into a bookcase, unhonored and unsung.

About the fascinating mimeographed book lists gotten out by Ben Abramson of the Argus Book shop. The lists remind me of early books and ideas I have not recalled since my earliest enthusiasms for George Moore, Bernard Shaw, and Thomas Hardy. Looking through Ben’s lists is more fun than

browsing in the open shelves of a library; the items arouse more pleasant memories and a great deal of curiosity.



About the clever way the *Saturday Review* switched from "books only" to books plus music plus everything else in the world that's interesting, merely by dropping the words "of Literature" from the title and broadening the scope.

About the amazingly solid knowledge (obtained from books) some people have of American history. For instance, Lloyd Miller, the insurance man, gave a brilliant defense of my argument (in a recent column) on the integrity of the federal government by giving detailed corroborating facts from the lives of Martin Van Buren and Chester A. Arthur.

About an event that took place on April 26, 1917, in New York, that still has people fooled and those in the know laughing. On that day members of the Authors club gave a party in honor of the 100th anniversary of the birth of Feodor Vladimir Larrovitch, supposedly a Russian author of great talent, surpassing Pushkin, Turgenev, and Chekhov.

The whole thing was a hoax. No such person ever existed, but many culture vultures swallowed the whole thing. The joke was perpetrated as a book, "Feodor Vladimir Larrovitch, an Appreciation of His Life and Works," published in 1918 and still a much sought after literary item, used mostly for fooling one's friends. Ralph Newman gave me my copy and was kind enough to tell me the story of the hoax, or I might have taken the book home believing the historicity of the Great Larrovitch.



About how I changed my mind over Morton Thompson's "Not as a Stranger" after finishing it. It turned out to be on the whole a much better book than I thought when half way through it, replete with incidents and events worth remem-

bering, from the erotic value of fried eggs to the cowardice of and incompetency of some members of the medical profession. My objection, the book's artificiality and somewhat implausible base, does not take away from its easy readability and story technique.

About my enthusiasm for Thompson's earlier book, "The Cry and the Covenant," which had much more unity of style and told a great and important story that everyone who can read English should read. It is the story of the "radical" doctor, Semmelweiss, who insisted that his fellow physicians and surgeons should wash their hands when examining or operating, and what happened to the poor fool who wouldn't go along with the fixed notions of the times.

About my belief that libraries should abolish "classes" of readers like the rental collection and the seven-day book. Distribution of new and popular books can be controlled by advance reservation, and the librarians fund, or whatever it is that benefits from the fees for these distribution tricks, can be replenished from legitimate tax funds, like the rest of the library system.



About the generally poor quality of children's and teenage literature. There is a large volume of it, but little to commend it in prose style or storytelling merit. I suspect most of it is put out for the gift trade, where there is the least discrimination at the point of purchase.

Finally, about how very stubborn grass is these days, and how tough it is to push a hand mower uphill.

Bargain for the Eyes

Kettle Moraine Farm, Hartford, Wisconsin

THEY say in the best tradition of false symbolism always to walk with your head up, and your nose above the horizon, but if you want to see the woods you are like a hungry bum looking for a nickel on the sidewalk, you look down.

Looking down is a delight in March, when the forest floor is like an unkempt meadow, full of smooth thick hay needing a haircut, and rich with the scattered evidence of a busy winter and the nearness of spring.

I found patches of damp and curly green shoots, huddled together looking scared of the wind and the moving clouds. They clinched like stalling prizefighters, these curled sprouts, and I guessed they were fern, which often fails to keep its word but which is a necessary illusion.

Bucking the wind, head down, taking semiconscious notes of the leafy acrobats, I made for the crest of a small hill. In winter before the leaves come back, there is a chance to see the landscape from a high, steep place, and I always head for it. It is an explorer's habit, and a lazy man's, too, because a hill and a view make a small nippy walk bigger, a kind of bargain for the eyes.

Good value it was indeed this day — a panorama of white frost, frozen winding river, bare trees waving and winding their arms like nautch dancers, dark evergreens standing legs spread apart like the silent watchdogs of the forest, frivolous lighter green of hemlock patches, heavy honey-colored hay of the creek bed, broad curves leading to mysterious hidden little valleys, the yellow birches looking naked and ashamed, the orange leaves far out still clinging to the gnarled black oak of the thick thighs and muscled arms.

I have a theory about all this, a foolish one, not worth a

farthing in a bank, that no human can go for very long without the sight of a purely natural scene. The soul thirsts for the ground and the trees and the sky and all the other things in wood and meadow, unspoiled, unplanned, in a sense unprotected and insecure. It is a comfort to feel that nature itself has no more security than the human beings in it, that man and tree and rabbit and grass, which Whitman called the uncut hair of graves and the handkerchief of the Lord, are all equal, all struggling, all unplanned and neglected, all hoping and somehow surviving, all designedly dropped and all designedly left to themselves to worry some and succeed some and change and lose heart and persevere.

The new spruce and Norway pine, planted by machine in 1955, were bright green and waving in the sloughs and grasslands where I planted them. They are now from 18 to 30 inches high, sturdy, with the defiance of the very young. "Someday you will be an evergreen forest," I thought, "with the flank trees taller to thwart the sunlight and keep the floor soft, springy and fragrant."

Nature will arrange this with her own shy instinct.

The new spring growth was already visible, sticking skinny, amber fingers into the wind. The squirrels had shelled a lot of hickory nuts, leaving the black half hulls strewn all over the grassy knolls. I hoped this would not mean an eventual contest between shagbark hickory and Norway pine. Both kinds of trees are useful, but in such a contest, the hickory could only get hurt. The tightly planted evergreens are too powerful for any casual competitor.

I looked for deer and saw only rabbit, looked for badger and saw only opossum, looked for mink and saw only field mice in the high woody grass by the creek.

Against the trunks of trees there were little mounds of pure white snow, and in some low places, large patches of ice.

There was a place where the ice was clear, and fresh green growth was formed underneath, like ivy in plastic.

It grew colder, so I retired to the fireplace, a cup of hot cocoa, and Respighi's "The Pines" and "The Fountains of Rome."

Propaganda Soothes the Savage Breast

THE attack on taxes has become more intense in recent months.

In one of the national magazines I found a bold scare advertisement, signed by an oil company, telling the people that they pay too many taxes and that almost one-third of their income is absorbed by some form of taxation, national, state or federal.

In my opinion, this attack on taxes is intended to create suspicion of government, and eventually to take proper powers away from government and reinvest them in private hands.

The attack on taxes is an attack on the idea of government, which is an attack on orderly process and even on law and order. It is, incidentally, an attack on national defense, which the enemies of taxation want, but somehow don't want to pay for.

It's a paradox, and probably has in it a deep longing on the part of certain taxpayers not to have to pay for ideas they don't agree with, like the decisions of the Supreme Court, or government control of securities sales or utility prices.

It's a yearning to return to the good old days when everything was cheap, and there were no taxes, especially income taxes.



Examine the propaganda of the Republican old guard, of the various "tax foundations," of the neo-fascist American groups operating today, and you'll find they all employ the same hue and cry: that we can't afford to pay taxes, that the country will go bankrupt if we keep up the spending, that income taxes should be limited to 25 per cent, that Russia is waiting for us to go broke, and that we are "spending" ourselves into national poverty, which will cause us to fall into the hands of the Communists.

Not all the people in the groups described advocate exactly the same things, but they all fit into the general category of tax enemies. Behind their enmity to taxes is a kind of hatred of the common power of the people, a sort of anti-government fever, a yearning to return to the frontier of self-administration as it was in the West in the days before the turn of the century.

Ask any of the tax haters, from Gen. MacArthur down, and they will say "not so," but what is it that really motivates the mounting attack on the general tax structure if it is not at least a subconscious yearning of the people who consider themselves fit to rule, to destroy the republican form of government? It is a Hamiltonian concept with a Napoleonic pathology and a Hitleristic determinant.

Of course, it is all a foolish dream, because, in spite of setbacks, popular rule will grow, except for the possibility that nuclear bombs go off and mad dogs run what is left of the earth.



It is almost pathetic to see so many so-called sane people spending their money to sell the idea that taxes are some sort of menace to society, when a true understanding of their meaning shows them to be a higher form of civilization, involving mutual government, mutual expenditure and mutual

wealth. Without taxes we would have a world of chaos and anarchy, and yet there are people who spend most of their time trying to sell the public on the idea of resenting the one thing in their lives that proves they are politically mature.

Of course, there should be no graft or waste, but if I had the space and the time I could prove that the very people who have the most to say against taxes, and have spent their money for years to undermine with propaganda the finances of the government, have been responsible for helping to elect the politicians most responsible for corruption.

The most ironic fact is that instead of hurting the country, taxes help it. About a third of the national gross product is government expenditure. Uncle Sam is a spender, not a hoarder, and if he did not spend, the Russians would take over in a couple of months. Those who really prefer democracy to communism would never give the anti-tax arguments a second thought.

The U.S. government cannot and will not go broke. The surest way to weaken the general economic structure is to reduce wages, employment and the standard of living. All these are tied closely to the tax structure. As Galbreath the economist has made so clear, in the days of big labor and big business, there has to be big government, or the balance is destroyed and, I add, the individual citizen is a dead duck.



Lastly, the numerous arguments about how much we pay for "hidden" taxes is a lot of bilge. All of us, I am sure, would rather have the "two-thirds" left over after today's national income than 100 per cent of the income of 50 or 20 years ago. There were no taxes and nobody had any money. I am old enough to remember wages of \$2 a week.

Those same jobs today (the garment industry is a good example) pay \$150 to \$200 a week. Take inflation into con-

sideration, throw in all the taxes, and the people are still better off. They don't mind at all paying for national defense, for defense of the consumer by the government, and for law and order.

With all due respect to those who don't agree with me, wouldn't we be savages if we weren't willing to pay our share of government?

More Than Sputnik

IN the discussion about the new Soviet man-made moon, there has been a lot of bunk published and spoken.

Those who say the satellite is militarily "unimportant" are not telling the truth.

To quote the *New York Times*, "The launching of Sputnik means that Russia is ahead of the U.S. in rocket development. That lends substance to the Soviet claim of having at least a prototype of the ultimate weapon—the intercontinental ballistic missile."

Those last three words, sometimes described as ICBM, mean a gun that can be shot (and aimed) from one continent to another.

Those who say our allies are sticking with us and not complaining are also not telling the truth. At a meeting of the Western European union last week, one after another the representatives of the western democracies got up and verbally blasted the United States for letting Russia get ahead in the production of effective weapons. Those people are understandably nervous, and they didn't hesitate to let us know.

Another class of people in this country says that Sputnik proves we have spent all that money for foreign aid in vain.

This is the exact opposite of the truth. Economic and cultural aid to allies and friends are the only hold we now have on Allies tempted to desert us, because of Sputnik. We now should step up the foreign aid program and operate it with more intelligence. If we do this properly, we may yet be grateful to Sputnik for waking us up.



Sputnik is an unwelcome fact, but it is a challenge we could rise to with proper leadership.

The failure of missile leadership is symbolic of the failure of political leadership in the United States. A phrase from former Secretary of Defense Wilson's statement of several months ago sticks in my mind: "Basic research is when you don't know what you're doing."

Another crowd that is wronger than a 'possum on a greased pole is the "save money" crowd, which is more interested in a tax cut than in national defense. There should be some chagrin or apology in the anti-tax movement, but there is only defiant puzzlement. Leopards have a hard time changing their spots.

As long as there is no agreement to reduce armaments we must use our wealth and skill to keep up the strongest possible defenses, but Sputnik also is bound to lead the way to a better chance for a disarmament plan between the United States and Russia, which may lead to world peace.

When we were superior in the air, and with atomic weapons, the Russians felt so psychologically inferior that they refused to deal with Mr. Stassen and the disarmament commission. But now that they have Sputnik (and more importantly the electronic thrust rocket that sent it skyward), we are more willing to talk turkey on disarmament, as I think they will be too, when they understand what kind of war we are likely to have now. Thomas Finletter, former American secre-

tary for air, says this is the right moment to renew a bid for general disarmament.



I heard a radio commentator say the other day that the forward thrust power of the Soviet missile is not much good because it can't be aimed accurately. To which I reply that this is really worse, because an atom bomb lobbed inaccurately can kill as many people by accident as a well-aimed one will kill on purpose.

In one of those insipid magazines that come on week-ends with the daily newspaper, I read the statement by Edward Teller, the scientist, that we should not worry about the killing power of atom bombs. We should look at them as just another weapon, he said, which is the exact opposite of the way most responsible scientists feel about it.

It is a bitter business when "practical" considerations make a scientist so cynical that he tries to persuade us to non-moral and non-humanitarian considerations. He speaks glibly of "limited nuclear war."

As Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt said recently, the Russians are ahead of us in ways we don't even know about. They welcome visitors. We shut them out and speak about the "iron curtain." They reserve the best seats at every opera and ballet for foreign guests, and they are making real headway with diplomats from Asia and Africa. The government is research-minded and "is putting more money into scientific work than we would dare."

Their production is going up and their foreign trade is constantly improving. We have refused to sell goods to China, the richest potential market in the world and are thus cutting off nose to spite face.

We have become so intensely political internally that we are giving the Soviet advantages they ought not have. In her re-

port on her recent visit to Russia, Mrs. Roosevelt said that the Russians have succeeded in selling neutrals that they stand for peace and hospitality and friendship for colored peoples. This is much more than Sputnik.

In the battle of ideas, ours are still the best, but we must have confidence in ourselves and know what we're doing. The United States, a country with the finest public relations and advertising technique in the universe, is allowing itself to be beaten in the race to produce new and acceptable ideas to help the whole human race.

We do very little selling of democracy, and are retrogressing from genuine liberty by items like the Little Rock incident, the McCarran-Walter immigration act, and the practice of McCarthyism, which still has potency among the marble headed.

No doubt most of us here in the U.S.A. are for peace and freedom, and no doubt the Russians are cynical, opportunistic and intensely political. But we have to convince the world that our way of life is best, and to quote Mrs. Roosevelt once more, "We have to try a lot harder than we've been trying."

Why Adlai Couldn't

ADLAI STEVENSON's refusal to go to the Nato conference in Paris with the Eisenhower-Dulles "team" was both logical and patriotic.

It was logical because, if we were under a parliamentary system, as in England, the Eisenhower government would have fallen by now and Stevenson would have been leading the country.

The real situation, and I think we should face it, is that Eisenhower should not resign and turn the reins of govern-

ment over to Nixon; he should (if he has to) resign and turn them over to Stevenson.

It was not Nixon who ran second to Eisenhower last year; it was Stevenson, who received more than 27 million votes for President.

But since this idea is constitutionally impossible, Eisenhower must run the government as the responsible elected official, and he cannot expect Adlai to take responsibility without official authority. In fact, Ike has a duty to the people to hang on to life and office.

There is also a delicate problem of the relationship between Adlai and Vice-President Nixon. Nixon is official and is being given a considerable amount of authority by Eisenhower and the White House cabal. On principle, Adlai cannot be expected to participate in even an indirect Nixon hierarchy, should he have scruples about working with a "president" the people have not directly voted on or elected.

If there were a national emergency of the kind there was when Stephen Douglas came to the support of Lincoln or when Wendell Willkie came to the support of Roosevelt, all these questions would not apply and Adlai would have been glad, I think, to step in regardless of the fact that he no doubt would be inheriting trouble not of his own making.

There is a crisis, but, as Winston Churchill once said, it is more critical than desperate. It can become desperate and this is one of the compelling reasons Adlai has to keep his political independence.

Obviously there is a weakness in our constitutional system that creates this complicated problem which I despair of seeing solved, but which social scientists ought to talk over with an eye to finding a method that would fit the special circumstances of 1957.

Now as to Adlai's refusal to go to Paris as an act of patriotism:

He owes it to the country to remain the leader of the loyal opposition.

The tendency toward conformity, together with dunder-headism, is the most frightening aspect of possible Russian military superiority. If Adlai conformed by joining, the last intelligent and articulate voice of dissent would be lost to the United States of America. And for the sake of America, Adlai cannot sacrifice his right to say what he thinks, because it is not really his right, but yours and mine.

Christmas in the Woods

Kettle Moraine Farm, Hartford, Wis.

WE have added some glass rooms to our timber cabin in the woods, and the sun's brittle light broke our furniture into bits of planes and triangles, heating the rooms like mid-July. It was the heat of summer at Christmas, and it was an adventure, a white Christmas of solar warmth.

At dusk on Christmas eve we hurried through the stores of the village buying small things to have enough for everybody, deerskin mittens, a red dust pan for that doll, Mrs. Newlywed; handkerchiefs from the Madeira islands for that other doll, my wife.

The brown woman with the black hair in the linen shop had had a baby since summer, and she bustled with that smile that said, "We live in a small town and we like it." She tried on a black wool sweater to show me how it would look on my daughter, and she dazzled me so with white teeth and dimples I couldn't say no to \$12.95.

We all came to the car looking like Santa Clauses. The answer to "What will we do with all those small packages?" was answered when practical Mama turned up with a new

garbage can, into which we promptly packed everything, including the bride, who sat with legs kicking out of the top, calmly smoking a cigarette.

There were a Turkish moon and a Star of Bethlehem that windless night in the silent woods. The tree in which lives my big friend the bluebird rustled just a quiver, and I wondered what he was bringing to the nest for Christmas.



Our nest smelled of garlic, which went with the Christmas eve supper of shrimps Nufer, sometimes called shrimps Allgauer and often known as shrimps De Jonghe. As one just old enough to remember De Jonghe's on Monroe street next to Carson's, but not rich enough to have eaten there, I insisted that the green on top of those garlicked shrimps was chopped spinach, but the Head Cook, who sometimes doubles as my Chief Back Scrubber insisted it was chopped parsley, so guess who won.

We remained pungent with the herb after dinner, and sat down to listen to Danish folk songs, Mozart sung by Schwarzkopf, and the bride, fresh from opera in Italy, doing the arias in her startling lyric Italian. The dog scurried about nipping people's ears, chewing charcoal on the new carpet and answering sounds in the night. Opera doesn't faze him, but a squirrel in the underbrush drives him wild.

More of the old-fashioned Christmas with a modern touch came from the farm neighbors who brought date and nut cakes, form cookies shaped like trees, Santas and white rabbits, pickles and corn relish and a long red, white and green stollen baked by Martha Fleming, and delivered frozen in frosty cellophane. After the music there was a long, thoughtful silence.

The kids huddled around a jigsaw puzzle of white mountains and a green lake, I tended the fireplace, and Mom

worked on the next day's Christmas dinner. Her new white formica sink top gleamed with scarlet cherries and golden bananas.



When we eased ourselves into the feather beds, the boys brought buttered popcorn, of which I was allowed a skimpy sample. I fell asleep looking into the deep woods, wondering where the deer and rabbits were.

In the morning, while we were all still grumpy, I tried a wee "Merry Christmas" on for size and was met with a Dickensian "Bah, humbug." I tried again. "God bless us all," and got back an iconoclastic "Go to the Dickens, Tiny Tim!" which brought musical laughter.

The woods were green with rain. The branches sparkled with jewels of no price, and I wished that people who were in the right would be as stubborn as the leaves of an oak tree. The black oak tree next to our window is as proud and tenacious as Helen Hayes in red velvet and white ermine playing Victoria Regina, and at least five times as tall.

After waffles, I played Santa Claus for an hour by the fireplace, coming out ahead by a wool shirt made in Holland, brown as butternut. We embarrassed the bride with a carpet sweeper and the groom by telling him he would have to assemble it. The floor was a chaos of green and gold wrappings, which we fed to the fire. Outside, through the rain, the sky was the color of dark lilac.

Bob played the old melodeon without much success, because, as he said, "Its lungs leak."



There was a good smell of roasting and baking from the kitchen in the early afternoon. We listened to Christmas songs on the radio, and then tried the new Danish folk songs on the phonograph.

There was a sad one, which Lou explained as the story of a man who was leaving his homeland forever, watching Kronstad castle fade from sight. He said this with a little gulp in his own throat.

Just before we sat down to dinner, I saw a black baby squirrel hurrying home to his shagbark hickory hollow. The rain was slowing. There were small patches of light in the sky, above the afternoon purple.

1958

The World is Your Idea

“THE Circus of Doctor Lao” by Charles G. Finney is a half-forgotten classic story of a little Chinese circus which comes to a small Arizona town.

The book, published in 1935, was recently brought out in paper covers by Bantam.

I have read it six times, and every time I find something new in it, or something old that I see in a new light.

The circus came from nowhere. The railroad people thought it came in by truck and the truck people thought it arrived on the rails.

The people in town took it for granted, although it consisted of a conglomeration of strange beasts and people out of mythology and antiquity.

In the circus parade through the dusty old small town there were a gold ass, a live sphinx that talked (but was bashful), a hound of the hedges (a big dog on whom grass grew instead of hair and who ate chlorophyll), a genuine chimera that breathed fire (the chimeras of antiquity were female but this one was a male), a sea serpent who later had a press conference with Mr. Etaoin, the proofreader for the local newspaper; a roc's egg that opened and produced a baby roc, the most beautiful mermaid in the world (with whom both Doctor Lao and the sea serpent were in love), and a medusa, who

turned people into cement if she looked at them and therefore could be taken through the streets only when blindfolded.

Just to make things complicated, the medusa was startlingly beautiful in spite of the live snakes in her hair, so that the pleasure of looking at her was just that much more dangerous, as it is with all things beautiful.

This shrewdly woven tale of overlapping fact and fiction is a particularly devastating satire of the people of Abalone, Ariz., and on present-day Americans, too.

Most of them are too stupid, or silly, or self-conscious, or drunk, or "busy," or nervous, or preoccupied with their own special set of problems to see what they are looking at. For instance, Appolonius, the circus magician, brings back a man from death. The moment the man comes to life he looks at his watch and says "I've got to get the hell out of here. I've got an appointment."

In this concatenation of animals and magic Doctor Lao presents the reality of thought which is the genuine history of man, compared with the reality of reality, which is obviously nonsense.

The reality of man's fecund imagination includes the things that the human mind has dreamt and this is even more real (and more quaint) than elephants, lions, tigers, ladies in tights or men shot from cannon.

Natives of Abalone, Ariz., seem to take the whole thing for granted. They are only slightly dazzled. They believe what they want to believe, and because they have spent a lifetime believing that everyone else is fooling them, they are unable to distinguish clearly between truth and falsehood.

Should one of them boast about the size of the snakes in Arizona, or the gila monsters, Doctor Lao tells them they are exaggerating, and then he proceeds to introduce a werewolf

which changes into a woman right in front of the audience in the sideshow.

("She wasn't due until October," says Doctor Lao. "Now right here in the middle of the circus she has to metamorphose. The equinox has something to do with it, I'm sure.")

In the main tent, where the big show goes on, the penultimate performance consists of shepherdesses and lambkins cavorting "full of the fresh lissomeness of May." Then a cruel bitter black cloud comes out, and over the edge of it is the cruel and sweating face of Satan, grinning down.

The schoolteacher, Miss Agnes Birdsong of Abalone, Ariz., is disturbed.

"Oh, why does the symbol of evil come into everything and every scene in this circus?" she cries. "That cynical old Chinaman, that's all he knows. There *is* purity, and there *is* simplicity, and there *is* goodness without any hint of bad about them. I know there is! Oh, he's wrong!"

"It's only a circus," says Mr. Etaoin. "Don't let it disturb you."

But Doctor Lao hears her.

"The world is my idea," says Doctor Lao. "The world is my idea. As such, I present it to you. I have my own set of weights and measures and my own table for computing values. You are privileged to have yours."

Of course, that's true. The world *is* your idea. There is no such thing as a particular, specific world, all taped and measured and named, for everybody. The world is an idea, and that idea is yours.

What's your world like? Have you taken a look at it lately?

Into the Arms of Khrushchev

THE first thing I want to say about the unemployment and recession is that a continuation of it would be a bigger loss in the struggle with communism than losing our military bases or even our Army or Navy.

A sick man can't fight. Weakening ourselves would make it much easier for the Communists to take over, not only in America but all over the world.

The Reds have been waiting for us to collapse economically for years. They believe that their system is foolproof (no free enterprise) and that sooner or later, inevitably, our system will fail.

The thing that's hard for me to understand is why the administration is so slow and casual about it. When it came to matters of action in the cold war, we were told all kinds of wild actions were "essential," including suspension of civil liberties, but now that we are invaded with recession germs, there's no hurry to fight the invader.

Now there's a "let's wait and see" attitude, which I suspect is a mere admission that this is one disease we don't know how to cure. All we can do is hope the victim has an upset stomach and will feel much better in a day or two.



Economics is one of our most inexact sciences. We can't really measure how serious a recession is, we can't tell how long it will last, and we don't know any sure cure for it. There is nobody related to the American economic system as Dr. Salk is to poliomyelitis.

Add to this fact these items and you have an even more disturbing picture: 1. The reluctance of the newspapers and the politicians to tell the truth, or to tell it only when it is

too late. 2. The obvious fact that the economy was tampered with by the Eisenhower administration and that this is the first "managed," got-out-of-hand recession in American history. 3. The country is full of people who have absolutely no interest in the ordinary worker or small business man, and 4. The administration is under the influence of people who would like to increase the value of *their* accumulated dollars by squeezing the small worker, saver and business man out of the economic picture.

There is now talk of a tax cut as a cure-all. Vice-President Nixon seems to be the man who is pushing this idea. He ought to know better. The amount of income tax that can be saved for each taxpayer would be so small as to have no real effect on the American economy. If a family can save \$50 or \$100 a year on income taxes, this won't cause them to rush out and buy a Chrysler Imperial, or even a new waffle iron. Like as not, these accumulations will stay in the banks against a rainy day and have no "spending" effect on the economy.

I asked a man what would induce him to buy. "Lower taxes wouldn't," he said, "but lower prices might."

The people who have always been complaining about the need for balancing the federal budget now appear to be willing to have a tax cut, and this makes me look all around with eyes wide open. I suspect the tax cut would end up with big reductions for corporations still making plenty of money and very little for people still drawing paychecks.

One other question: What good would a tax cut be to the unemployed? They've stopped paying taxes.

There is no guarantee whatever that any tax cut to a corporation will result in investment or expansion that will create jobs.



The government has one task: To find a way to make jobs,

by creating orders. The small factories of the communities prospered when they had orders, and when there was a backlog of orders.

There is a basic fact in this whole picture we will have to face sooner or later (sooner, I hope). That fact is that there has been no genuine prosperity in this country on the basis of civilian demands alone since before 1929. All prosperity has been based on defense spending. The atom bomb has done us out of that source of prosperity by changing the items needed for war and defense.

Now we boldly have to find new sources of direct government spending. We should build schools and hospitals, apartment buildings, post offices, libraries and cultural centers. We should be willing, instead of knocking billions off taxes, to spend money for something that will benefit us and make jobs. Will the special interest lobbies let us, or will their preoccupation with themselves throw us right into the arms of Khrushchev?

This Side of the Curtain

WE all laughed when Mr. Khrushchev gave his explanation of the "democratic" elections, recently held in the Soviet Union.

It was so funny to us to hear the party boss of the Communists claim that "anybody could run" and that the single names on the ballot are really chosen in advance at party meetings, in a "democratic" fashion.

Some of the writers who told us about this, bless their hearts, nearly rolled out of their baby carriages with the sheer amusement of what is called "fair elections" behind the iron curtain.

The editorial writers also had a field day of feeling superior.

Nobody seemed to realize that Mr. Khrushchev, in telling us how the Soviet elections work, with one name on the ballot and no opposition, was approximately describing the American primary system.

Aha, you'll say, I told you that fellow is a Communist! Now he's comparing our priceless American small "d" democratic voting system (or small "r" republican, if you please) with the horrible, phony, pretentious fake they call a voting system in Russia.

All right, say I to that, tell me the difference. If there is a difference between politicians meeting in Russia and putting one name on the ballot, and persons meeting in Cook county and putting one name on the ballot, I'd like to have some wise man show me the difference! As they sing in "My Fair Lady": "Don't waste my time, show me!"



There will be a primary election on April 8 in Illinois in which the ballots will look exactly like Soviet ballots. In district after district, senatorial and representative, and in the state and county, there will be only the number of candidates eligible to be nominated, and no opposition.

I asked one politician why he had no opposition. He answered that "anybody could run," not mentioning that the election laws were designed to discourage independent candidates.

In the whole state, with hundreds of election districts, there will be only a handful of places where there is any opposition at all. The rest of the ballot will be just like the Bolshevik ballot, and if that is something to laugh at, what about this?

Distance lends enchantment to the scene. What's amusing on that side of the ocean isn't so funny on this side. Russia's government is 40 years old, but ours is 179. They have old

Bolsheviks sitting around dictating candidates for the one-name ballot, and we have old Democrats and old Republicans (they don't let any young ones in) doing the same thing.

One clear difference between an old politician in Russia and an old politician in this country is that if you get caught grafting over there, you are likely to be shot at sunrise. Over here the sunrise is sponsored by an advertiser and pushed by a lobbyist who knows somebody at the White House.

The Soviets have a "New Class"; we have an old class. Both are professional power wielders and both make a mockery of democracy.

All I am trying to say is that our method of selecting our representatives in this country is one of the weakest chains in democracy's link. Syd Harris was perfectly right when he said last week in the *Daily News* that we'd have better leaders if we picked their names out of a hat.



Our strongest political asset is that we still have freedom of expression, freedom of movement, and voluntary submission to law and rule of law, except in the South.

And we *do* have a choice, in the fall, after the primaries, between Tweedledum and Tweedledee. But they both have their roots in a party system in which the primaries are as open as solitary prison cells.

We actually have fewer party members in relation to population than they do in Russia, if we count as a legitimate party member a person who is a precinct captain or above in rank. Chicago politics, for instance, is ruled by approximately 5,000 people in a population of four million, and perhaps only 500 of these have any real influence.

Today we enjoy broad freedoms in spite of the anachronistic political system, but how long can these freedoms last if a tiny

group that perpetuates itself in office controls the party machinery and the laws relating to it?

Before we laugh at that clown performing on the other side of the iron curtain, let's have a look at what's doing on this side.

The "Partners" Who Made Nasser Can Make Peace

I SEE by the papers that Uncle Sam is very unhappy that King Saud's oil-rich empire has been put in jeopardy by the old king's turning over the affairs of state to Prince Feisal, who likes President Nasser of the United Arab federation.

Uncle Sam is unhappy, I have no doubt, but if Uncle Sam were to search his conscience, he would find no one to blame but himself.

There was a chance, not too long ago, for us to wall Nasser in, but we failed to take it. That was when France, Britain and Israel moved on the Suez canal, and we became so righteous that we ordered our allies out of Egypt, causing them to lose the initiative and thus giving Nasser the domination of the Arab world.

If this little bit of news about King Saud makes us wince, this may be nothing as compared to the wincing we may be doing before all this double dealing in which we have been involved comes to final flower.

Nasser is getting bigger and more menacing. He is the nearest thing to Hitler to evolve from the politics of the second world war, and he is a creature of our own stupidity.

There is no question that Nasser is plotting to organize the

Arab world into a single aggressive state. Sooner or later these states, with Russian arms and some of our own, will fall on Israel, the only genuine democracy in the Middle East. Again several million Jews will be murdered and swept into the sea, and in the alignments over that attack (if there will be any alignments) may be the beginning of the first all-out atom war.



Without realizing it, we have become partners of the Russians. Our foreign policy is the same as theirs in the Middle East. They are selecting friends and we are selecting friends. Soon these friends will get together and fall upon Israel, and there will be a lot more blood on our consciences. The Arabs will eventually fall upon each other, since the whole battle there is for treasure, which always means greed and bloodshed.

It's a strange thing. As the cold war gets colder, nobody seems to realize that the two big boys could get together and keep order, instead of trying to gouge each other. There has been a degeneration into an immoral impasse that is frightening. With all the talk about summits and peace, we are closer to war today than we have been in some years.

We have not realized that the two top nuclear countries now have an opportunity to get together and stabilize the world, and set up a system of peace insurance.

The Russians are as much to blame as we are. They must have known they were helping to set up another Hitler when they came out in support of Nasser.

The Suez campaign behavior was an example. The Russians made terrible threats to chase the British out of Egypt and we helped them. Nasser is one result; the situation in Tunisia and Algeria is another. France is bleeding to death, England is suffering, Nasser is exulting and plotting, and we and Russia created it.

They do something nasty and we do something nasty. They say something meaningless and we say something meaningless. This merry-go-round keeps running to the calliope music of hatred and mutual plotting, with Mr. Dulles and Mr. Eisenhower constantly insisting that getting together and talking things over is useless and hopeless.



I say we should forget about German unification, Polish borders, and other matters that are not pressing right now (and about which we can do nothing anyway) and get together with the Soviets and talk about our responsibility for the peace of the world.

Both reluctant "partners" need to be made to see, by the pressure of international opinion, that they have within their grasp the greatest opportunity in the history of man to set up a peace that may last for centuries.

We were "partners" in the creation of Nasser as an international menace. That could be turned to the good if we can be made to see that the other side of this strange partnership contains a chance to do something constructive.

The Bloom on My Wild Irish Rose

FEELING quite modern, having brushed my teeth with that toothpaste with red stripes in it, I took off for the country.

Before I went, I called up our Sputnik. I like to keep in touch, and the warm sound of that busy signal, suggesting that a lot of other Americans are also listening, bridged me over the week-end.

I have no right, actually, to escape from the pavements, the problems, the heartbreak of the city, unless I first check in

with something connected with reality, and that is why I was reassured by that busy signal.

If I had gotten the "beep beep" instead, I would have been worried that nobody else cared, and then I would not have had the heart to run off to see the lambs, the calves, the horse and the chickens.



It is a question of most refined balance as to what a citizen may allow himself to do these days. He could, duty bound, stay in the city and wait for the next installment of John S. Knight's outraged and of course justified declarations against *Time* magazine, or he could go to the country and shake hands with Mr. Harbinger, of Spring, and let the whole world go until Monday.

Of course, by Monday the very marrow of our malnourished civilization could have spilled on the ground. It has a way of inching out while we are not looking.

I think of the CTA now hidebound in bad law, which we let slip through our fingers while we were all playing canasta. I think of the Cuneo hospital addition, which is being built on public park ground bought from the city, and the ugly passage over the street they are building on Clarendon avenue, and I wonder where we were, and where were the people who are supposed to care.

The other day I passed that hideous water filtration mess in Lincoln park, with the promising sign on it, and wondered how long we would have to look at such a horror on the lake-front. And then, to crown it all, I came upon an office building going up at the Art Institute, taken from a fund supposed to go for sculpture, shutting out the lake and putting more stone and steel and glass where there ought to be sky and trees.

Then I passed 23rd and wondered if that unjustified architectural abortion, the Convention Hall, would really be built there, on the Outer drive.

Everyman says he loves the great city, but each man takes his own piece of it and destroys it, like the bloom from my wild Irish Rose.



So I went to the country, and found the thorns of the rose bushes green, and the velvet mullein leaves six inches long and already yellowing, like the start of life simultaneous with the start of death, and long light green grass under winter carpet of soggy elm and oak leaves.

I put some forsythia in a vase with water and in a day it broke weak and yellow, like a new child gasping for breath.

A whole flight of red-winged blackbirds were suddenly loitering in the field, looking for lichen and cattails to stand on.

There were U spots of snow on the hills, like tiny glaciers in the mountains, and deep drifts in the woods near the river bottom.

Right on the county line road, past the little bridge over the river, an animal like a huge dog tried to outstare our headlights. It was a large-eyed, long-legged doe, her white-tipped tail wagging excitedly as she dove into the swamp, going like her cousin, the impala.

There was a wide pink sunset with fulminating dark clouds above it — something like a watermelon big as half the world, a slice of the fruit and a dark rind.

And there was a cold breeze blowing stiffly under the dark blue low clouds, but if you breathed the clean air very, very deeply you could feel the promise of warmth, the future that is coming to both the country and the city.

I thought of what Gustav Mahler once said when explaining a symphony he wrote, that an observer of nature is doing more than enjoying himself, he is trying to understand the world.

Courage and the Gangs

A RECENT New York newspaper survey of juvenile gangs brought out one fact, that the individuals get their "courage" from belonging to the gang.

It is my belief that what the criminal gets from the gang is not courage, but lack of courage.

It takes courage to resist doing the wrong thing, but people in a tightly knit group "cannot" be disloyal to the gang or the gang leader; crime is the result.

Last week in one of our small towns a teen-age boy asked his father for the car. The father refused. The boy got together with several others and stole his grandfather's car. Two hours later two were dead and one was seriously hurt, piled up against a tree after trying to make a curve at 70 miles per hour.

Once the gang or the leader had decided to take a car and go for a joyride, all the thinking in that group was obviously focused on doing the deed. Anybody who hung back would have been called "chicken" (a coward) and being chicken is a fate worse than death, in the eyes of the group.



You can say, "All right, so they had their payment in the coin of violence, and that's that."

Obviously that is not that. The tragedy lies in the fact that nobody in that group had the courage to say, "No, that's a rotten idea." All the training, schoolwork, church attendance, parental example, morals learned at home — all vanished in a test of false courage.

Several celebrated murders have taken place because one of the conspirators did not have the courage to say "no" to the other.

This is called "gang psychology," but I see it in places far away from gangs. It is to be seen in the family, in labor unions,

in offices, in military life, and in that place where it is compounded by other temptations — politics.

What “gang psychology” really amounts to is giving in to the most elementary thinking of the least moral person in the group. He starts something that calls for the loyalty and acquiescence of the others in the group, and they just stand by and see the cancer grow. Soon they are drawn in on the side of an immoral act, as the “conditioning” develops.

People who would never have thought themselves capable of entering into immoral, unethical or criminal practice, find themselves, through gradual conditioning, in inextricable positions of shameful surrender to the lowest instincts of man.

Many brazen it out, many rationalize, but most say, “What could I do? I would have been a coward to say ‘no.’”



The juvenile gang is the place where this sort of failure of social teaching exists in its most naked form. People who work with children hear hundreds of stories about unbelievably wanton acts done because it would have been “chicken” to refuse. Conformity is demanded. Nonconformity takes courage.

The important point is that courage takes conviction, and the conviction is often not there. There are times when I think that the moral precepts upon which man has built his civilization have to be drilled into young minds the same way we teach the multiplication table. Otherwise, how can we know for sure they remember?

But of course the greater problem is that mob psychology and conformity, childish characteristics really exist in the whole adult social structure, and most of us over 21 do know what’s right and wrong. We just let it go, that’s all. It’s easier that way.

Next week a statue to Easiness, that great god of today, will be erected in the Criminal court lobby.

If You are Going to Have Spring

Kettle Moraine Farm, Hartford, Wis.

IF you are going to have spring, you are going to have bees and hornets.

You have to get used to the buzz. It's around your head a lot and you can't help but wonder when that spike will drill you, but if you are going to have spring, you are going to learn to pay no attention.

I read in the paper once that a farmer died from a hornet sting, but if you are going to have spring, you are going to risk the sting.

The little stingers—come to life in the house, sometimes, and they crawl lazylike on the windows. You can swat them with a fly swatter but make sure you get them. They show no fight, but it's in them. It's in everything!



If you are going to have spring, you are going to have mud. The ground will thaw, the ruts in the road will heave, the low spots will hold water, the grass will squoosh, the dog will have gritty paws and you will have mud on your shoes. You will forget and walk on the new white carpet, and track it with mud, and you will get what for. You and the dog are going to get what for, if you are going to get spring.

If you are going to have spring, you are going to hear frog music. In March there is an unbroken stillness, but suddenly in April all the frogs are croaking. Up from the swamps and the river comes the full symphonic cackle; at dusk it sounds

as if the ghost of old Toscanini is standing there in the saw-tooth reeds conducting an orchestra of frogs.

They talk about spring being the voice of the turtle dove, but doves come around only once in a while and are gone in a flutter, but if you are going to have spring, you are going to hear the voices of frogs.

If you are going to have spring, you are going to have squirrel chatter. You wake up in the morning and you think it's birds, but you cock your head and listen sharp, and it's baby squirrels. Then a cross old mother with lots of worry and responsibility chirps back, then a father says cut out the racket, and a little buck gets lost on a thin branch, and you get a lot of squirrel chirp.

It's a business with them, living business, and in the spring you're going to hear it before they settle down for a long green summer.



If you fear the unknown, you have to take it if you are going to have spring. In a woods where there are no people, you are going to hear scuffles and noises and sounds like fights that flare up like little fires and quickly die down.

A crow will get too close to a rabbit hutch and there will be a commotion, with dry oak twigs and leaves falling loud and sumac branches crackling and you will think wotthehell was that and you will learn to live with it because it has to be, if spring has to be, and it does.

When I studied botany, I learned that moss is a fungus. Human people don't like fungus because it's something like athlete's foot, but if you are going to have spring, you are going to have moss, great bright green patches of it, and you will even think at first glance that grass is early, but it's only the moss, the velvet green carpet of the woods, the Lord's handkerchief designedly dropt, as Walt Whitman said.

In the Arctic the gold miners, hungry for green, would take the green-brown tundra moss to church, to have it blessed.

Moss is not a disease at all, but a miracle of green smoothness that comes with spring.

As old Walt said, "I will outface the irrational things, and penetrate what is in them that is sarcastic upon me." You are going to hear and see irrational and sarcastic things in the spring, but they are the things of spring.

"The Fifth" Passes a Test

It is curious what we can learn from, and from what sources we can take courage.

Let's take the recent sensational hearings of the Senate Rackets Investigating committee, in which a large number of Chicago hoodlums were exposed as manipulating, through coercive intimidation, the restaurant industry.

Some Americans were ashamed of the whole show. They found the hearings disgusting, and the endless taking of the Fifth Amendment bewildering.

The Fifth Amendment took a real beating. There were people who said, "If the Fifth Amendment protects crooks and murderers, maybe we should abolish it."

But the fact is that if we abolish the Fifth Amendment we would be destroying our liberty.

The Senate chambers thus became a schoolroom for democracy, in which we learned that as hard as it is to take the arrogant hypocrisy displayed by the gangsters, their lawyers were right in advising them to refuse to testify against themselves.

If anybody could by law be forced to testify against himself, there would be no unsolved crimes at all. Any brutal

cop or other person in authority could sweat a "confession" out of any unprotected suspect, and there would be a conviction for every crime regardless of the possible innocence of the suspect.

The jails would be full of innocent people, every case would be "closed," and no man would be able to walk freely in the streets without fear of apprehension and brutality. To be suspected would mean automatic guilt.

We would then be living entirely in a police state. Torture would take the place of questioning, jail would take the place of bail, and justice would be much more elusive than it is today, in our admittedly imperfect society.



To put it another way, if you could *force* a man to testify against himself, the emphasis would be on *force*. Today, because of the Fifth Amendment, you *cannot* force a man to testify against himself, so that if he pleads the Fifth Amendment and you do not have any actual corroborating evidence against him, he goes scot-free, which is a protection of you and me even though it is also a protection of bums and racketeers.

Our laws are made to protect the innocent but they must still be there when they happen to protect the guilty. This coincidence is disturbing, but we cannot burn down the house because there are some termites in it.

The Fifth Amendment took a terrifying test in these hearings, but we can all take courage that there is abroad in our country a great toleration and general understanding of the true meaning of the Bill of Rights which makes it possible for our Constitution to remain unshaken in spite of the fact that organized mobsters find refuge in it.

The Fifth Amendment has passed some great tests of its validity in the last few years. It has stood firm and triumphant

because nobody knows a better way to protect individual liberty. To steal a phrase from Judge Learned Hand, one can become "rightly angry at this offensively insincere humility" of pleading the Fifth Amendment, but one cannot deny that some injustice is far better than no justice.



"I will take nothing that I cannot give to somebody else on the same terms," Walt Whitman once said. There cannot be one kind of justice for you and me and another kind for the mobsters.

The skills of detection and the technique of obtaining evidence would rot and die, as would the whole fabric of law itself, if we picked up these men we saw on television who pleaded the "Fifth" and threw them into jail without concrete evidence of their real wrongdoing.

Society must find a more civilized way to deal with its transgressors. I am more proud of the fact that we stood up as a nation and accepted the legal necessity of the Fifth Amendment than I would have been if we had in some way gotten rough with some of those illiterate morons who were displayed on the witness stand.

There is no Fifth Amendment in the dictatorships, and probably no way to display it at the World's Fair in Brussels, but the hearings demonstrated that in the United States law rules, not men, and that all men are here presumed innocent until proved guilty.

The Clean Bomb

A CHICAGO columnist who conducted an "invitational" letter poll to see how readers felt about the resignation of President Eisenhower and his turning over of the presidency to Vice-

President Nixon was astonished at the number of letters he received favoring this idea.

He wouldn't have been so astonished if he understood what was going on in this country.

Ever since before the days of President Hoover, the old guard hard-bitten Republican Tories have been trying to get their hands on the government. They have never given up in spite of their general defeat at the polls. Richard Nixon is now their greatest hope.

He was invented by them, nurtured by them, supported by them and is now a part of their dream. By "them" I mean people of the Taft party and those to the right of Taft, including those who thought that Taft himself was a sort of soft-headed pro-Communist.

These people stand for a return to 19th century economic feudalism — they are against taxes, labor, peace, freedom of speech, central government, public housing, Keynesian economy, low tariffs, any public ownership, and those parts of the American Constitution that guarantee liberty to the individual. Incidentally, they claim to be Constitutionalists, but they are against allowing the U.S. Supreme Court's making constitutional law and really favor only selected parts of the Constitution that narrow and limit the forces of government and restrict justice.



The American people as a whole have grown up and away from these concepts. They have their influence (particularly in the State Department), but in an open election they don't have much chance anymore. There are only two ways the right wing can take over the United States, by stealth or by fortuitous circumstance. They are trying to do it today by operating with the first to set up the second.

Mr. Nixon is like a fine race horse of theirs, being trained

most carefully for the big race. He is being sent around the world to say the right things. He is a "hero" in Argentina (through carefully planted insemination of news sources) and beloved in Ghana.

The incident in Peru gave him a chance to be loftily indignant. Nobody has said that if Nixon had stayed on his job in Washington (presiding over the Senate, which is still in session), he would not have provoked any trouble in Peru.

He is such a fine, quiet young man. He has such a pretty wife. He is now "sorry" for all the vicious things he did in California years ago and in other campaigns. Butter wouldn't melt in his mouth. His dog doesn't bite.

Oh, he drops just a hint now and then that he doesn't agree with President Eisenhower altogether, because nearly everybody is off him, and there might as well be some advantage taken of that, but on the whole he is under wraps to establish himself as a "clean bomb," to stay modestly out in the lime-light and to keep the mouth closed except on harmless subjects.

He is to take advantage of being an Ike man, and to reject Ike where the public is unhappy about him.

The stealth part is being accomplished subtly—running Richard for president on the pretty boy ticket. At the moment Nixon is so very, very close to his ambition that it even makes Ike uneasy.



Ike may not know what it's all about, but he has instinct enough to be uneasy—the other day he spent a long time denying that he had resignation in mind, and explaining that constitutionally he had no right to give Nixon duties other than those he had. The pro-Nixon press forced Ike into that embarrassing explanation. It was almost like the Von Hindenburg time when old Von had trouble explaining why he in-

sisted on hanging on to office and not just yielding to that able young man, Adolph Hitler. Von finally gave in.

So we come to the letters that swamped that columnist in Chicago. He was hearing from the get-the-presidency-without-getting-elected clique, and apparently he didn't understand what was happening. You have to have a broad picture of the whole political scene in America to understand that today there is a large body of people, many of them rich and powerful, who want us to assume that Eisenhower and Nixon ran as an entry, and that if we can't have one, we must, inevitably, have the other.

The propaganda of inevitability is injected to force us to relax and enjoy it.

Sit Down, You're Rocking the Boat!

WHY don't people speak up these days, say what they think?

They say it's because they don't want to rock the boat.

Rocking the boat is some kind of sin, according to people who like a steady boat.

This is all right with me, but where is a boat going which is rocked by nobody?

No place, in my opinion. Conditions will continue to get worse.

A dead calm prevails these days, and I would put dead in italics.

The reason we got where we are today (full of pot roast and vinegar) is that somebody dared to rock the boat, a little. George Washington rocked the boat, Tom Paine damned near upset it, Tom Jefferson leaned way over until it listed, and James Madison was a rocker from way back. Abe Lincoln

rocked, Teddy Roosevelt, Franklin Roosevelt rocked and Harry Truman rocked and rolled.

Oh, but you'll say that was all history, what has history got to do with now?

Answer: now is history, too, but where are the boat rockers? Can you point to a Jefferson or a Madison; do you see a Lincoln or a Roosevelt in the boat we are all in?



Try again. Look for a Horace Greeley or a William Allen White.

We have our Fulton Lewises and Westbrook Peglers drilling holes in the bottom, but find me a Joe Medill, or even a Dick Finnegan, gently rocking.

You can't. If they're there, they're not rocking. And if they're there and they're not rocking, then they're not Jeffersons or Lincolns or Roosevelts or Walt Whitmans or Henry Raymonds. They're nothing, no matter what kind of dreams they have, or no matter how many times they say to themselves in the mirror, "Today I am going to rock the boat a little."

Which really means, "Today I am going to tell the truth a little."

I happen to be allergic to what Damon Runyon used to call the phonus balonus. In my opinion, as a fellow in the same boat with you, the phonus balonus should be rocked out, out of high places and low. But as long as everybody heeds the cry, "Sit Down, You're Rocking the Boat," nothing will happen. The phonies and the balonies will go on having too much to say in a world that needs honesty, manners, morals and keen intelligence (and taste — I am inclined to add taste because people of good taste usually do the right thing) much more than it needs dopeyness, stupidity and selfishness.



People who are unwilling to rock the boat think that they will fall out, which is just another way of saying that man is a poor dumb animal just one step above the ape, and that he is afraid.

Let the other fellow step all over you, let him lie and cheat, let him even steal a little, let him break every code of honor in the book, but don't rock the boat. Don't rock the boat in the village, in the city, in the county, in the state or in the nation itself.

Don't rock the boat, don't challenge—in your business, your home or your favorite activity. Let's tolerate all the phonus balonus wherever it is. This is the age of going along and keeping our traps shut. Let new people think of new ways to tap our pockets and rob us of our honor. Let a few get caught by accident, but let's not have any concerted moral outrage.

Let's not fall out over the danger of fallout. Let's have plenty of conformity. Let's just drift, and let's not say anything, because some smooth nice quiet friendly coward is liable to say:

“Sit down, you're rocking the boat.”

The Piano Player and the Jumping Jacks

VAN CLIBURN, a fair to middling American pianist with a Texas background, went to Russia this year and took our enemies in the cold war by storm.

He was the greatest thing that happened in Russia since Napoleon retreated from Moscow, and he was neither a Russian nor a Communist.

Just a piano player, with a big pair of hands, a freckled face, and a mop of red hair. The Russians said he was the world's greatest and gave him a fancy prize to prove it. Also, in their propaganda, they hinted that it took the Russians to give recognition to a great American pianist whom the Americans themselves had neglected.

Time magazine fell for this hostile nonsense, and sticking its tongue out at *Pravda*, said we did too recognize him: we had him on TV and slipped him a number of prizes from time to time to show him how much we loved him.



I have a different theory altogether.

In Russia, if you go around saying you like the United States, you will end up in a cell. But most Russians do like the United States; in fact, they admire it tremendously.

The trouble is, what with the cold war, this deep feeling of great respect and genuine desire to be friends has had no outlet.

Along comes a red-headed pianist with hams for hands. He is no politician and no political partisan. If you are a Russian and you praise him, nobody can get mad at you, and no Gay Pay Oo agent can have you juggled.

So what do the Russians do to show how they feel about Americans, and even about the cold war, of which they are so tired? They transfer their enthusiasm to the redhead from Texas. They applaud him until their hands hurt. They give him presents. They kiss him in the streets.

He becomes a symbol of their love of America and their sickness of the foolish cold war. And nobody can complain, because if you like Van Cliburn, you are not a bootlicker of the capitalists, just an innocent music lover. Perfect.

Even Khrushchy has to pretend he agrees with you.

In fact, the rough boys in the Russian FBI have to applaud, too, because they don't want to be thought of as ignorant louts.



I now take you to Chicago.

To Chicago there comes a group of calisthenic high jumpers called the Moiseyev dancers. They cavort on the stage like Thompson's gazelles in heat. They are charming, skillful, spirited, and enviably energetic. The music they dance to suggests wheat fields and steppes and cherry orchards and smoky vodka dives.

What happens? Everybody goes completely nuts about the Moiseyevs. The price of tickets goes to astronomy, and even Taft Republicans sprain their finger bones clapping.

Are the dancers that good? Who knows?

It's just a matter of opinion, but the opinion is unanimous. They are scrumptious!

Exactly the opposite of what has happened in Moscow with Cliburn has happened in Chicago with Mr. Moiseyev and his troupe. Over there they got out Baldy Khrushchev to give Van a medal, and over here we got out all the dowagers in their minks and pince-nez to exclaim, "My deah, most chawming thing I've evah seen."

Over here we were doing exactly the same thing they were

doing in Moscow, taking a vacation from the cold war, pouring hot oil down the neck of John Foster Dulles, but doing it for culture, so nobody could haul you before a congressional committee.



What it shows me is that on both sides of the asbestos curtain, the ordinary people, those who aren't making the war, are sick and tired of it. They just love these excuses for being friendly.

Enemies aren't supposed to behave that way toward each other. All this mutual admiration must be puzzling the top boys on both sides. They are the kind who refuse to believe what they see.

But if we ever have a full exchange of all these goodies, that vacation from the cold war might turn into a permanent admiration society. We have more piano players and they have plenty more jumping jacks.

It's a Living

AN essayist makes a living out of being critical. Life, people and institutions being inevitably imperfect, every day is a holiday for a writer of pieces like me. Every day is Christmas because the whole world is a gift for the professional critic. Somebody is always doing something wrong, and the nags and scolds are always in a Seventh Heaven of critical ecstasy.

I may not know what in heck I am talking about, I may have only a few facts gleaned from an unreliable newspaper quoting a near-sighted deaf man with a pre-frontal lobotomy instead of a whole brain, but I can slide the paper I have two-finger-typed out of the typewriter and say to myself, "There, now that will take care of that so and so," and feel very right-

eous about the whole odoriferous privilege so uniquely defended from harm by the First Amendment.

Almost every publicist can be read year in and year out without the fear that anybody will be discovered praised. You will usually discover everybody criticized. Sometimes the complaints will be subtle, but they are complaints, nevertheless. The high class writers like Walter Lippmann won't come right out and say, usually, that somebody or other gives him a sacroiliac pain, but if you read with perception, you will find the nag there, the same broken down old nag you will find less subtle in the writings of Drew Pearson, Bob Ruark, or David Lawrence.

Nagging is a way of life (I nearly wrote way of wife) with columnists, but I want to tell you a secret: we often get tired of our roles, often ashamed, and frequently yearn to be able to praise people and institutions, or even things.

For instance, I bought a watch 12 years ago in Switzerland for \$50. It was one of those shockproof, waterproof, anti-magnetic (whatever that means) wrist watches that wind themselves. It has kept perfect time the entire 12 years. It has never been cleaned, oiled or sent to a repair shop. Up to now, the watch, made by those clever and superior Swiss, has cost me \$4.16 a year, or slightly over a penny a day, with the Lord knows how many years to go to reduce the cost.

I want to praise that watch, and the Swiss who made it, and to make the point that to raise the tariff on Swiss watches is wrong because a lower tariff spreads the most goods to the most markets at a lower cost to the consumer, who then has some money left over to buy something else.

But what have I really done in writing this paean of praise about my watch?

I have criticized the American government for raising the tariffs.

I have nagged American labor for being so high priced that foreign goods seem superior and more efficiently produced.

I have suggested by inference that we are losing the cold war of commerce through our grasping desire to force American consumers to pay high prices for domestically produced goods.

And I have propagandized you to support reciprocal trade agreements to keep tariffs low.

All this with the good intention of praising my watch. So I guess I have really proved something else, and that is, that the columnists, bless them, can't write anything without being curmudgeons. Their souls have been dipped in vinegar and cured in a smoke house. Their typewriting fingers have been dipped in acid, but their identification is still there: they are the untamed shrews and shrikes of the wonderful era of reading and writing.

It's a living, and it's a commodity, perhaps the most necessary commodity, to protect our freedom in a world where many things happen and so many fakers exist who would, like the locusts, devour the land if there were no shrikes to impale them.

The Education of Sherman Adams

ABSOLUTELY nobody was surprised when it was discovered by a congressional committee that Sherman Adams, President Eisenhower's most trusted assistant, was having a lot of his hotel bills paid by a rich New England mill owner.

The fact that such things are taken for granted in America, especially when they happen to the privileged "inside" people, is more significant than the fact itself. I don't think Mr. Adams did much of anything for the favors he got from Mr.

Goldfine that undermined the country, but the public apathy is important, and also important are the psychological factors that surround the case.

The campaign of 1952 was conducted on the fact that Ike and his staff were "clean as a hound's tooth." Now it turns out that the hound has had his teeth in the garbage can, but Mr. Jim Haggerty defies the press, and Ike, who has learned that personal political loyalty is more important than teaching exemplary ethics to American children, is sure to defend Sherman Adams and keep him in the White House.

There is an auxiliary point, a melancholy one, that whether he has taken big business favors or not, Mr. Adams is needed in the White House to help a helpless president run the country and to keep an ambitious vice-president from taking over that to which he was not elected.

Part of my inclination to go easy on Mr. Adams is that although the country is being run badly, he is one of the remaining responsible executives who are keeping it from falling apart altogether. If he needs money for hotel bills, or for vicuna overcoats, I think he should make a direct request for a substantial boost in pay, because he appears to be one of the few people in that fouled-up nest who know what they are doing.

Since nearly everybody in the United States seems to have the deplorable opinion that all politicians are entitled to get "theirs" (this fact has been documented by countless experts including Lincoln Steffens), it is certainly a comparatively harmless thing the ex-governor of New Hampshire has done with his buddy, the owner of nine textile mills in the home district of New England.



What America likes (and I hope I don't sound too bitter) is people who have made their own way. Mr. Bernard Gold-

fine went from rags to riches in a short lifetime, and is therefore a hero of commerce. Mr. Adams backed the right horse in the Presidential derby and is entitled to a few harmless spoils.

At least there is no oil connected with this little shadow over the White House.

There is plenty of oil in the other shadows, much more than there was in the whole buddy system during the Truman administration, but somehow the newspapers have not created the same symbols. Mr. Adams, Mr. Mack of Miami TV fame, the other members of the FCC in the Springfield-St. Louis case, and the former Secretary of the Air Force who solicited business for his firm on public stationery are their little bad boys, and your little bad boys are never so bad as the other party's little bad boys.

The wicked little fellows on the other side should be sent to jail, but your wicked little fellows are just full of mischief, which everybody ought to understand. "Politics," you know.

I wouldn't be surprised if Uncle Ike get mad enough to send somebody to bed without his supper, since he didn't expect to be disturbed during his presidency. Somebody committed *lèse majesty* when he should have remembered *noblesse oblige*.

During the 1952 campaign Mr. Adams, a very righteous New England puritan, had something to say about his predecessors in the White House. "The people," he said, "will not tolerate the usual Truman administration attitude in covering up scandal and corruption by doing nothing about it in a big way."



Well, there is one thing Mr. Adams has learned in this new Education of Sherman Adams. He has learned what the people will tolerate. They will tolerate whatever they are helpless

about, and they will keep what they have in the absence of anything that promises to be better. As a matter of fact, if it weren't summer, this might be the time for a new overcoat and another free visit to Boston.

Herman Melville once wrote, "There is nothing so terrible as to see the people misled by leaders who hate and despise them."

I liked what Adlai Stevenson said about this. First, he said he hates hypocrisy and that this is a prime example of it. Second, he wondered if Mr. Goldfine took the costs of entertaining Mr. Adams off his income tax. If he did, the people of the United States paid for a part of this, and, of course, the educational process teaches that the people always pay.

The Blind Leading the Blind

THIS is a big joke, and it's a tragedy, too.

I mean the facts about teen-agers and their parents.

Teen-agers and the parents are at constant war with each other, and they are in almost exactly the same predicament.

The teen-ager is in the life cycle where he has to meet his first important responsibilities. He is put to all sorts of tests in school and in outside life. Nobody wants him because he is a nuisance, yet everybody expects him to behave with discretion and thoughtfulness.

The teen-ager is also going through the important time of sex awakening, a matter that puzzles him a lot, disturbs him even more and sometimes gets him into difficulties.

So many different problems and puzzles are thrown at the adolescent in a four or five-year period, that he suffers from a severe case of simultaneity. He must graduate from high school and college, he must meet the girl of his dreams, he

must learn to live with people, he must learn the value of a dollar, he must, he must, he must . . .

It's enough to kill an intellectual giant with the physique of Samson, and yet we carry on this system and tradition without any thought of changing it. I myself would not be willing, with my present mental equipment and physical maturity, to take all the tests a teen-ager has to go through before his character is determined.

Now comes the humorous part of the story. Who guides and advises and judges these teen-agers? Middle-aged people who have almost the same symptoms!

Middle age is the time for new responsibilities. It is the time the companies begin to look for "new blood," putting the old-timers to undreamed of tests. It is a time of self-doubt, of security fears, of re-shaping of character, and of the first physical disintegration, including sex disturbance so deep that the agony of teen-age seems like a gambol on the green.

Middle age is the time many men leave home, many women begin to stray, and many a man who is supposed to know the difference between "right and wrong" is caught with his hand in the till or his income unreported. The jails are as full of middle-agers as they are of teen-agers.

The dictionary says an adolescent is "growing from childhood to maturity." So — who's mature? I should hate to make a list of the mature middle-aged people I know, and if I knew all about the people on my list, I'm sure I'd leave them off, too.

It's not amusing, but it is a joke that has been played upon us by nature. Thirty years after puberty, the middle-aged adolescents are responsible for the teen-aged adolescents. The blind are leading the blind.

I think the answer is the redistribution of our social pressures on the young. Norman Douglas suggested in "South Wind" that nobody under 20 go to college, and then only after

three or four years of travel and work. If we could develop a deeper kind of maturity through education and mass prevention of psychosis, the people in middle age would not only be able to cope with the teen-age problems, but there would be fewer of them.

The Lady

RUTH was one of those ideal wives who never did anything wrong, as far as her husband was concerned. When Harry came home at 6, dinner was on the table. She saw to it he was never annoyed by petty details, and the cigarettes — well, she knew he was always reaching for one, so there was always one there when he reached.

In the glove compartment of the car, a fresh pack was always to be found. On the living room coffee table. In the drawer of his desk. On the dresser, next to a miniature chest of drawers in which he kept his cuff links. And next to the bed, on the table where stood the phone, the clock, and the ashtray. Harry always could turn around and reach and come up with a fresh package of cigarettes.

Ruth never said anything, on the theory that good wives don't complain, but there were things she thought about.

There was that cough, a hard cough that seemed to come from an inch or two below the throat, a hard cough that was persistently little — Ruth wanted so often to say something to him about that, to ask him, but always she seemed to think the better of it, and refrained.

He was always sticking a cigarette in his mouth and then talking through it. It did make him look sort of distinguished, like a man too busy to stop doing the important to take full time for the less important. Once in a while she wondered

how he would look without a cigarette, but she thought, well, Harry is Harry.



Fast driving was one of his favorite pastimes, but she told herself if you are going to be married to a man and be a wife to him, you are going to go at his pace. The only time she bit her lip was when he lit the cigarettes, which he was always doing, when they were going 70, or even faster.

He would cup his hand around the lighter, looking away a little bit to the right, with that handsome tanned face of his in a flicker of light, and it would only be a second or two. Ruth was sure he knew what he was doing.

Sometimes he did it with matches, taking his hand off the wheel for a second, hauling in a hot breath of matchlight and smoke, and then flipping the match out onto the road.

He often flipped lighted cigarettes onto the road as well, and once, when they were on a sideroad in the country, there was some dried hay in a ditch near the road, and when she saw him flip the half-smoked cigarette into the hay, adjacent to a little woods, she said nothing, but in the way that women can't help thinking sometimes, she thought, but by then they were far past that little clump of dried hay in the ditch.

Ruth put the little things that happened down to the price of happiness with a fine guy like Harry. It wasn't much, really, anyway.

There was the day he left a cigarette on the piano, and she came upon an unlit butt, burned away on a slant, with the fine paper serrated brown, and a deep black hole in the mahogany. Her heart gave a little clump, and then she caught herself, took away the cigarette, rubbed over the burned spot and never mentioned it. The same thing happened on several other occasions, once on the top of the new blond desk and once on a coffee table in the den. She wondered if he would

comment on these burns as they mounted up, but he didn't seem to notice.

Often he would go to bed smoking a cigarette, or light one while reading in bed, but Ruth was used to that because, since marriage, cigarettes were a part of her life and you didn't talk about routine matters in your life, or at least a lady didn't.

In the morning she often found the half-smoked fags with their neat stack of ashes in the ashtray next to the bed, and once, when Harry had fallen asleep reading a newspaper, a cigarette burned a black ineradicable stain into the top of the bedside table.



She worried about him when he left for New York for that sales convention, but she didn't show it. He had that saucy air about him, with his hat brim snapped down and that ever-present cigarette in his lips.

When the man brought the telegram she felt like a statue of ice. Harry had burned to death in his hotel room and her heart, that whispering heart that always told her the truth, said what had happened, and she knew he had fallen asleep with a cigarette lighted.

She often thought later, often and it seemed endlessly in her sadness, that it was lucky, very lucky, that he had not burned down the hotel that night.

If a habit kills you, she thought bitterly, it hurts only you and those you love. But God forbid what it might do to others.

Attractive Nuisance

MY name is Caliph, and I am a normal, independent dog. I have found out, however, that a dog can get a reputation he doesn't deserve, and this bothers me. A dog can't sue for libel, so people can slander him without retaliation.

Take the boss' story about my taking a nip at his finger. He enjoys telling it because it shows how naughty I am, which makes me a cute conversation piece, but, in all justice he ought to get the facts straight.

It seems my boss has a friend who had been given a quarter of an unsliced hard salami. The friend, it turned out, has false teeth, so he couldn't eat the hard salami. The boss offered to trade him a quarter of soft salami for the quarter of hard salami. (Hard salami costs more, and the boss has good teeth, so he was going to come out ahead on the deal.)

I was in the kitchen when the boss took a soft salami, hacked off a quarter of it with a sharp knife, and tucked it under his arm.

That salami smelled very good. I am no connoisseur, but I am sure you will agree that pungent salami has it all over ground horse meat as a delicacy.

People have a double standard when it comes to dogs. They feed us that stuff that comes in cans and they feed themselves lovely spiced sausages. And they even make deals about it, like it was some sort of precious currency. Only they never give any of it to their dogs, although they pretend that dogs are their best friends.



I was thinking over this hypocrisy when the boss got ready to go out to consummate his trade. He had a package under his left arm, and gripped the bare salami in the right hand, with his fingers curved around the exposed surface.

As he walked through the house he swung it low, and I made a leap for a bite of the open end of that salami. But somehow, when my teeth closed in, I caught the boss' finger and not the sausage.

He let out a howl that could be heard from here to Hammond. He dropped the sausage and took after me with a newspaper. He made one effort to smack me with the paper,

and then dropped that and rubbed his finger, like he had a real wound there. He didn't really, but the surprise of the whole thing had him hopping mad. I ran and hid.

The boss picked the sausage off the floor, cleaned it off with a towel, and went away. Later he came back with the hard salami and chewed contentedly on an end piece, lecturing me about "biting people."



It was then I wished that I could talk, so I could tell him he was entirely too smug. He thinks he knows law, but I would have reminded him of the legal theory known as Attractive Nuisance, which means when you display something that attracts somebody who gets into trouble over it, it is your fault, and not his. The one who exposes an attractive nuisance has to pay the damages.

The salami was an attractive nuisance, and while I did not mean to take a nip at his finger, the boss was really responsible for what happened. For all I know, he also violated the Fair Trade act, smoked sausage section.

Anyway, the lark was worse than the bite, and from the way the boss patted my head later, and pulled my ears, I knew he wasn't sore at me.

He's still telling the story, but he ought to know now that his finger was not what I was after. You can bite a finger any time. Self-respecting independent dogs don't go in for that sort of thing.

The Bird in the Popple

Kettle Moraine Farm, Hartford, Wisconsin

IN a packet of flowers, one day in Chicago, had come a brilliant red artificial bird with emerald green wings and breast.

It didn't take long before the bird became a kind of psychological family nuisance; we didn't want it but we hated to throw it away.

We amused ourselves with it, setting it first in a planter of vines and later on the slim branch of a begonia plant.

When we left for the farm, it was among the useless things we took along. We didn't take it because we knew what we were going to do with it, but because it seemed a shame to leave it behind. It had acquired, through our habit of looking at it, a life of its own, and we would no more think of leaving it at home than we would walk out on a live bird, or a dog, or a goldfish.

As I was opening the luggage, the bird fell out, I snatched it up from the floor and smoothed its silky green breast.

"What'll we do with the bird?"

"I know, let's put it on a branch of that little trembling aspen outside the window. If anybody says, 'Say, look at the beautiful bird,' we'll act very casual and say it's a green-breasted redfinch quite common to these parts."

"That will be fun."

For a few days we chuckled over the possibility that some tenderfoot would exclaim over the fake bird and that we would obtain pleasure from this harmless deception.



Late on the afternoon of the second day a strong wind blew up. The leaves on the aspen trembled violently, shaking the green-breasted redfinch and making it look as if it were ready to take off in flight. We had to look twice to make sure it hadn't somehow turned into a real bird.

On the following morning as we sat at breakfast we heard a commotion in the aspen, which the natives call popple. On the branch, next to our spurious bird, sat two more birds that looked exactly like our green-breasted redfinch. They were

even more brilliantly red than our dye-dipped cousin and had curiously blinking eyes as if the light bothered them.

I ran for the bird book and identified our visitors as scarlet tanagers, the first we had ever seen in these woods. They seemed quite tame and flew around the dummy for quite a while before taking off. When they left, the bird stared off into the ravine, looking grim and especially still.

The next day we had our first visitor, who promptly fell for the bait and exclaimed over the bird. But for some reason there was no fun in it, and I said matter-of-factly and in some haste, "That's not a real bird. It came in a package of flowers one day and we put it in the tree as a kind of gag."

"Oh," said the visitor, puzzled by my apologetic tone, and changed the subject.



For days afterward the tanagers lived with us and the dummy, flying around the house, resting on open branches where we could drink in their color (they had black markings instead of green) and making the green-breasted redfinch a part of their games. They had a particularly piercing song, so that even when we were not looking out the windows, we were made aware of their presence, and there seemed to be more than two of them.

Then one morning we looked out and we didn't see them anymore. Their song was gone. And the artificial bird was gone, too.

I searched the ground under the tree. With a stick I examined the undergrowth of sumac and wild cherry and baby oaks that fill the underbrush. Carefully I brushed through a huge red cedar that grows close to the house.

It was no use. The birds were gone without a trace.

Faubus, Ike and the Crisis

IN the South, we seem to be heading for a time when we will return to the pre-Civil war days of nullification and secession.

Listening to Arkansas' Gov. Faubus on TV the other day, I could not feel otherwise. Behind all his fake suavity there was an obvious determination not to yield a thousandth of an inch. He grinned like a satisfied cat, and he lied as no trooper ever did.

For instance, he said, "I am opposed to forcible integration. I might also be opposed to forcible segregation."

If I were on the panel that night I would have felt compelled to say, "You're a liar," because he had already brought out the Arkansas National Guard in Little Rock to prevent colored children from going to school. If that isn't forcible segregation, what is it?

The amount of double talk from Southern leaders is amazing. By some cosmic accident, Faubus has become their spokesman. He keeps on insisting, for instance, with his tongue pulled way back in his cheek, that it is his duty to preserve "law and order" in the state, apparently forgetting that the forces of violence in Arkansas are on his side, and that he used their hoodlumism as an excuse to "protect" the Negroes by keeping them out of the high school.

There is not a shred of honesty or ethics in Faubus' present position. For instance, last September he issued a statement that the 1954 decision of the U.S. Supreme Court (regarding the right of Negro children to go to school together with white children) was the "law of the land and must be obeyed."

Now Faubus says he never really meant it, but was forced to sign as the basis for having a conference with Ike.

My point is simply that if he did not mean it, he didn't have to sign it. It is clear that Faubus wanted the limelight of the

Presidential conference in 1957, changed his "mind" when he got back to Arkansas and ran into the stone wall opinions of the Confederates in his state, and forced Ike to send Federal troops to enforce the Supreme Court decision. Even this was a secret delight to Faubus, who used the presence of the 101st Airborne in Little Rock as a campaign issue for his reelection.



Practically nobody has gone to the trouble of pointing out that all Faubus got in Arkansas was a majority of 20 per cent of the eligible vote, which could be, if all qualified voters had a chance to express their opinions, a minority opinion, even in Arkansas.

This fact, however, does not change my opinion that we are headed for very serious trouble at a moment in world history when we can afford no home trouble of this magnitude.

The argument given by Faubus and others that putting children of color in school with white children needs to be done "gradually" is a fake, and it is just as spurious when Ike says it as when Faubus says it.

If Ike had been doing any thinking, he would have realized that the South wants "time" not to give the people of the South a chance to get used to integration, but in reality to find new ways to prevent it.

More time "would give the community a chance to create an attitude of acquiescence or acceptance," says Faubus, which is just a foxy way of saying, "with time, we can figure out a way to beat you."

If the South can find time, it will work out new ways to nullify the laws of the United States. Thus the white-supremacists eat their cake and have it.

I think that when Ike admitted to his press conference that he was for gradualism he was motivated by being on the spot.

He wants the problem to go away and let him alone. He also possibly wants to please his golf friends in Georgia and his political friends in Texas. But he can't eat his cake and have it, either. Faubus and Ike have been caught in the deep whirlpool of a national tragedy that is pulling them both to the bottom.



The old issue is really here, the issue of slavery over which the Civil war was fought. If you can conceive that the body of a negro child should not be free to walk harmlessly into a public school, then you are still for slavery, in a more subtle form.

If the South cannot gain time to nullify the court decisions, it will eventually be forced to yield or to resort to secession.

Ike thinks education will help if time is given. This isn't true, because the "maneuverers" in the South are "educating" powerfully and effectively in the opposite direction. No truly educated man in the South is safe in a crisis if he holds the decent belief that all children should go to school together.

In a pinch, the cruel and ruthless group of active segregationists will unhesitatingly lynch any man who dares to speak out in favor of the U.S. Supreme Court decision. They are desperate to preserve this great principle of nothing, and this means, naturally, that they are psychotic.

There is absolutely no economic or moral principle involved in their "cause." In fact, they are really against themselves because easy and complete integration of school children in the South would eventually be a great economic and cultural benefit to the whole United States.

But the main trouble right now is that with Russia gaining on us every day, the preoccupation of the government or the White House with this foolish business is a terrible drain on the national unity we require to survive.

The Truth to Live By

Is this the same place you and I were born in? The world, I mean?

Is it as it used to be when we were kids, or when we were growing up, or the way it was just back a year or two ago?

It seems like the same. Every place we look it looks the same. Every place we go we hear the same stories and the same ideas. Our sentiments, those lovely sentiments, are the same.

But let's face it, it's not the same old world.

Something big has happened. It's so big it's hard to put your finger on. You can't say for sure what it is.

We can say science has changed the world, but it's not nuclear power alone that makes things different.

It is a sensitivity of some sort, an insight, a heart feeling, a thump, a vibration, a gleam.

Our favorite philosophers were great in their day, but all of a sudden you feel they were just old fuddy-duddies.

Our poets were wonderful just the day before yesterday, but today they look as if there's a green mold on them.

Why, I couldn't exactly say. Is it because an atom-powered submarine has gone under the polar ice cap? Is it because we are shooting rockets at the moon? Or because sputniks are crisscrossing the horizon?

Why do the old words and the old games and the old notions seem so quaintly miniature?

Have we suddenly grown so tall that all of the small things on the ground look like toys?



Maybe that's it. It's a time for all of us to realize how big we are. It's a time for bigness.

You are nine feet tall. I can see you from here, you are a giant, all modern men are giants, and if you are still thinking like a pigmy you are missing it.

(Missing it? What can he mean? I eat, I sleep, I play golf, I live by Aristotle and Alexander Hamilton and Theodore Roosevelt and Winston Churchill. I save my money and I hoard trading stamps. I have the instincts and the values of the generations. What is he hinting at? Are all these things I have been doing and wanting to do out of date?)

Not exactly. Approximately.

Which way are you looking? Back, or ahead? And if you are looking back with pleasure, which is no crime, which way are you facing?

I suppose your digestion is important, and if this were a time for politeness, I would inquire after it, but what I really want to know is how your imagination is working.

Do you ever think about the real future, not the Horatio Alger future, but the future of you and me, who are not marionettes living in a world of clichés and slogans, but flesh and blood faker-haters who need truth to live by?



The imagination of man precedes all reality, his dreams anticipate the exactitude of the time to come, his long, long thoughts are the slide rules that calculate how little self-deception we can now endure.

So if your imagination's working and your brains are in operation, see how big you are and how much bigger you're going to be in the world that is ours if we will only let it be.

Let's think and act as though the world had just been discovered and is waiting to be conquered. Except that this is the kind of "conquest" that calls for thinking, for intelligence and for responsibility.

For it's a new kind of world that's been discovered. All the stuff piled up in the history books up to now, all the motives and all the methods have gone up in the smoke of a mushroom cloud.

The Shade of Banquo

THE resignation of Mr. Sherman Adams was indeed a case of doing the right thing for the wrong reasons.

This belated retreat from the White House by the man who had exchanged favors with Bernard Goldfine has in it the elements of sadness because Mr. Adams has become the John the Baptist of the Republican candidates. His head was demanded because having him out of the way would help them to get votes in the hinterlands of America.

Now that the Republican politicians can parade down the side-roads with the head of Mr. Adams on a silver platter, I think they will find that the joke is on them because no other election in 1958, except Maine, is going to depend upon the depredations of the austere New Englander.

The people who demanded the head of Sherman Adams are pretending there are no other issues. They think that if Mr. Adams leaves the White House the book is closed.



There is no question that this is a self-delusion, a kind of symbol, where the elimination of Mr. Adams represents the destruction of whatever caused the severe Republican losses in Maine. Here the self-deluders switch from the character of Salome to the character of Lady Macbeth. If they wash the "spot" of Sherman Adams off their hands they imagine that the "dark deeds" of the past six years will be forgotten and there will be no retribution.

Mr. Adams was, therefore, a sacrifice made by Father Eisenhower at the behest of his venerated constituents, the vote-promoters of his party, to whom he has capitulated before.

The spectacle of Sherman Adams going to Newport to get his throat cut represented a legendary exorcism to drive out the devils of political failure.

But try as they can, the political hagiologists will not succeed in sanctifying Mr. Eisenhower, Mr. Adams or themselves with an act of exorcism.

There are other great issues, more important than Sherman Adams:

1. The threat of an imminent war with China. I can find no one who wants it and no one who approves of it except Madame Chiang.

2. The prosperity that was just around the corner is finding that the street is longer and that the corner is farther away. Business is doing its best to pick itself up off the floor with very little help from the administration.

3. The failure to support the Kennedy-Ives labor reform bill; 77% of the Republicans in the House voted against it.

4. His party's failure to vote for and the President's reluctance to support his own Federal Aid to Education bill, in a time of great national challenge.

5. The administration has failed in the one area where it is supposed to be most able — the defense of America. As Gen. Gavin said recently in *Life* magazine, "We are in mortal danger . . . through tragic errors . . ."



This uneasiness in every American mind probably went to the polls in Maine like Banquo's ghost.

The shade of Banquo will no doubt continue to affect the polls because it appears that the American people are more

thoughtful, more concerned and more serious than the politicians realize.

Under these circumstances, Mr. Sherman Adams' committing hara-kiri on TV last week looked more like a comic opera scene from "The Mikado" than like a paragraph in a history book.

It was melancholy to see a good man who had made a small mistake commit political suicide to satisfy the demands of hordes of frightened politicians, whose good standing after all depends upon what they do for their country and not what Sherman Adams does to himself.

Restraint

I WAS reading one of those newspapers of very large circulation, much news coverage, many columns, many comics and no brains the other day.

After reading the puzzles, the bridge column, and the latest gossip about who is separating from whom and who is getting paid by whom for segregating from said whom in order to integrate with another whom, I came to the editorial page. The editorial page is a place where ideas are segregated, ideas of the 17th and 19th centuries.

The lead editorial caught my eye. The heading was "Restraint Is All That Is Needed." Hmm, I said to myself, this unrestrained newspaper is for restraint, I wondered about what. I thought it might apply to fast driving, over-eating or inhaling a plethora of martinis.

But no.

The paper was in favor of restraint in the U.S. Supreme Court. The battle in Congress to take powers (to interpret law) away from the Court and deposit them where they "be-

long” among the separate states had been lost, said the paper, but it noted with great satisfaction that the defeat was by a narrow margin of one vote.



Now, said the editorial, we come to the heart of the matter. Congress had tried to stop the indiscretions of the U.S. Supreme Court, its irresponsible overruling of the separate states in civil rights matters, and its hasty actions that make trouble, like pushing the integration of schools too far and too fast, but what was really necessary to correct these attacks on the American people was “discretion.”

In fact, said the editorial, there will be no necessity for any “action” against the Supreme Court of the United States, no need to punish it, no justification for outcries to stifle it and take away its power of decision, as long as the Court can contain itself. All the Court needs to know is that the “people” and the “sovereign states” don’t approve of such messing around with the law, and the Supreme Court, naturally, will “restrain” itself, and that will be that.

I was tremendously intrigued with that editorial. It amounted to a threat against the Supreme Court of the United States to behave itself “or else.”

Behind that was a threat against the government itself. If the Supreme Court, which is an integral part of the government, would not interpret the American law to suit the opinions of certain men, then that branch of the government was going to have its claws pulled. Civil rights for individuals, a bedrock foundation of American law, would be eliminated for the sake of the gratification and profit of the most bigoted and ignorant element of society.



It was all very polite, but it was frightening.

I wondered which editor had stayed too long in the saloon

that day, while an ex-sports writer, graduated to the editorial department, got away with putting into neat and official type an innocent-sounding but very-really-meant notice to the Supreme Court to heal itself of the bad habit of wanton abandonment to American law.

After all, when you advise a court to "restrain" itself, you advise it to come to conclusions opposite to those it would normally reach. Therefore, all we need in the Supreme Court is a little abnormality, and everything will be just peachy.

The Country Dog and the City Dog

I, CALIPH, am both kinds of dog, country and city.

"They" are always trying to figure out which life I like better.

In fact, they have me pegged as a city dog at heart, because they say I am calmer in the city. They ought to know that a state of mind can't be judged by external appearances.

They don't let me out much in the city.

When you are hog tied you look calm, even if inside you are seething. I love to run loose in the neighborhood with my friend Ringo and other dogs that come around in the alley.

But what am I going to do if I'm kept in the kitchen next to the refrigerator all day long? You can't make an adventure out of that.

Once in a while I fool them. If somebody forgets to latch the screen door, I make a leap for it, get through and am out like a flash. Then I find Ringo and we make a tour of the garbage cans.

I like garbage cans. They are exciting, mysterious and full of very pleasant surprises.

The reason I don't get to explore much in the alley is that

the folks say they love me too much to let me get run over by a car. So they keep me in the house, I don't get run over, and I don't have any fun. In this case, love means no fun. People are that way with their children.

After a while I learn to relax under restrictive conditions, and then I get a false reputation for liking the country better than the city because they let me loose in the country.



You see, they live way back in the woods, where there are no streets or roads or other people. They think it's safe to let me loose, and I do quite a bit of chasing around up there, and noisy barking, so they think I'm happier up there than in town.

There isn't a garbage can for miles around up in the country. Wherever you go, there's nothing but trees, and bushes, and all kinds of mysterious odors and sounds. It takes a while to understand what is going on when a woodpecker is at work 60 feet above your head.

I met my first skunk the other day, and I must say I couldn't take him calmly. He disturbed all the subtle odors in the whole vicinity. The rabbits and the squirrels and the chipmunks that usually come out to look around didn't appear. Even the birds kept their distance.

There is a country friend of mine, a beagle named Skipper, who comes around quite often. He has black over one eye like a pirate's patch or the Hathaway man, and folks think he is a bum. My mistress always says to me, when Skipper comes around, "Caliph, I don't understand what you see in that bum."

They don't know the dog they call a bum is one of the best racoon finders in the whole world and a dog that can tree an opossum minutes after you start out on a hunt with him. The problem with my people is that they think skills are connected

with science and philosophy and mathematics and selling advertising. But I must say to them that there are many more skills in this world, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy.



Were you ever out in a clearing in the woods on a moonlight night? There is a haze around the moon, and two big white eyes in a tree overhead, and the sound of mournful hooting. There is a mist on the swamp, and in the bushes there is the stealth of snakes, and the cry of frogs, and the crickets picketing.

Every twig is crackling in some different way at some different time, and I have to watch all that and try to recognize it. I must protect, always, myself and them, and no matter how long you live in the woods, some sounds are new and call for barking and warning — a big crow in the cornfield, a heron in the swamp.

Then the boss comes out and says, “Caliph, stop barking.” But does he know that behind those low hawthorns at the bottom of the hill a whole herd of deer are stalking, their white tails dancing in the moonlight? The trouble with him is, he knows only what he can see, and the little he can imagine. He can’t smell what I can, and he can’t see what I can see in the dark.

There was a husky beaver one night, waddling her derriere like a movie star in high heels. I followed her to the creek and came home full of burrs. They bawled me out for being away, and they nearly killed me with the comb and brush. The boss said, “Caliph is a peripatetic loafer; he leads an idle and dissolute life.”

But I didn’t mind the words; I am sure if the boss knew I had met Miz Beaver in the woods, probably on her way to Pogo’s house, he would have asked as many eager questions

as the poet did when one of his friends saw Shelley in the streets of London.

I think it's not really a question of the country versus the city, but a question of life itself. If you like it, you like it wherever you are, and all places are home.

Here comes Ringo; I must make a dash for it.

The Whiteheaded Boy and Mr. Truman's Backbone

VICE-PRESIDENT Richard Nixon, who had been keeping out of the limelight and deliberately lying low to build up his acceptance with the people for 1960, has quite suddenly come out into the open and begun flailing windmills a la Don Quixote.

The situation in the 1958 national election is the cause for this atavism, which is a recurrence, in a descendant, of the characteristics of a remote ancestor, but in Mr. Nixon is merely a renewal of his own earlier manifestations. He turns out to be his own ancestor.

Back in the '40s, when he was the bright boy with the elliptical chin and the cool smile, he catapulted into government through a want ad, getting a foothold on the lower rungs of the ladder to fame and fortune by waging a ruthless and unscrupulous campaign against Helen Gahagan Douglas.

He was helped up the ladder by filling a political void in California and accepting the gracious aid of the oil companies and the real estate interests. Until lately, his role has been that of politician lurking in the bushes, keeping out of sight so as not to risk his almost certain chance to become the GOP candidate for President of the United States in the 1960 election.



But the low condition to which his party has fallen has brought the lightweight champion out slugging, which is a comment in itself on the desperation of the situation.

In Columbus, Ohio, the other day, he turned out to be a worshipper of a fellow politician of opposite persuasion, Harry Truman. He urged his fellow Republicans to display "some of the same backbone" Harry Truman did in winning the 1948 election in the face of adverse forecasts.

"We are not going to be defensive, apologetic, or mealy-mouthed in telling the voters of this country . . . about the sound progressive policies of our Republican administration in Washington," said Mr. Nixon, and a theaterful of precinct captains cheered, as if they knew first-hand what the "sound progressive policies" of their Republican administration in Washington really were.

Mr. Nixon then got back to Mr. Truman. He said that the Truman administration scandals were "the most corrupt in American history." This was brave talk, except for the possibility that the Eisenhower administration probably deserved this compliment more, if all forms of legal and illegal public robbery were computed on the basis of total purloined dollars.

If IBM could be persuaded to supply an electric brain to determine exactly which administration permitted the most filching from the public's pocketbook, the present one would probably win, mostly because all numbers are high nowadays on account of inflation. Running a close second are the Warren G. Harding and Ulysses S. Grant administrations, which make Harry Truman's soupçon of cronyism look like the Braves compared with the Yankees in the second inning of the last game of the World's Series.



Anyway, Mr. Nixon finally climbed a higher ground at

Columbus, making the statement that "we have peace without surrender and prosperity based on peace."

If what we are living in today is peace and prosperity, then I guess Mr. Nixon and I are not living in the same place. One of us is out of this world.

The only peace with surrender ever made in American history was made by Dwight D. Eisenhower in 1952. You may remember that he was in such a hurry to yield to the Communists, he retreated ignominiously, hardly bothering, at the end, to negotiate. The Chinese Communists had it all their way, and Mr. Nixon's mentor was the unwitting architect of all the diplomatic defeats we have suffered ever since, assisted, of course, by Mr. Nixon himself.

The bitter corollary, which Mr. Nixon did not mention at all, is a painful backsliding in defense readiness which may some day cost us all our freedom. There is hardly a citizen walking the streets who does not cringe at the rapidity at which the Rusisans were permitted to outdistance us in many departments. In his new book, Drew Pearson makes a strong case that the United States is becoming a second-class power.

This is the main issue that should be discussed in the national political forums, not Mr. Truman's backbone, Walter Reuther's ideas (if any of his accusers have ever bothered to listen to what they are), or the old chestnuts about socialism and free enterprise, issues which were settled before 1940.



As for that peaceful prosperity, there are two facts the Whiteheaded Boy forgot to mention: unemployment is still high (with no visible effort on the part of the government to help solve it), and many paychecks are lower in working-class and white collar districts than they were in 1956 because overtime and extra shifts have been sharply reduced. Mr.

Nixon may be shocked to learn that one-third of all American families have an income of less than \$3,000 a year.

America sitting on a nuclear tinder box in the midst of an uncertain economy could be called peace and prosperity, or at least its "apologetic, defensive and mealy-mouthed" equivalent, to employ Mr. Nixon's own words.

The Partridge and the Bluebird

Hartford, Wisconsin

You may not believe in the reality of the old Christmas folk song, but there is such a thing as a partridge in a pear tree.

On the week-end, there was a brace of Hungarian partridge in the orchard, and they perched all night on the lower limb of one of our pear trees.

I give you this sight for your inner mind and peace of soul as a Christmas present. The birds are black with white tips on their feathers and red heads, and the pear trees are green, tall and graceful.

While I am giving from that old song, I hand you for your Christmas enjoyment the pleasant sound of a baby crying, since we have a little baby girl four months old at Kettle Moraine Farm. Her name is Gena, she smiles and gurgles mostly, she is the first girl after five boys, and is a joy even when she is crying.

Gena belongs to the farmer's family, which is now frantically busy because of a plethora of apples. In spite of a very dry season, or perhaps because of it, the trees are so heavily loaded with big, red McIntoshes, Snows, and Cortlands that some branches are broken with the enormous weight.

We have a tireless flatcar behind the tractor, and with that

we pick as many as 40 bushels from a single tree. The basement, the back porch, the front porch — even the bathroom — are loaded with apples.

At night we go to sleep with the sweet smell of apple flesh in our nostrils, and we all know enough about fruit to be certain that if we do not dispose of the crop quickly, the Mediterranean fruit fly will devour what we do not eat, preserve or sell.



The economics of fruit and vegetable farming is filled with disappointment and injustice. Some stores that sold dried up little apples at 2 pounds for 39 cents just a week or two ago, suddenly blossom out with whole bushels for \$1.99. Other stores, which offered fresh juicy fruit at 5 or 6 cents a pound, cling to their "supply truck," which delivers sclerotic shrunken globes out of cold storage that must sell for 15 cents a pound.

The same thing is true of tomatoes. They all ripen at the same time and are practically worthless in the market in spite of the fact that the farmer himself paid \$1 for four tomatoes a week or two before.

The farmer cannot defend himself against the markets or the rising cost of living. He will never understand why, as the price he gets goes down, the prices in the stores go up.

For the small farmer, life is always precarious — the work is back breaking, the cash income is infinitesimal and there is always the struggle with weather and insects. The farm wears out his wife, the one-room schoolhouse injures the minds of his children. The government hands out meaningless small sums snarled in bureaucracy and red tape.

Still the country is beautiful, the life less tense than city life, and some seem to prefer no other life. The farmer is America's stoic philosopher: he takes economic injustice and physical

debilitation as if he were assigned to it by God. Many live a whole lifetime (today) without a telephone, an inside toilet or an oil stove.

Nevertheless, as a breed of people, they have character. They respect a penny, they do not shrink from work, they willingly help their friends, and they take responsibility without a whimper. One has to search for character in the city, because the competitive life makes a predator of nearly every individual.



The country has a softening effect. It may be the trees that seem so human and at this time of year dazzle everybody with their chromatic splendor. It may be the animals, with their tender eyes and innocent dispositions. It may be that you don't have to look for bluebirds because they are playing on a cedar tree outside your window.

It may be the air, at this season so bracing and invigorating.

It may be the blue sky, which puts you in silhouette against it as an individual, big and important in yourself, money or no money. It may be the waving grain in the windy field — yours planted by you, harvested by you, you its slave and its master.

“What men or gods are these?” asked Keats. And then he added, “What mad pursuit?” which he probably meant for the city. He also wrote, “What struggle to escape?”

Hypnotized

PERHAPS I'm naive and should have realized this a long time ago, but during the election it hit me extra hard.

I mean the universal concentration on self.

Every candidate was thinking of himself. Every helper was thinking how he could help himself by helping.

Try the idea on for size. See how often in a single day you find anybody who's thinking of something, anything, outside himself.

Watch people's interpretations of what's going on. See how each explanation, each conviction, each analysis begins with self-felt needs and moves on to self-imposed ambitions, desires, dreams.

You can say that's good. You can agree with certain doctors that you have to love yourself before you can love anybody else.

I can't disagree, but I wonder if the doctors understand the quality of self-preoccupation. It isn't deep enough to turn into anything benign. It's narrow in range, petty in conception.

The whole world, it seems to me, has become tired, effete, uninterested in thought or work, absorbed by the ceaseless demand on self to satisfy self, at the most superficial level.



To me this is the key to why we all live so quietly and unconcernedly in the midst of the possibility that there will be no world next week. Nobody cares.

All they care about is this world this week.

As long as everybody goes up in smoke at the same time, what's the difference? There will be no advantage to anybody else. There will be no profit for the next fellow in the event of simultaneous destruction. And if that happens, why worry? The competition won't benefit by the hydrogen bomb, and neither will the Joneses.

The great fear of death is dying alone while others are still here to enjoy life. But clouds of radiation sickness will take care of everybody. When you go to the drug store to get the

poison to put yourself away before the smoke gets you, the druggist may not even charge you. For the first time it won't matter what he takes to the bank, and he will be comforted by the fact that nobody else will take anything to the bank, either.

You may remember the story about the farmer who had been to town for a few days. When he got home, he found his wife weeping.

"John," she said, "all of our 300 pigs have died of the cholera."

"Oh, my," he said, "I'm ruined."

"And that isn't all," she said. "All of Farmer Jones' pigs have died, and so have Farmer Brown's."

"H'm," he said brightly. "Then things ain't as bad as I thought."

When the tragedy is big enough, then things ain't so bad.



That's the only explanation I can find, frankly, for the quiet acceptance by the American people of the intensely dangerous conditions of the atomic age without doing anything about it.

They have paid little attention to foreign policy, almost none to the needs of education in the nuclear age, and have taken like a flock of sheep the mendacity and incompetence of their sources of information. You may call it fantastic, but we seem to be hypnotized by the impartiality and universality of our possible fate.

I think, though, that we ought to realize a few things. One is that life is very sweet, all by itself. Another is that we grow with the young and the innocent who grow up around us. A third is that we have built a civilization worth fighting to preserve.

Oh, to be a hypnotist and to be able to snap one's fingers and say, "O.K. Come out of it."

Like it Says on the Label

FOR a long time there was a billboard on the Outer drive showing a large bottle of whiskey (about six stories high) and a caption that said: "Just like it says on the label—the best whiskey on the market."

I laughed every time I went by that sign. It seemed so typical of the sort of thing that goes on nowadays in the field of public persuasion.

The formula is first to label a thing "the best," and then to quote the label.

It's quite a simple system—the Old Fitzgerald system of public relations.

Certainly you avoid a great deal of trouble and expense. You don't need authorities, actors in doctors' costumes, diagrams of pills dissolving in the stomach or other gimmicks. All you need to do is to label the product or the person or the service you sell the "best," and then quote the label. You are your own authority. "The facts" begin and end with you.

Labels, after all, are the biggest thing in our society.

From the labels come the brand names promoters, the togetherness experts and the soft-sell artists.

Often more time is spent designing labels than inventing or improving products. But I don't think we can fight the modern system of distribution.

All we can do is be alert to self-reflection. If an industrialist or a politician hires a self-praise agent, and that agent makes like a billboard to boost the reputation of the product ("like it says on his label"), we need what used to be called "healthy skepticism" to be safe.

Today, if we are gullible, there is a serious chance of hurting ourselves. If we say "I'll buy that" without deliberation, it can be fatal in this overlapping and interdependent society.

The Communist dogma and the Communist political policy are a good example. First, they set up a label, then they try to make everybody within their reach swallow the label. Boris Pasternak, who said in "Dr. Zhivago" that the merchandise was not like it said on the label, had to decline the Nobel prize, probably to keep alive.

There is a suggestion of brute power behind every example of self-labeling.

Labels are dynamite in a world where everything is changing every second. Labels try to keep permanent that which is as permanent as lightning.

Hitler coined a lot of cliches and tried to force them down the throat of the world. The Southerners are trying to do the same thing. So are the South African Europeans. Their phony labels are "state's rights" and "apartheid." They make holy writ out of these labels, and all the violence to human individuals follows.

Don't get me wrong about Old Fitzgerald. It is no doubt a whiskey that will do what whiskey is intended to do. It may be more honest to quote a whiskey label, after all, than a political one. The fight isn't between me and Old Fitzgerald, but between me (or you) and all the disgustingly phony labeling of our time.

Cats and Dogmas

FOR a while, it was unfashionable to be emotional, but now the best doctors are saying that having emotions is fine, even jolly if you can control them and not let them get the best of you.

Take sentiment. That is a fine emotion that gives us great pleasure. Most friendship and memory of pleasure come from

sentiment, but it can be overdone if we are not intelligent about it.

There is a poignant story by Luigi Pirandello that tells in a simple, and sympathetic, way the story of misplaced emotion.

A couple had a small child of whom they were naturally very fond. The child owned a bright yellow canary that gave him much joy.

The child died of an illness, but the canary lived on, bringing fond memories of the deceased child to the loving parents.

There was a family next door that kept a bright-eyed black cat. The cat was always after the canary, licking its chops at the prospect of devouring it when the chance came.

Because the parents had loved their child so very much, they transferred their affections to the canary, which was a reasonable emotion, but because of the threat of the cat, they hated its owners in the next house, which was very definitely an unreasonable emotion.

One day the cat ate the canary. The father of the boy, identifying the canary so intensely with his lost child, took a gun, and in a fit of rage shot to death the owner of the cat.

I have heard no better, nor more delicately meaningful, story anywhere than this tender little tale of the neighbors, the canary and the cat. It shows what our minds do to us when we have unreasonable emotions.



The terrible violence of life comes from our own thoughts. We feel abused, we feel noble, we feel martyred.

We destroy ourselves by false identification, by equating things that are not equal, by unjustifiable hatred, by reasoning falsely and believing very much things that are not true.

"There are times I am not sure of what I think I absolutely know," sang the King of Siam.

We judge absolutely the motives of others, their attitudes,

their intentions, their feelings — by a set of standards built up in us that are in no way connected with the reality of the situation, or with the thoughts and real motives of the other people involved.

Being able to separate the important from the unimportant, the real from the unreal, the vital from the immaterial is an art too few people have mastered.

People under pressure of trouble get to the point where the weight is so great that all things weigh the same, the big things and the little things, the meaningful things and the meaningless things.

When we become unable to exercise intelligent judgment and simple discrimination, we are on the brink of insane emotionalism, and it is at that point that we do not destroy the imaginary enemy we think we hate, but ourselves.

“The fault, dear Brutus, lies not in our stars but in ourselves.”

I know it is fashionable to say that most over-emotionalism is fear, inferiority and scapegoatism. And it may be true, but that doesn't solve anything, from a petty hostility to an atom war.



What does relieve the situation is a patient effort to find a solution. The key to this is what might be called evaluational therapy.

Had the father in our story made some correct evaluations, he would not have wound up at the end of a rope.

It was true that the canary was his child's favorite. As long as the canary lived and sang, it was fine that the canary brought him and his wife some sentimental identification with his child. But the canary as a canary was a yellow bird.

To the cat the canary was not symbolic of anything except hors d'oeuvres. To the neighbor the cat may have been a be-

loved animal deserving protection, but still in itself just a cat.

It was not the neighbor's fault that the cat ate the canary, and yet this innocent party paid with his life for owning a cat that ate a symbol of a child.

The murderer's evaluations were faulty, and our evaluations are the place to look for most of our troubles, since nearly all of them are of our own making.

Asserting a matter of opinion as if it were fact is being dogmatic, or, as in the case of this story, catmatic.

When we are sufficiently civilized, we will assert no opinions emotionally as if they were facts, we will not be tempted to shoot or hurt anybody, and we will live happily forever after.

The "New" Barbarians

IN the new book "The Democratic Vista," the author, Richard Chase, says there is a new class of barbarian in our midst willing to spend what it takes to buy a fancy new car, a deep freeze or a swimming pool, but who will oppose with all their being the passing of a bond issue for a new school or a raise in pay for teachers.

I have news for the author. These are not new barbarians. These are old barbarians with new toys.

Being "fancy" and having status appear to be more important than seeing that the young have a good education in a favorable atmosphere.

Perhaps being "fancy" is not the right way to put it; being "comfortable" is closer. I am sure if we met one of those barbarians face to face we would find him to be a very nice fellow who would do "anything" for his own kids (usually spoils

them), but is simply opposed to more schools or teachers' higher pay because he thinks his property interests demand a position against taxes.



In his new book "The Affluent Society," Kenneth Galbraith, a famous conservative economist, has a chapter entitled "Theory of Social Balance." In this chapter he says that we are buying the wrong kind of goods with our money; for instance, tail fins and private swimming pools instead of schools, while Russia is generously paying for education on every hand in far greater proportion to her resources than we are.

We need a sense of social balance that relates economy not only to the present, and not only to ourselves, but to the future and to the whole community.

Making decisions based on the size of the real estate tax is not only a selfish and anti-social attitude, but it is an actual injury to the "tax-thinker" himself!

For instance, a man with some property who fights a big school bond issue because it will cost him a few dollars a year extra in taxes, doesn't realize how enormously his property will be enhanced in total value by increasing the quality of the schools and the teaching.

There are times when simple arithmetical logic is blotted out by the here-and-now man who won't look beyond his own quick reaction to something that is likely to cost him a little money.

Here is where we meet face to face the real meaning of the word "reactionary." A reactionary is a person who has a quick unreasonable "reaction" to anything he thinks may interfere with his own little cozy corner of the universe.

Korzybski used to call these "signal" reactions. Certain

things are signals for violent unthinking reaction — a proposal for a new school has had this effect on real estate holders since the time of Socrates.



Ike inveighed against “spenders” at his first press conference since the election, but if he has not reversed himself, he was once gung-ho for federal aid to education. He never really defended what he said he was for, or fought for it, but now he has a Congress which would be glad to vote federal cash for new school buildings. If he meant what he said originally, and not what he said later, he can make hay with the Democrats. There is even a good chance that this Congress will provide federal funds for medical education, which could double the number of doctors, a great thing for absolutely everybody in the world but the American Medical association.

John Dewey once said that the ignorant and the poor possess a grace about education that is lacking in the people who have accumulated so much material wealth and intellectual riches.

We have mastered the elements of physical well-being, he said; now let us put similar energy, good will and thoughtfulness into our spiritual life.

Bright Light on the Countryside

THE *day before Thanksgiving*. We were surprised to find snow on the ground in the woods. There were leaves only on the oak trees. All else was stark and leafless, with the white snow in a clump pattern that looked as if it were separated by large footsteps.

My wife had stopped in the local store and bought T-bone steaks, which we broiled in the fireplace for a late dinner.

There was enough left for the dog's dinner the next day, but that didn't keep him from begging for bones at table. He got none. Discipline is perfect, for dogs, at our house. Only the people are spoiled.

I read a bit of Oedipus the King ("Alas, how terrible is wisdom when it brings no profit to the man that's wise") and fell asleep in front of the fire. I was awakened and told it was time to go to bed.

Thanksgiving day. At 7 the dog scratched at my side, insistent upon being let out. A brilliant sunrise was ascending over the snow-covered hills in the east. The temperature was zero, but I went out without a jacket, warmed by the sun's first rays, or my imagination. The new young evergreens were taking a firm root.

To the south my eye caught the bright red of a hunter's outfit, about 150 yards away, behind a tree. It was motionless and I surmised the hunter was poised to shoot a deer nearby. I watched for half an hour. The red outfit didn't move an iota in the entire time, so I presumed it was nothing alive and went back to bed.

Later a telephone repair man came to fix our phone. We gave him a holiday drink of sweet Greek brandy and talked about hunting, fishing and neighbors we knew in common. The phone man went to investigate the red phenomenon behind the tree, and came back with the bottom half of some bright red cotton pajamas.

"Somebody lost his pants while hunting," said he.

"Probably tied them around his body for color while carrying a buck to keep from getting shot by another hunter," said I.

"Too bad," said my wife, who despises hunters who try to kill the deer in our woods.

I laid a blaze in the fireplace, with fresh cut red oak. In a

few minutes it was crackling cheerfully. A country breakfast was on the table.

The turkey, which had been thawing in the kitchen all night, was getting skillfully stuffed and sewed. Robert and I were sent to the general store at Stonebank for last-minute things forgotten. We took a few extra little excursions in the bright zero atmosphere, the longest being a delicious inspection of the latest paper back novels in Oconomowoc's combination book store and taxi stand — a winter oasis.

At noon, we went to the barn. There was Poncho astride his stall, with George, a tame duck, perched on his broad back. The cows were snug in their stanchions. The sheep huddled together on a carpet of straw, bleating noisily.

When we got home, the fragrance of the cooking turkey drove us mad. When ? we kept asking, when ? We made such a racket we were given leftover steak sandwiches to tide us over the two hours' waiting time.

In mid-afternoon I made martinis, while all watched our friend Bob inspect his mink traps along the river. He had caught one the week before, and had visions of getting rich, but no more had fallen for his bait. He came in for a drink, and we toasted the Pilgrims, who no doubt had also spent Thanksgiving in the woods, without electric stoves and double plumbing.

The plump turkey was lifted proudly out of the oven, the bells were rung, and the feast began. There were sweet potatoes, cranberries, home baked rolls, extra dressing in a hot stone pot, and pumpkin pie with fresh whipped cream.

I ate guiltily, until assured that what was eaten on Thanksgiving didn't count on my diet.

Susie had brought along a long-playing record of Prokofiev's ballet "Cinderella," which we played during dinner, and which seemed to go beautifully with the woods, the snow, the fire and the turkey.

After dinner, following a few lazy stretches, everyone made off to a corner to curl up and sleep it off.

A full moon climbed above the treetops, shedding a bright light on the countryside. The wind sighed contentedly.

Captain Ahab

EVERY once in a while I get into a situation where somebody advises me to “go after” some slightly real or imaginary opponent. Always I reject the idea, but find it hard to explain why I won’t be rough and vindictive, to prove that I’m “a man with guts.”

In the first place, I always think of life as a kind of game, which isn’t fun if you don’t follow your own set of rules. I am not fool enough to think that others will always deal fairly with me, but I believe in what Boris Pasternak calls, in “Dr. Zhivago,” “the irresistible power of unarmed truth.”

I believe that just because I own a newspaper I do not have the God-given power to crush a man who has no way of defending himself. The first person I would crush by an unfair use of power would be myself, because there is no truth greater than that absolute power corrupts absolutely.



There are a few people around town who are complete phonies, and whose exposure would probably benefit the world. But think how much better off the world will be in the long run if it discovers all by itself what phonies these people are. The experience of discovery and learning for one’s self is a much stronger lesson than being told. Another man’s opinion is nothing compared to your certain knowledge, when that knowledge dawns on you.

In the second place, I believe powerfully in the Moby Dick theory of dealing with your "enemies," if such they be.

The Moby Dick theory is quite simple; it is "Don't be like Captain Ahab."

According to Herman Melville's story, Captain Ahab once had his leg bitten off by Moby Dick, the white whale. Instead of leaving well enough alone, he swore revenge against the whale. He was goin' to make blubber out of that whale or know the reason why. He was confusing stubbornness with courage.

So he set out on the high seas to do battle with Moby Dick, against the best advice of men and the warnings of the elements.

He, Captain Ahab, was God. Nobody was going to tell him what to do. Vengeance was *his* job, not the Lord's.

The more he went after the whale, the madder he got. His humility stabilizer was shot.

Soon he was no more than a raving maniac with only one thing on his mind, the death of the whale. Life held no other meaning for him. He couldn't talk about anything else, or think about anything else. (Many people get that way, about one subject or another.)

In the end, the whale gets him. The whale swamps the ship, Captain Ahab drowns, and Moby Dick swims away unharmed, probably unaware that he was the object of somebody's paranoia.



It has always been my theory that man does not become a rational human being until he discovers God, which in this sense means some other thing above himself he must listen to. Every man has to listen to somebody.

The Captain Ahab complex means a man won't listen to

anybody but himself, and at that point he becomes dangerous to others and to himself.

No man living can exist if he is not willing to listen to some voice of reason, and listen with sincerity and respect.

This is a subtle point, because a lot of people think they are doing nicely while they are falling out the window, until they hit the sidewalk. Everything seems to be so logical. They persuade a few fanatics and softheads to listen to them. It's a rosy world full of rosy promises. "Gott mitt uns" was the motto the Kaiser had engraved on the belts of his soldiers.

But real God, the irresistible power of unarmed truth, has been neglected. In the minds of these maniacs He doesn't exist. And most of the time, in the long run, it is too late for anything but desperation and drowning.

The whale makes blubber out of them. Yes, Virginia, there is a Moby Dick. Let him alone and you'll come home.

If you know any Captain Ahab, follow the Spanish proverb. Don't kill them, let them live. Life, not death, will punish them, until the day they slip away in the slough of despond.

The Golden Angel

WE sat around for about an hour watching our neighbors trim their Christmas tree.

It was a fragrant hemlock, as high as the room, uncontaminated by flocking, steel needles or nylon branches.

A friend of the family's, who had spent most of the day shopping for the tree, was stringing a network of tiny white lights.

"How can you define a friend?" I thought to myself, "except to say that he is the sort of man who will do for you with enthusiasm an utterly unnecessary thing?"

Bongo. I thought that was a perfect definition, because a friend in need is not always a friend in deed. A guy who will do a frivolity for you, sincerely; there's a friend.

He didn't have the light-stringing job all to himself. The armchair superintendents were at work. "There's an open place at the lower right hand rear." "Put a light at about 20 minutes to five." (The war has given us that useful language for spacing, like "Scratch my back at a quarter after three.")

Then came the ornaments, all handmade by pinning shells and spangles on styrofoam balls. They were in aquamarine blue, in light green with pearls, in dazzling red and white, in shades of pink and grey.

On each of these colored balls was a hook for hanging, and again the obliging friend went to work, with the gallery kibitzing.



Each one had a different approach, in the advice-giving department. Grandma, a practical gal, wanted all the spaces filled. Daughter was preoccupied with color balance. Her mother was worried about the heavy ones weighting down the branches.

In the glitter, the friend doing frivolity sincerely took the advice with philosophical good nature. Here and there in the folds of the evergreen he concealed a plastic bauble, as if to pay homage to the Woolworth influence and the Kresge syndrome.

The hour passed in a flash. The job was done, daughter snapped off the house lights, and there was glorious tree, as bright and as light as the Milky Way, pouring incandescence like foam falling from a waterfall.

"You know," I said, "this is a strange experience for me. All this effort to please yourself and a few friends. When I work to write something, I think in terms of thousands and thou-

sands of people, and yet here is a major production effort for just a handful."

"Well," said the lady of the house, "what's housekeeping except great effort for a limited audience?"

"It's an admirable concept but hard for me to understand," I said. "A man once asked me to write him a letter, and I replied, 'What, all that writing for one man?'"

A wise kibitzer, with a wry smile, put in, "I am sure there are a lot of things you don't do for an audience of many thousands."

"You're right," I said, "and I suppose a window trimmer goes home and decorates his dinner table or arranges flowers in the living room."



We had coffee and cookies. Pop, who was tallest, was put up on the ladder while the others held it. Then on tiptoe he installed a golden angel in the crown of the tree.

That made it just about perfect.

We went outside to see the effect. "Pull your shades up higher," I told my neighbors. "You owe it to the community." There was a peal of silver laughter.

We walked home in the cold starlight. I thought of that private golden angel, for the few loving eyes, an inspiration on the crown of the fragrant hemlock tree.

Peace and human dignity, they are wonderful. Somebody had to fight for them. This is the payoff.

Buy a Book

I HAVE no pact with book publishers and get no commissions, but I was thinking the other day how important it is for people to buy books.

There is an old pagan belief that if a woman is downhearted she can dispel the gloom by buying herself a new hat, but I think she would get a much larger lift out of buying a new book.

To me, as it will be to you when and if you get the habit, walking into a book store is a thrill.

A storeful of books is a storeful of ideas, adventure, excitement and beauty.

My wife, who is a practical woman, says I buy too many books, and that I ought to cut it out because we will soon have to get another house just for the books.

I always answer, " 'Tis better to have bought a book and regretted it than never to have bought a book at all."

Every time I go past a book store I get a little twinge. Here we are in the richest land in the world, and the most literate, and few if any booksellers make a living.

They deal in the most precious merchandise there is in our civilization, and they are lucky if they can cover their rent and light bills.

We spend billions for liquor and beer, billions for radio and television, but very little for books. I mean old-fashioned,

thick, dust-jacketed hard cover books, the kind it is a pleasure just to hold in the hand.



Just think of what you can do with a book, and what a book can do for you.

About six months ago I bought a nice new mint copy of "Purely Academic" by Stringfellow Barr. The book had a bright green cover and I let it lie around the house to make the landscape more verdant.

I picked it up once or twice and tried to read it. It didn't go down. So I let it lie. Then just the other day I picked it up and made up my mind I was going to break past the opening pages that seemed to resist me.

All of a sudden I began howling. The green book was a riot of fun. It said things about higher education in America I had always suspected but was never quite sure about. It said them well, and it said them true, as Hemingway would put it.

Suddenly every word had a meaning. When I was halfway through, I looked at the back, felt the unread balance and regretted that the rest of the book wasn't as long as the Encyclopedia Britannica.

This urbane and witty former college president, I discovered by the accident of starting to read that which I had bought, was telling us more about what was wrong with the universities than you could read in education journals in a lifetime. I had two weeks of consistent enjoyment out of one book.

In the morning, at night before bedtime, on Sunday afternoon, I took a little of Dr. Barr's medicine. It was better than Miltown, and more entertaining.

A good book cures you of boredom, and of your superfluous illusions.

Take it from me, the day we all get over our illusions, we'll be a cultivated race.

Bunk must go. Nonsense will melt away, except maybe good nonsense, like "Alice in Wonderland."



I am told that very few people buy books for themselves and that more than half the books bought in this country are sold to people who send them to friends as gifts.

This is better than nothing, because authors have to live, but I wish more people would drop into bookstores and buy books for themselves, to read to themselves and enjoy by themselves.

As for my mistakes in book buying, I have no regrets. I'll gladly give away to the first caller my copies of "The Hidden Persuaders" and "The Organization Man," but nobody can tear from me my tattered old copy of "I, Claudius" by Robert Graves.

Buy a book today, tomorrow or on your next day off. Wander around a book store and invite your soul.

The People's Dog

WE were talking about our dog Caliph the other night and we decided that the trouble with him is that he doesn't know he is a dog.

For instance, he will not eat dog food. Dog food is for dogs, and Caliph will eat only people's food.

By that I mean that when we are sitting down at table he will run from one to the other begging anything he can get, like a piece of gristle from the steak or the fat of the lamb

chop. He can't seem to understand he is not supposed to eat in the dining room with the others.

Being a people's dog does not mean that he is a Communist, but since he has never been asked to take an oath, I can only surmise that he doesn't belong to the party.

Come to think of it, he acts strangely. Several weeks ago we were watching Ike on television and Caliph climbed up on the sofa, laid himself out head forward like a small lion, and then stared at Ike without taking his eyes off the screen.

"He never pays attention to television," said my wife. "Now why do you suppose he is so fascinated by the sight and sound of the President?"

"Maybe he's a spy," I ventured. "He's going to report the whole thing to Khrushchev."

"No," said my wife, "I think he's a loyal American. He's probably puzzled about the Berlin problem and wants to hear the possible solution."



Loyal American or no, Caliph got up and stalked out when the American flag came on with "The Star-Spangled Banner." I don't like visits from the FBI for harboring subversives, but I must admit that dog behaves in a very peculiar manner.

Take walking. Most dogs walk on all fours, like dogs. Caliph practices walking on his hind legs, like people.

Last Wednesday evening when we all rose from the table to go sit in the parlor, he followed, along with the rest of the gang, on two legs. We all sat down on comfortable chairs and couches, and he climbed up on the sofa.

"Now," I said, looking at Caliph, "what shall we talk about?"

We began talking about why angry young men are angry, and for a while he followed the conversation with his little brown eyes, eating up every word. Then, suddenly, he fell

asleep, and of course he was right. The conversation wasn't getting anywhere.

Talking at table is a big sport at our house. Some nights we sit for hours reviewing our calloused opinions. Caliph hates to be left out.

Quite often after he has run around us a dozen times trying to attract attention, he rises up on his hind legs, gets a grip on the good mahogany table with his paws, and blinks wisely across, with his head barely above the top.

My wife usually complains, but somebody is always sticking up for Caliph. "Why can't he listen?" "Aw, let him be." "He's as much a part of this family as anybody." "Why should he be left out?"



That's the point, he won't be left out. He believes in togetherness. When we go to bed he wants to go to bed with us; when we eat, he wants to eat with us, and when we watch television, he wants the best seat. But he's much more particular than we are, and often takes off while we are sitting in a stupor watching a moronic program.

When we ride in a car, he won't stay in back. He climbs up into the front seat and looks around as if he is going to direct traffic.

Some people would think, hearing this, that he is badly trained, or that we are inhibited about teaching him his "place." Actually, he doesn't know the words "dog" and "man." He wants to act as we act. Imitation is still the sincerest form of flattery.

You see, Caliph not only doesn't know he's a dog, but he doesn't think of himself as an average human being.

He's a snob.

And if he doesn't stop getting hair all over my blue serge suit, I'm not going to let him read any of my new books.

Disturbing the Wild

WE had heard that the farm was flooded by the melting snow; we left Chicago in a mid-April snowstorm to see for ourselves.

As we reached the Wisconsin border, the sky cleared and the sun came out. There were a few large grey clouds, but nothing like the weather that canceled the Cubs' opening game.

We saw no flooded roads, just a few inundated fields and some streams full of fast blue foaming water.

Our gate was closed, but there was none of the usual puddle at the entrance. A half mile along on dry gravel we came to another closed gate, but still no water.

Then our car glided silently into the woods, disturbing the wild. Birds hurried out of the branches of trees, frail limbs of hickory fell as the birds broke away, squirrels scurried, pheasant mothers scolding in the straw shushing the young in their nests, some wild geese sailed by on the swollen creek, a girl badger hustled out of a sheltered pile undulating her tail.



Nothing seemed exactly to resent us; it was more like the woods waking up in the morning. The aspens pulled up their elbows, the hickories blinked their green buds, the little pines and spruce were taller and greener, saying, "Look how we've grown!"

In the orchard there was an unexpected lake. The ducks were having a wonderful time diving and swimming between the apple trees.

There was some snow on the ground, large patches, a kind of assurance that winter wasn't all over yet, in case we might miss it. Outside our north windows there was a patch of snow

shaped like a combination of Europe and Asia. India was a little skimpy, but all the rest was there including England, Ireland and Scotland. (I must never leave out Scotland or my friend George Buik will get mad at me.) Siberia was, as usual, vast and cold.

This year we can expect many wild raspberries because already the canes are a lively red, bristling with thorns and promises. The woods were also full of the dark red glistening fresh wood of the willow.

Grass was bright green and so was the velvet mullein.

Nature has a way of preparing the floor of a forest that outdoes the most perfect wall-to-wall carpeting. Our forest floors shone with wet, red leaves, dwarfed juniper, dark laurel and the first shoots of violet and crocus.



In the barn we found seven new lambs, including two sets of woolly twins. There was also a newborn golden Guernsey Calf, a sprightly male, who will have to be sold for veal because males are of no use since artificial insemination.

Nowadays the cows wait impatiently for a man in a blue Chevrolet called a master inseminator.

We found the house perfect, all clean, without any of the flood we feared. The basement was bone dry in spite of the fact that the creek at the bottom of the hill was 40 feet wide.

There was a glorious sunset, with the edge of the clouds pink, the orb orange, the tops of the elms bright amber. The leaves on the oaks, very still in the windless air, soaked up the light.

There were wide belts of rose and purple in the sky. A large grey bird, probably a heron, pumped slowly over the tops of the trees, straight for the sunset.

Law Versus Prejudice

WHENEVER anybody proposes a law for the State of Illinois to make job discrimination illegal, there is always somebody else who says, "You can't enforce such things with laws, it needs to be a slow process of education."

In fact, President Eisenhower himself has taken that attitude in connection with laws concerning school integration in the South. He has on more than one occasion told the press and has been quoted as believing that "these things" cannot be enforced by law, only by teaching people the difference between right and wrong.

I'm all for law myself!

Law is the thing that teaches people the difference between right and wrong faster than education.

Sixteen states in the United States, with more than 61 million population, already have equal job opportunity laws. Fourteen states have laws that provide for enforceable equal job opportunity orders.

And yet, these laws have not upset anybody or caused any great regrets in any of these states where they have been passed.

That we need such a law in Illinois (House Bill 495, the Bipartisan Equal Job Opportunities bill) is quite obvious because there is a great deal of prejudice, and many case histories of refusals to hire men or women because they are Catholic, Jew, Negro, Protestant or Oriental, regardless of their qualifications.

There are also many refusals to hire qualified persons because of rigid age standards for employment, regardless of such people's ability to perform the duties of the position applied for.



The philosophy of "education" works over a period of many years, maybe hundreds, on matters of ignorance, but not on matters of prejudice. You can educate against ignorance without law, but not usually against unfair prejudice.

Prejudiced people are often ignorant, but not all prejudiced people are ignorant. Many of them are high school and college graduates, and I have known some violently prejudiced people with a string of doctors' degrees after their names.

In spite of the fact that there is a constant clamor that education will cure prejudice, I believe that this is a smoke screen to prevent the passage of these bills because of some uneasy feeling that business will be harassed or embarrassed if an Equal Job Opportunities bill passes in Illinois.

Such a law would not be a punishment or an interference with normal business operations. It has operated very well in other states. The emphasis is upon conciliation, working with people and showing them gradually and patiently that there is nothing to fear from cooperating with the law.

There is a great difference between education with the law, and education without a law.

In education within the law, it will always be possible to bring an uncooperative firm before the Illinois Equality of Employment Opportunity commission to hold a hearing, from which an order to cease and desist from discrimination could be issued.

During this process of investigating a complaint and undertaking to solve the case by conference and conciliation, the educational process, within the law, takes place, solving about 95 per cent of all these problems.

The result is a better use of the talents of all the people in the community for the community's own sake. It represents making the best use of human resources. The cultural and educational standards are raised much faster than through a

“voluntary” or so-called “educational” system, where no legal authority exists to make prejudiced people listen to reason.



Reason is a wonderful thing, but a lot of people won't listen to it. A decent, fair law will help.

I note that Gov. Stratton and Mayor Daley are united in urging members of both parties to pass House bill 495. The law has the best chance in the history of recent times to pass in this legislature.

It is most interesting to note that Mr. Joseph Block, the head of the Inland Steel Co., and Virgil Martin, president of Carson Pirie Scott & Co., are going to give a dinner to urge business to back this bill, and that they are planning to bring from Detroit, as a speaker, John Bugas of the Ford Motor Co.

That's good evidence of enlightenment.

Money, Hard and Soft

I SEE that our senators, Dirksen and Douglas, are getting thousands of petitions against inflation.

Some people who are sending in these petitions are being misled, I am afraid. I suspect that the people who are helping these political campaigns against inflation don't understand inflation any more than the economists do.

The truth is that practically nobody understands inflation. We see the results, but it's hard to pin down and get mad at the causes because some of them are good for us and some of them are bad. It is hard to get mad at what helps you, even if in the same process things happen that hurt somebody.

I'm not trying to be a Gertrude Stein about this, but when Gertrude said money depends on whose pocket it's in and

that's all there is to know about money, she may have said all there was to say on the subject of inflation.

If you have no money, then inflation of the currency is good for you, because where money is free and loose, you have a chance to get some of it.

If you have money, inflation hurts because when money cheapens, the money in your pocket cheapens, and that's bad for you.

That's why the rich are against inflation and the poor are for it.



Very often, in the politics of inflation, you will find the rich behind the campaigns to "end inflation" by "putting an end to high government expenses" for two main reasons, the rich think stopping or slowing government expenses will eventually reduce their income taxes, and, as I explained before, the rich are worried about the cheapening of the money in their pockets.

The fact is that unless they are holding mellow money from several generations back, the rich wouldn't have had so much money in the first place if it had not been for what is called "inflation," but I suppose you can't blame people for wanting to harden what they got when it was soft. They think of money as something like plaster, cement or putty. Once it is theirs, they have a "divine right" to make it more valuable, by letting it "set."

There is a class between the rich and the poor that has been hit hard by the cheapening of money and credit, and this is the "income" class, people who live off income from investments, insurance, savings accounts, and, alas, Social Security and unemployment benefits.

As the cost of living goes up, for instance on rent and food, the people in this group are so hard-pinched that they can be

made maddest about inflation, and in this way they become the tools of those who have a greater proprietary interest in inflation than merely making a living.



Those caught in the squeeze are very easy to propagandize, because they know of no way to get out of their dilemma except to “work” with the group with whom they actually have the least in common.

To urge the President to hold down federal spending to prevent further inflation is like trying to put a cellophane wall in front of Niagara Falls, but it’s politics, and it may be paving the way to put the small income class in Nixon’s pocket for 1960.

Congress could with a few simple laws relieve a very large percentage of the low income class, but the newspapers don’t talk about it much. It could, for instance, lift the \$1200 earning limitation on Social Security people between 62 and 72. This would enable many thousands more to make a comfortable living by doing some sort of work.

Also, there could be a uniform national unemployment benefit law that would allow for any increases in the cost of living. This would still leave widows and orphans on fixed insurance funds, but the fact is that these total investments are much larger than they were 30 years ago, and the increments are higher.

Congress could also do more to prevent big business and big labor monopoly, which which be a bigger blow against inflation, because their costs are passed quickly and directly on to the public.



A good description of inflation might be that everybody who was broke before is still broke, but at a higher standard of living.

At the same time, the small man has paid his debts off faster, has had more opportunity and is getting more economic “fall-out” from the inflated dollar than he did in the days when men (and women) worked 60 hours for \$9.

I don't like government expense that can be done without, but I don't like to see distorted political mush made out of our evolutionary American economics.

The examination has to be cooler than that of political editors, and the action has to be more deliberative than sending out canned coupons from the papers.

Miracle in the Barn

Kettle Moraine Farm, Hartford, Wisconsin

THERE was this rain. Not just rain, but a coldness and windiness that went right through you with it, and it was sticky, like not quite molasses, like nature was mad at you and was bent on the mischief of making you shiver and scrape mud and get discouraged with everything.

At that second a heifer named Hope of Heaven (Kettle Moraine's Hope of Heaven we called her, like the fancy barns) decided to spring a calf.

She desperately ringed herself with straw and bedded down, groaning and trying to control herself, and shivering from the awful dampness of chill wind.

A beautiful golden heifer emerged, dazzlingly marked with white, and after some very self-controlled grunting and shivering, Hope stood up and left the calf lying there like a castaway work of art.

She looked over her shoulders a few times with those luminous eyes as if to say that's all for today and now nobody bother me, but we knew we had to get that calf to the faucets

for the concentrated mother milk without which she could not live.



The calf was too weak to stand. Her head kept flopping from side to side in the straw, and we were worried. The farmer's wife, a young woman who had seen much parturition on the farm, sat in the kitchen and cried. "I can't stand to see any living creature die," she sobbed.

My friend, Bud, who was visiting, grabbed an infant's bottle, filled it with warm, yellow milk, snapped on a nipple as he must have done years before for his own boys, and took it out to the barn. Patiently he got the calf started on sucking, while the boys rigged up a heat lamp.

The calf suckled the whole bottle of milk, and looked much stronger.

It lay down in the straw and fell asleep.

Walking through the penetrating wet, we talked about the problem. We knew the calf could not survive without its mother's cholesterol, but we knew that mama, having had only this baby, felt like many mamas who had trouble delivering their first: she was disgusted with it and wanted no more of babies.

Besides, her nipples were cracked and bursting and she wouldn't allow the calf to touch her. We lifted the weak-kneed calf to the udders, and each time she tried to kick her own child in the head.

We called the vet. He came over, gave the calf a shot of some sort, and said, "If there's nothing wrong with her internally, she'll live."

All that dismal day we plotted how to get the mother to accept the baby.

I was all for hobbling Hope's legs. Finally we tied her left leg to a post, so she kicked at us with her right leg and broke the rope.



The calf got weaker, in spite of continuous feeding with ordinary milk. Then the farmer's wife got an idea. She milked the cow right into the baby bottle and fed the cholesterol to the calf. There was only one trouble with this idea. She nearly got killed doing it. The sharp hooves of Hope of Heaven were as dangerous as the horns of a Spanish bull.

But the creamy "liquor" helped the baby. She stood up on her own frail legs once or twice. We couldn't have been happier if someone had just given us a million.

Late that night and early the next morning the calf was given cholesterol via rubber nipple. Mama spurned the offspring, but the baby lived, somehow.

I went to a town meeting. The rain kept going as if it were perpetual misery in motion. We came home late, drank hot tea and worried about the calf.

In the morning, we found a miracle in the barn. The calf was standing close to Hope and having a noisy breakfast.

Mama was licking the baby's flanks tenderly. Motherhood had triumphed.

In the afternoon there was a dividend from God. The rain stopped, and the sun came out.

The Calamity of Clare

THE resignation of Mrs. Clare Booth Luce, wife of the editor of *Time* magazine, from her new post as ambassador to Brazil, was not really caused by her flippant remark that her "troubles began when Sen. Wayne Morse was kicked in the head by a horse."

The resignation, and her intemperate statement about Sen. Morse, were merely the symptoms of a much deeper condition.

First, there is a growing open hostility between the U.S.

Senate and the Eisenhower administration. Wayne Morse, a brilliant Senate leader, took the initiative to question Mrs. Luce's fitness for the post. The Senate voted to confirm her by a very handsome vote after giving her a hard time.

The Democratic majority, however, resentful of the President's attempt to pay off *Time* for slanting the news in his direction for many years, gave the OK reluctantly. A few senators who may run for President buttered up Mrs. Luce to be favorably treated by *Time*, but they did this with tongue in cheek.



Firstly, therefore, the calamity of Clare comes from deep in the heart of the power battle between the Senate and the President.

The overriding of the President's veto of the REA bill, and the failure to confirm Secretary of Commerce Strauss are symptoms of the same struggle.

Secondly, as with the early behavior of Richard Nixon, political indiscretions come back to haunt candidates.

Mrs. Luce had said some inexcusable things about Franklin D. Roosevelt like "He lied us into war." She had also, while *Time* pretended to be anti-McCarthy, given support to Sen. McCarthy, especially in the 1952 presidential campaign. She urged the country to listen to what McCarthy "had to say."

All McCarthy really did in a much-touted speech was to try to prove that Adlai Stevenson was hooked up, via McCarthy's twisted logic, with communism. Of the 28 million people who voted for Stevenson (he probably has many more followers than that today), those with a memory never forgot Mrs. Luce's part in that. It was cynical and rough.



Third and lastly, in addition to the life and death struggle

between the Senate and the White House, and the ghost of political indiscretion there is the natural American resistance to "royalty." Mrs. Luce is a woman of unusual accomplishment, but there is a national resentment of the implication that the blood of the Luces has turned purple.

There was an imperious air about Mrs. Luce's resignation, with Jim Haggerty contemptuous, Eisenhower annoyed, the carefully composed letter hurling invective, and Mrs. Luce sweeping away in the big rented limousine. All of which looked like a scene at court in the reign of Louis XIV, except for period costumes and plumed horses.

One thing, at least, can be said of the redoubtable Clare. She is no hypocrite. She was mad at Wayne Morse, and she swung at him. The only trouble with saying what you think in anger is that it makes for very poor diplomacy, at home or abroad.

Out of Himself by Himself

I HAVE a letter from a U.S. senator inviting me to a Senate hearing on juvenile delinquency to be held in Chicago next week.

It happens that I will be out of town and not able to attend, but I am not sorry. Testifying on what I would do about juvenile delinquency would to me be in a class with testifying on what I would do about a drought, or a thunderstorm or a bubonic plague.

The senator said he thought I would have some "good ideas" about juvenile delinquency, and that they ought to be heard. To which I can say what Gen. MacAullife said to the Germans at Bastogne, "Nuts," if that is all he said; some people think he said something even more picturesque.

Hold it now. I believe in the CYO and the YMCA and the

Boys club and square dancing and Sunday school, but I just don't know anybody who can really talk intelligently on juvenile delinquency with any real authority. There are some people who think they really know, but if you gather 'round close, it ain't so.

There are some people who think you can spend your way into a solution of that problem, and I guess that is why the hearings are being held, to put some money some place where it might do some good.

No, the funny part of all this is that if I were to pontificate on this subject (go ahead and urge me, I dare you), I'd say that outside of supporting our local institutions that keep boys busy under good influence (like the YMCA), the best things that can be done about juvenile delinquency are free. Yes, free, without cost, and, at the price, that's cheap.



In the first place, nearly all kids look good to other kids' parents. When I say, "Your Georgie is a fine boy," to a parent, he gets a distant look in his eye and says, "Yeah."

Let's face it, the kids are fine without their parents and the parents are fine without their kids. To cure delinquency, senator, just figure out how to stop the war between the parents and their children, which goes on all over the globe 24 hours a day and is really much more serious than that deep-freeze hostility between the Roosians and the U.S. of A.

It won't cost a quarter ; all you need is a billion individual summit conferences, with busybodies and experts at East and West German side tables.

Understand, I'm not saying that any of this discouraging effluvium above is anybody's fault, it's just the nature of the animals. No wife ever nagged a husband like a parent nags a child. Haile Selassie never hated Mussolini as much as most little wide-eyed monsters hate their parents.

All this eventually subsides — when the parents are 85 and the children are 63. ~ ~ ~

Maturity ! Once in a hundred times it is achieved. The rest of the time — well, senator, we're lucky it's not worse !

You see, some kids go delinquent to get even with their parents, but not as many as let's say 50 years ago. If the crimes they commit seem more violent, it's just that nowadays you have to have a bigger attraction to get attention.

There are really no juvenile delinquents as such. If bad behavior is in them, it is in the person, not the juvenile. A child delinquent usually stays that way his whole life. It is often passed on, like an inheritance.

If you are bothered by delinquency articles in newspapers, remember the newspapers are more skilled at peddling j.d. than they were before 1910. Telling how bad kids are is now a science ; telling how good they are isn't considered a circulation builder.

Thundering about juvenile delinquency is now a profession, like hawg calling and peanut peddling. It's mostly sheep-dip, because, as I say, what's wrong is simple and the cure is free. If delinquency is in a person, that person has to get it out of himself by himself.

There is a practical solution at the end of a certain nursery rhyme, but I don't know a parent in the world who'll accept it :

"Let them alone and they'll come home, dragging their tails behind them."

Motorists at Bay

WHEN the Municipal court increased traffic fines several years ago I protested mightily. I predicted then that such outrage-

ously high fines would have little effect on traffic safety, and that the fines themselves could lead to corruption and scandal.

They did.

There is now no doubt at all that the whole traffic ticket system, including substituting currency exchanges for traffic courts, needs to be torn down and something more modern and workable put in its place.

The whole situation as it is today breaks down respect for law, and it puts too many temptations in the path of the police, the weaker of whom are likely to yield.

Both the city and the state are involved in this "official cruelty" that leads to corruption. When a man faces the loss of his driving license after three "moving" violations (a state law), he is ripe for bribery (a city or county malfunction).

In some cases the "three-tickets" law is "cruel and unusual punishment," to borrow a phrase from the U.S. Constitution. There are careful but hardluck drivers who can accumulate three moving violations in a week, especially if they move habitually through a district where there is a sadistic cop.



When the fines were increased, we told Judge Drymalski, who was chairman of the Municipal court committee that created the new schedule of traffic fines, that the motorists of Chicago would be at the mercy of certain unscrupulous policemen.

This has turned out to be true. There are cases where the police know who owns a car and how much he will stand for (1) to avoid a larger fine, (2) to save going to court or to a currency exchange, and (3) to save his driver's license, and, in the case of young people, who are afraid of their parents, (4) to avoid losing driving privileges if arrested.

Thus "safety enforcement" has become a huge racket involving the courts, the "wholesales," the currency exchanges,

the police, and certain public officials. There has been a neglect of the principle of "equal justice under law."

The way to solve the whole thing (if anybody really cares for a solution) is to reduce the fines, increase the number of "moving violations" required for the cancellation of a driver's license and change our policy from discipline and punishment to courtesy and education.



Those who have read the chapter "Dearer to My Heart" in my book "The Itch of Opinion" know that in small towns (where today traffic is just as congested as in any Chicago or suburban neighborhood) a fine of 25 cents is levied for over-parking and other fines are levied in proportion. Courtesy is the basis of all police behavior, and the courts are free of scandal.

To solve the whole problem, I suggest as a start that Mayor Daley appoint a citizens committee to recommend a new approach, and that as soon as that committee reports, he take steps to change the system so that the emphasis be placed where it belongs, not on money, but on safety, courtesy and fair play.

Today the motorist is at bay, victim of a thoughtless system turned sour and vicious.

How to Get Away With Murder

Now comes the news from Poplarville, Miss., that the 11 men who dragged Mack Parker out of jail and murdered him cannot be arrested until next November because of something loosely called "the law."

The murder took place on April 25. The FBI gave the

names of 10 of the 11 men who allegedly committed the crime to Gov. J. P. Coleman on May 27, but the governor says that a special grand jury cannot be impaneled until November because the Mississippi Supreme Court holds it a reversible error to impanel a grand jury to consider a "single criminal case."

This dodge sounds a little as if it were custom-built to make lynching legal, but law is law, which is more than Mack Parker got. Parker, who was accused of raping a pregnant white woman but who never had a fair trial, was dragged by the heels out of jail by 11 hooded men, taken for a ride, kicked, shot and left dead in the Pearl river.



But even the Eisenhower administration has washed its hands of the affair. Parker was taken across the Mississippi state line into Louisiana, and therefore the accused men could be tried under the Lindberg law, which makes interstate kidnapping a federal offense, but Attorney General Rogers handed the evidence over to the state on his theory that since Parker was probably dead when he was taken in the death car across the state line, the case is not in "interstate commerce" and does not involve the Federal government.

Which is just another cute part of getting away with murder—having killers handed over to local authorities who were part of the lynching conspiracy themselves. It would be interesting to know why Attorney General Rogers acted so hastily when he relinquished federal jurisdiction, and why the FBI was so anxious to get out of the case, and how many, if any, race-hating Southerners of the Faubus stamp were in on the decision to get rid of the hot potato, and hand it back to a crowd who think no more of the life of a Negro than they do of stepping on an ant.



Gov. J. P. Coleman is a doll of a logician. He issued a warning that although he has the names of those accused of cheating and robbing the law, taking a man's life without trial and committing half a dozen other serious crimes in the process, they would be "ill advised to leave town because everybody knows who they are." He also said there was no need to hurry or worry, because he "had all the papers put away where nobody can find them."

This reminds me a little of a covey of doctors covering up for a surgeon who buried his mistake. The whole damn kit and kaboodle moves in for the cover-up. They stand so close together you can't get a peek into the place where the evidence is hidden away "where nobody can find it."

The smug governor, having trouble keeping his face straight, promises that justice will be done in time; the smug citizens condone murder; the smug sheriff left the key where the killers could get it; the smug federal government assumes that Parker was dead when he was taken over into Louisiana (exactly how did they know — did they believe the murderers?) and dips its hands into the muddy Pearl river, wipes them daintily and leaves the case to local "justice."



Killing people in masses is called genocide (murder of a whole race) but killing individual people by the masses should be called justicide (murder of justice) by a whole community bent on proving its racial "superiority."

I suppose, though, that in the end, it will be called justified in the South, because after all they had tried the man Parker in their minds, and "saved" the law the price of trying him and punishing him. Trial by mob is such a convenience.

The white men in Poplarville drew lots to see who would lynch Mack Parker. Now the matter is no longer being left to

chance. The wheels are being fixed by the croupiers in the crooked gambling joint called Southern justice.

Let Light Shine in the Darkness

I DROPPED into a neighborhood restaurant for a sandwich at noon the other day and found myself in what appeared to be an oriental seraglio.

It was so dark in there I couldn't see my hand. Not that I care to see my hand, but I do like to see people in restaurants, and the food, too.

The waitress came up to me with a menu. She laid it on the table and disappeared.

Soon I heard a voice say out of the gloom, "Have you decided yet, sir?"

"You startled me," I answered. "Where did you come from?"

"I've been here all along," she said, "just behind you."

"Oh," I said, "have you got a flashlight?"

"No, sir, but if you want to see the menu you can go out in the foyer, where you can read it more clearly."

Well, I wouldn't go out into the foyer for Brillat-Savarin himself, so I ordered a roast beef sandwich and a salad and prayed that I could trust the chef.



We weren't in a cellar, or a rathskeller, or a subway in an air raid, but in a brand-new restaurant with all the very latest fittings except for one thing, light.

There was even a huge expensive chandelier, with tiny pink lights of 20-watt candlepower, just enough to make the people look like shadows in a London fog.

I could hear voices at other tables. Some commercial film

makers sat near me and discussed making pictures in Europe. On the other side there were some auto dealers talking about next year's models. There were some girls eating without men, discussing the marriage of an office friend. Cigarettes glowed in the dark.

But there were no tete-a-tetes of the kind one might expect in a deliberately darkened place. If there was a point in making the place dark and clammy, I would have excused it. But there was no "point," not even imaginary.

My food came. I couldn't see it, so I wouldn't eat it.

I got an idea. I took out my cigarette lighter and deliberately illuminated the roast beef sandwich (it was too well done) and the salad (it was too garlicky).

Well, I said to myself as the lighter flickered, at least it doesn't look poisonous.

So I tried to eat it, being careful to put each forkful directly into my mouth, to prevent stabbing my cheek.

The beef was tough, but not even the headwaiter had to face the pain of watching me chew it. I was invisible. I felt like Claude Rains in that picture.

Away off in the dark I heard the sound of laughter and clinking glasses. There was a bar someplace at the end of the tunnel.

Then through the gloom I saw a glassy amber light glowing. There was a sign on the glass. It said "MEN." Aha, I said, it shouldn't be a total loss, I'll go there. *Lux lucet en tenebris*. It was so light I had to blink my eyes. It was the only place in that plush expensive bistro where people knew what they were doing.



My waitress brought coffee. Then she startled me by lighting a round bowl on the table. "Light at last!" I thought, but it was not to be. The light turned out to be a gimmick for keeping the coffee warm.

When it came time to pay the waitress, I couldn't find her because I didn't know what she looked like. But money is one thing that always finds its way to the cash register.

I stumbled out to the front door. It was glass, but painted black, out of fear that a ray of light might come in, which, for all I know, may be the thing that is feared most in our culture.

Blinded by sunlight, I groped for my car in the parking lot. The next day I ate lunch at an open air hot dog stand.

Nature on a Limb

It was one of those yellow days they must have had in Arles when Vincent Van Gogh painted there.

The brilliant light was inescapable. It poured melted butter on the oak leaves.

It made the silver maple look as if it were manufactured by Rogers Bros.

In a small grove, the honey locusts put out their arms and gyrated like the chorus in "Swan Lake." The blue-green leaflets shone as though crystal spotlights were trained on them.

Even the tall dark pines, cool and aloof in the green mansions, had their arms wrapped around the black sunlight, clasping it like a mother holds a child in a sculpture by Jacob Epstein.

Where there is strong light, there are many shadows; behind the strongest light, there is jet darkness.

The sun is no secret, even if it does play hide and seek sometimes. It pours like golden molasses on the wildflowers by the side of the road. The black cherry leaves gesture and curtsy in the steady wind that flows with the sunbeams.

The sun and wind make mischief in the aspen. There is violent quaking, and then respectful swaying, and then repose in blinding light as the sun forces the wind to hold its breath.

Nobody bothers to inspect the half-open modest curve of the yellow-green elm leaf as it reflects the sunlight, but it might be a good idea. There are many terpsichorean lessons there from Mother Nature. There is the slow, soft pink ethereality of Ann Rudolph, with her hands held out together, half open, almond-like, there is the wide white circling sweep of Harald Kreutzberg, the humility of Tom Patricola in an orange spotlight, the green soundlessness of Fred Astaire doing a softshoe.

Nature is the tireless Arthur Murray of the forest. She does it all with her limbs.

Big, clumsy cottonwoods dance as gracefully as the Greeks on a picnic doing a handkerchief dance.

The tulip trees, large and mature, dance like Seminole women in costume.

And the basswoods, they who give their sweetness to the bees in as neat a piece of psychological transference as ever stumped Sigmund Freud, elevate their arms and shake their shoulders in tune with the breeze.

There is such a thing as lovely disorderliness. Consider the black oak. Borne on the growth of autumn come the reddish hairy catkins among the half-grown leaves. There is a time in early summer when the small indented leaves bunch up untidily, with the flowers bobbing and bowing like disrespectful unwashed black-eyed immature girls.

The sun provides the blushes.

And there are male oaks, too, with their scaly young acorns hidden among the leaflets, also blushing in the bright burnt orange of late afternoon.



Then, in that sunlight, I saw a red roof, a whippoorwill in a shapely apple tree, a hayfield freshly painted by an unseen Millet, in ochrous sunstrokes.

There was no queen behind me, but the green oats and the

blue alfalfa, and the little white daisies all inclined respectfully, fanning themselves in the warm breeze, as though saying, from somewhere down deep, "Hot today in the palace, don't you think?"

The green ballroom, carpeted with blue ajuga, sparkled like a lake.

The tops of the trees looked as if they were on fire with white light.

The Necktie

IN the early days of July, 1929, I went into a men's store and bought a blue tie with black stripes. It cost five dollars, which was five times more than I had previously ever paid for a cravat. But there was a reason.

I was getting married on July 12. I did not have a new suit for the wedding. Nor a new shirt. Nor anything else new. So I concentrated on the necktie.

The one I bought was in style at the time. It was cut narrow, and had diagonal black stripes in a field of blue.

I was 21 years old, and the necktie was just the item that made me feel prepared for the adventure, the unknown country from whose bourn no traveler ever returns the same as when he entered.

My bride admired the tie. "It's beautiful," she said.

During the ceremony I fingered the tie once in a while, to keep up my courage, although I must confess now that I didn't feel in any particular danger. I had rushed where angels fear to tread, with few apprehensions. Nevertheless, I fingered the tie from time to time that 12th day of July, 1929, perhaps because I like the feel of good silk.



On our honeymoon I spilled soup on it.

Back home, my new, sensible wife said, "Let's get this cleaned. It's too good a tie to throw away."

When it came back from the cleaners, an ever-so-tiny bit of the life had been cleaned out of it. The silk lacked some of its original resilience.

Nevertheless, I wore it on important occasions. It always gave me confidence.

Often, when I came home for dinner at night, I found the bride pressing the tie. After several years, there was a brownish shiny spot on its shank, from too much ironing. But the part that showed was as good as new.

Then the necktie was retired, but it stayed on my tie rack. The number of cubic inches of rental space it occupied was obviously less than the significance I gave to it. Once in a while my wife would say, "Isn't it time you got rid of that tie?"

I would give her a funny look and say "no." She must have understood, because she stopped asking.

When the boys were old enough to wear my ties, there were two they were not allowed to wear, the latest one and the blue one with the black diagonal stripes. Still, Lou and Bob each managed to wear it at least one time, in their high school days. On neither occasion did it get a bath in soup, as it did when Papa wore it.



Christmases and Fathers days and trips out of the city, when I usually bought a necktie as a souvenir, passed in rapid succession. I had accumulated a King Solomon's Mine of cravats from all over the world, including those my daughters-in-law brought me from alien lands.

Styles in neckties changed. The latest, in 1959, were narrow, with diagonal stripes.

Looking through my tie rack on Sunday, July 12, 1959, my eye hit that latest style necktie, the Ivy League model, the blue one with the diagonal stripes.

I put it on, exactly 30 years to the day, after the first time I wore it.

We went out to dinner. "You know," said the same sensible wife in the same confident voice, "that tie looks good on you."

Israel and Germany

THERE never was a time when semantics was needed as much as in Israel today.

Semantics teaches that people change with the times, and that if one persists in believing that a certain person or a certain nation is the same all the time and maintains a consistent attitude of hatred, the results can be dangerous.

Prime Minister David Ben-Gurion recently made a mutual arrangement with West Germany that cemented a bond of friendship between Germany and Israel.

This resulted in a great hue and cry in Israel, where there is an understandable prejudice against Germany on account of the terrible period between 1933 and 1945, when almost all the Jews of Europe were wiped out by Hitler.

Many of those who managed to escape Hitlerism settled in Israel, and since these people have not forgotten the period of mass murder, they now cannot forgive Ben-Gurion for making an ally of West Germany, which is becoming the most prosperous and inferentially the most powerful nation in West Europe.

But prejudice is prejudice and is never good.

The Prime Minister argued with his people that in offering to sell grenade launchers to West Germany in exchange for

West German help for Israel, he was actually promoting Israeli interests and improving the cause of Israel's defense against the ever-threatening Arabs, who are supported by the Soviet Union and the Iron Curtain countries.

Mr. Ben-Gurion quite reasonably said that if the Arabs were getting tanks and submarines from Russia and heavy arms from the Skoda plant in Czechoslovakia, Israel was entitled to get its defense help wherever it could in spite of the irony of the situation.



But the wounds in Israel are so deep that many people are not able to forget them. The result is an unfortunate impasse that cannot help but be injurious to tiny Israel at a time when it really cannot afford disagreement, any more than it can afford the luxury of arguing about orthodox religious practices in such a time of peril.

The Israeli government saw quite clearly that the peril is not only immediate, but also long run.

Allies are hard to come by. The United States of America, which has a general sympathetic attitude toward Israel, has not helped much. It still maintains an arms embargo.

If it were not for France, Germany and Italy and solid financial help from unofficial sympathizers in the United States, Israel would perhaps by now have been wiped out by Arab Hitlerism.

Looking at tomorrow, and the day after tomorrow, the larger political parties in Israel (a majority) supported Prime Minister Ben-Gurion in the arrangements he made with Germany.

As a matter of fact, Germany is one of the greater sources of Israel's economic strength. All through Germany one sees Israeli canned goods, Israeli oranges, and to this trade add the considerable German reparations paid to Israeli residents and

it is evident that Israel on the whole is getting more help from Germany than it is from other Western countries including some that pretend to be great friends of Israel, but do nothing concrete about it.

This may be strange and anomalistic, but if the truth seems odd, it is still the truth and cannot be ignored.

The most unusual aspect of this whole situation is that the left-wing parties in Israel that have a pro-Russian tinge are the ones that disagree with Ben-Gurion's policies. There is a large question of their sincerity.

What do these political parties want Ben-Gurion to do? Sell grenade launchers to Iraq or Egypt? Iraq is already boasting that it has atom bombs; I doubt the truth of this because I think that the Russians are too shrewd to give the Arabs such weapons.

Nevertheless, this is just another proof that Israel needs all the help it can get to defend itself.

In every generation, and every time great decisions need to be made, these decisions are difficult.

Ben-Gurion obviously made the right decision, but he wanted the complete unity of all the political parties in Israel, and he, therefore, resigned his office in order to bring the issue to the whole people.

The people who insist on hating and blaming Germany under any and all circumstances are making the serious semantic mistake of thinking that people and nations retain the same attitudes at all times and under any circumstances.

In fact, there was a great deal of moral value, in addition to the practical, favorable aspects, of the growing rapport between Israel and Germany. There was the important principle of the lion and the lamb lying down together in peace and harmony, and to each other's mutual and permanent benefit.

Those in Israel who are the most unforgiving enemies of

Hitlerism have the most to gain by helping Israel make friends of the German people and building up this starting friendship into a big example to the rest of the world. It may still work out that way.

The Bent Backs

THE story in "The Ugly American" that I like best is never mentioned in the reviews. I don't know why not, because what happened is the heart of the matter, not only in Chang 'Dong, but everywhere.

It all started when Emma Atkins, the wife of the engineer, noticed that all of the old people were bent over. She noticed that everyone over 60 was bent over and walked as if his back were hurting.

It was true. The backs of the old people of Chang 'Dong were quite painful. They accepted this as the "natural" thing that happens to old people, but Emma Atkins thought it was queer.

She watched them carefully, and noticed that the task of sweeping the houses, the walks, and even the roads fell to the older people. They used a broom of palm fronds, with a short handle about 24 inches long.

Emma said to one old lady that she thought she knew what bent her back, sweeping bent over for several hours a day.

"Wife of the engineer, I do not think it is so," answered the old lady. "The old people of Southern Sarkhan have always had bent backs."

Emma asked why the brooms had such short handles.

The Sarkhanese lady answered that brooms were not meant to have long handles. It had always been that way. Wood is valuable. It ought not to be wasted on a long-handled broom.

"It has always been that way" was the key to what they all answered when the wife of the engineer asked why they used such short-handled brooms.

Emma discovered something else. There were no long-handled reeds in that neighborhood, so it became traditional to use stout short-handled reeds for brooms in the village.



The stubborn Yankee woman drove all around the country. One day, about 40 miles away from Chang 'Dong, she discovered a stout reed about five feet in length. She asked her husband to dig up half a dozen of those reeds without disturbing the roots.

At home in Chang 'Dong, she planted them in her garden. With one she made a long-handled broom. One thing she knew for sure: if she tried to convince the old people of Chang 'Dong to use a longer broom by telling them about it, she would fail. It had to be done by example. The idea had to dawn on them all by itself.

She took her long-handled broom one day and swept her house, her walks and their side of the street. The old people watched.

"She sweeps with her back straight," they said. "I have never seen such a thing."

When you sweep standing up, straight, you sweep faster and better. The dirt flies.

The old people watched from a distance. When Emma finished, she put her broom in the garden, next to the growing tall reeds she had brought home.

Next day one old man came and asked where he could get a long broom handle. He wasn't sure the short-handled broom had bent his back, but he was certain her kind of sweeping was more efficient.

Emma told him to help himself to one of the growing

reeds, but he wouldn't do that because they would all want them and there were not enough. So Emma told him of the place by the stream in Nanghsa where enough handles for a whole year could be brought back on one water buffalo.



Not long after that, Emma and her husband left Chang 'Dong. About three years later she got a letter from the headman. He thanked her for what she did for the old people. He said they had been sweeping with short-handled brooms for centuries, and they looked forward to old age with dread. "We always thought this was a part of growing old."

She would be happy to know, he wrote, that on account of her having discovered "a new way to sweep" there are now very few bent and painful backs in Chang 'Dong.

The letter said a small shrine had been built on the outskirts of the village, "in memory of the woman who had unbent the backs of our people."

Many backs can be unbent all over the world if we begin sweeping with longer brooms.

The Romantic Rebel

FIDEL CASTRO, a great success at being the underdog, has turned out to be a great flop at being the boss.

There is nothing new about this situation. It happens all the time.

It comes from a basic fact about human life — people with ambition are seldom big enough for their dreams. They are not prepared for the over-all long-term responsibility.

Heroes lose their perspective when they become administrators. This has happened in history hundreds of times. Cas-

tro was good enough for the revolution, but not good enough for after the revolution.

After the romantic rebellion, there was a new kind of work to be done. Castro had to give up the guns and work on the plans. He had to abandon the sharp command and turn to diplomacy and patience.

The people who went along for the exciting ride of the revolution would not go along when they saw that their welfare would be affected by political considerations, indecision, planlessness, and personal vendetta. Already, there is a growing feeling in Cuba that Fidel Castro is not the man the people thought he was.

Which is perhaps another way of saying that leaders like Castro, in spite of dictator powers, do not make the ultimate decisions. The weakness in the people is responsible for the weaknesses in their own government. They wanted Castro without thinking, and Castro wanted power without having done much thinking. While they were all thoughtless, everything went swimmingly. Now that they are out in the deep water of having to run a permanent government, they are panicked.

Nothing has really changed as far as Castro is concerned. He is still an attractive man, a hero, a liberator of Cuba from the ugly Fascism of Fulgencio Batista. But you cannot take a picture of a man, no matter how real, and place it on top of a picture of conditions in a country, and still have the same picture.

Castro has power, and doesn't know what to do with it. Cuba has a liberator and doesn't know what to do with him. The huzzahs and the shoulder-carrying period are gone. Reality waits impatiently. As a substitute for action, Castro talks too much.

If I were going to give advice to revolutionaries — in a coun-

try, in an organization, in a corporation, in a civic club—it would be that the man who turns things upside down should know how he is going to turn them right side up.

The greatest tragedy of power is that it thinks it can play by ear when it gets control.

There really ought to be two or three “teams” to a move for power. First, those who can accomplish it, as Castro did. Second, those who can immediately administer it, and third, those who can carry on long-term management without chaos, experts and specialists. Castro failed badly in the last two departments. I am afraid that General De Gaulle is a somewhat less spectacular example of the same thing in France and Algeria. It may be possible to find people around whom the public will rally, but it is much more difficult to find people who will take responsibility for day-to-day leadership.

Real genius in leadership does not consist of victories over your enemies ; it consists of long-term getting along with your friends.

The real failures are those who, after winning on the battlefields, lose at their desks.

The Easy Way

SOMETHING subtle has happened to all of us. We are in pursuit of a false god.

The false god is comfort, which easily translates into laziness, or “the easy way.”

On the radio the other day I heard an announcement for a personal loan company. People don’t feel like going to a lot of trouble to make a loan, said the announcer, so why not do it

the easy way by calling such and such a number and making the loan by phone ?

This is only a little example. I talked to the head of a large financial institution who said he sees only about ten per cent of his customers, because ninety per cent of them never come in ; they do all of their business through mail or third parties or some other form of "the easy way."

We used to drop in and know our banker — now we drive through a dark tunnel and do business with a machine.

People used to walk and see each other in person. No more. Junior drives his car one block to the drug store, and complains bitterly if there is no parking lot.



The assumption that the American public is lazy and wants things made easy for it has become an accepted fact to which everybody caters.

Firms spend millions trying to outdo each other to make things easy for their customers. In Los Angeles there is a firm which will put a one ounce package in your car so you don't have to carry it or even decide where to put it in the automobile. The Europeans buy their bread in one store, meat in another and vegetables in a third. Here we "save steps" by buying everything in one place.

In a period when there is a shortage of help to do the real work of the nation (growth and defense), there are millions employed on the luxury of "making things easy" for the spoiled public.

The universal charge card, a racket that takes an average of more than five per cent out of the nation's pocket, is a "convenience" which fits into the category of lazy indulgence. If it did not exist, hundreds of thousands of restaurants and hotels could sell cheaper for cash, but cash has become a sort of dirty word. "No money down" has become the slogan of

the day, and I am just waiting for a later slogan called "No money at all."



In fact, I ran into a fellow without income who was sporting a brand new car. "How do you like it?" he asked proudly. "Great," I said, "how did you get it?" "Oh," he said casually, "I signed a note at the bank." "Hm," I said, "what happens then?" "Nothing," he said. "I guess they sell it." "That's wonderful," I said. "Think how many people are making a living off your signature!"

Literacy is wonderful. About all we do nowadays is sign our names, and occasionally paste our little green rewards in a book. (The fellow who got the car by signing his name at the bank is sporting a new set of glassware he got from the green stamps.)

I like public progress and convenience as much as anybody, but public laziness hurts in many ways. People don't bother to find out the truth about things. They don't read their mail. They don't read the small print in their contracts. They don't read the small print in the newspapers. They don't have the interest they should in voting. They don't want to get into arguments or controversies. It's a lazy, sterile life presided over by the Great White Father at Washington.

In a certain way, I am jealous of those countries which are years "behind" us. They still go in for old-fashioned direct contact, old-fashioned personal work, and the archaic belief that you have to have merit and do work in order to be entitled to a privilege.

There is a strong movement in favor of merit in this country, too, but how can it succeed in the face of our having fallen into the relaxed maelstrom of "the easy way"?

Nixon and Nikita

IN reading about what Nikita Khrushchev and Dick Nixon said to each other, I got a picture of two frustrated kids scolding like children quarreling.

Their frustration comes, thank the Lord, from the fact that old-fashioned warfare as we knew it in the past is out of the question, and therefore they are left with a kind of pathetic boastfulness and mutual verbal animosity.

"We will answer your threats with our threats," said Khrushchev at one point in his colloquy with Nixon — which is just another way of saying that when you throw frightening words at us, we will throw frightening words right back.

"We have means at our disposal which can have very bad consequences," said Nikita, to which Nixon brilliantly replied, "We have, too."

It sounded very much like one of those Eaglebeak Spruder arguments out in the back yard, with "My pa can beat up your pa with one hand tied behind his back" as the theme.

The statesmen are baffled by the fact that they are forced to talk to each other in obsolescent pre-nuclear language, like "So's your old man."

There was one difference between the reality and the childish frustration, and that was the politics behind it. Each man was obviously trying to make a case for his side, each one thinking of the newspaper headlines, each one wanting to be a hero in his own country and liking the idea of being a villain in the opposite place.

Nixon was making a case, not for the world, nor for peace, but for the columns of *Time* magazine and the Hearst papers. Nikita was trying equally hard to look good opposite the ambitious politician from the U.S.A. with a bit of bulldozing, a bit of politeness, and a great deal of annoyed impatience, as

though a monarch of all he surveys ought not to get into a bragging contest with a whippersnapper of a salesman for a rival company.

There was something more encouraging, and that was that they felt obliged to argue. The cold war is getting wordier. There is no other place to go with it except to shout, because in reality co-existence is beginning to work.

They have an exhibit in our country. We have an exhibit in theirs. They have been over here at Franklin Field, Pa., with their track team. Our men beat them, their women beat us. They are here with an arts festival, which is getting rave reviews. Thousands of our tourists are trading Russian children's honor medals for Wrigley's gum.

In spite of the efforts of certain people and interests on both sides to keep up a maximum animosity, the fear and hatred are very slowly minimizing, which may be throwing the threateners on both sides into a little panic—after all, there is profit, political and fiduciary, in maintaining the cold war at white heat.

Nobody knows where reality begins in this situation, nor which words mean something, and which words are the mere sound of voices.

"We must talk in terms of mutual respect," said Dick to Nikita, as if begging, not so much respect for the United States of America, which must exist in abundance, but respect for himself as its representative. As James Reston said in the *New York Times*, Nixon is training in Siberia for the 1960 U.S. elections.

The whole business is a kind of illusion.

Neither man ultimately represents the nation he comes from. (The Gallup poll says that if the election were held today, Stevenson and Kennedy would defeat Nixon and Rockefeller.) Neither one is the best man available to nego-

tiate. And yet the reality is that they are the ones who are doing it, talking to each other like boys in the school yard, while the rest of the world slowly goes about grasping for the realities.

Soliloquy in a Launderette

IF you are looking for a good place for quiet thinking, try a laundromat in the middle of the night.

In the 35 minutes it takes to do the laundry, you can knock off quite a lot of cerebration, considering that there is no juke box noise, and nothing but the quiet hum of the lights and the swish of the wash.

The other night, there in the launderette where my thoughts were bound to be clean ($\frac{1}{2}$ cup of detergent 5c), I sat on the hard bench and thought about Chicago movie censorship.

If I had a pencil and a piece of paper, I might, like John Milton, have written an *Areopagitica* in the Launderette. His was about freedom of the press and mine would have been about freedom of the newer expressions, like the films, television, radio, records—yes and even freedom of the post office and the newsstands.

There was a time lately when you could see “Lady Chatterly’s Lover” in the films in one part of our country, but not read the book, while elsewhere you could read the book, but not see the movie.

Those important people who decide these things had gotten their signals mixed, so that in one place it was considered a crime to focus your eyes on print, and in another to gaze at film.

The public takes all this lying down, as if having a com-

mittee to decide what you may or may not read or see is quite normal.

Well, it is not normal — in a free and independent society. It is actually injurious to the public welfare. If we cannot have an absolutely free exchange of ideas — all ideas, any ideas — we have no right to claim that we are a democratic society and no right to hope we will ever perfect our civilization.

Richard Nixon has been talking his head off in Moscow about how “free” we are in America — emphasizing over and over again in Russia that the one and main and only basic thing we stand for and love is freedom to think whatever we please.

Yet right here in the city of Chicago, the guts of America, we don’t trust people to hear words like “illegitimate” and “contraceptive,” which were the two words that bothered our censors so much that they denied a permit to the movie, “Anatomy of a Murder,” until the courts ruled against our censor board.

A censor by definition must deny the existence of reality.

Is there any real difference between the U.S. and Russia if in that country they limit the freedom of people to read what they please or think what they please, and then the very same thing is done over here?

You may say “The subjects are different. Over there it’s political, and over here it’s moral and intellectual. We’re trying to keep our culture pure.”

Well, cultural censorship is actually more reprehensible than political. Neither one is justified, but it ought to be obvious that whoever has the power to scavenge over a newsstand, like a vulture, prohibit delivery of certain mail, or stop a cinema is on his way to controlling our entire lives, performing an immoral act for a “moral” purpose.

1984, here we come!

Cultural censorship, because it deals with abstract ideas far

above the pragmatics of everyday living, is an insult to those people who have minds of their own, and by implication, all people who are capable of forming any ideas now or in the future.

But the insult of censorship is not as serious as the real hurt, which is the denial of our chance to think about something, anything, which may contain the germ, the beginning of an idea set off in the human brain that may have in it a boon for all mankind. Ideas have more chain reaction than nuclear explosion.

For those who are worried about protecting the public against outright obscenity, the *Milwaukee Journal* said last Friday that the recourse is in the courts. "In the interests of freedom, that's where it must remain. Give the nation over to self-appointed censors and the first amendment to the Constitution becomes meaningless."

We must not be afraid of other men's thoughts; we are free to reject that which does not appeal to us. Civilized life is a process, a process which must not be choked to death.

Speaking of movies, a picture house recently played a film passed by the censors; it was called "I Married a Monster from Outer Space," probably in glorious Technicolor, breath-taking Cinemascope and stereophonic sound.

Love Will Find a Way

FATE is a little crazy. Often those who woo her with all their might don't make any time with her at all, while those who are casual, almost indifferent to her, get all the breaks.

This is the only conclusion I can come to in what has happened lately in the race of Richard Nixon and Nelson Rockefeller for the presidency in 1960.

Nixon is working according to an elaborate and ever-expanding plan. He is doing all the "right" things to keep his banners whipping in the political breeze, and thought he had the nomination on ice when he became the chief antagonist of Nikita Khrushchev during Nixon's trip to Russia.

The Old Guard newspapers and the Old Guard politicians were, like catchers, holding the ball up right over the plate, to show the umpires how perfectly their spitball artist had pitched it. Almost every printed thing you picked up raved about how Dickie had done everything so perfectly that there was no doubt at all that he deserved the only worthwhile office the people could bestow, the presidency.

Really, it was very difficult to remain objective. Almost the whole country was swept into the sea of sentiment for the hero of Novosibirsk, the best campaigner who ever solicited votes in Siberia.



But here is where fate stepped in and showed how undependable she is. There is an 18th century saying: The best concerted schemes men lay for fame die fast away; only themselves die faster.

It seems there is a man in New York state yclept Rockefeller (not to be confused with Nelson Shrinkafeller who has shrunk the Metropolitan Museum of Art and stolen it in Li'l Abner) who also has focused his eyes on the presidency. But this man, a mere governor of state, cannot cook up trips to Russia to hold public debates with Nikita because, in spite of his wealth, he has no Republican palace guard to plan the menus.

There he was, in the gubernatorial manse, chewing on his expensive manicure, eating out his Standard Oil heart, while every headline made a bigger Paul Bunyan out of Richard Nixon, the man who is all things to all Republican politicians, particularly those who think that Nelson is too rich to do for

them that which they might want done. (Sometimes rich politicians are honest.)

Into this old-fashioned melodrama came love. Gov. Rockefeller's son, Steven, age 23, fell in love with Miss Rasmussen, a healthy and husky blonde Norwegian damsel, age 21, with a hint of Ingrid Bergman in her physiognomy, who was a maid in the Rockefeller household.



This was the sort of thing that drives even middle class fathers into fits of rage. Nearly every movie I have ever witnessed, under these conditions — boy in love with the upstairs maid — shows the father writing a check to get the hussy out of the house and the scion free of foreign entanglements.

The nation held its breath. Nixon was still in the headlines, but the hearts of his countrymen were with a couple riding a bicycle in Norway. With five words the governor erased "one of the best-concerted schemes ever laid for fame."

Nelson smiled, and didn't act like a bourgeois father at all, but more like one who could afford anything, even that. He said of the romance, "It's all right with me."

An invisible cheer went up all over the world. Steve could have his Mia. An early wedding was planned.

With five words at exactly the right time, Nelson Rockefeller had shrunk a mightier edifice than Shrinkafeller had ever attempted, an edifice Richard Nixon had slowly built from the time he first answered the want-ad that advertised for a congressman.

Late one night last week, a man with a Bob Hope nose, was seen on Pennsylvania avenue, walking down in front of an iron gate, reciting,

The Moving Finger writes; and, having writ,
 Moves on: nor all your Piety nor Wit
 Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,
 Nor all your Tears wash out a Word of it.

The Search for Motives

IF you saw the movie "Ask Any Girl," you now know all about motivation research.

In the movie, an MR man helps Shirley MacLaine get herself a husband by researching the prospect's taste in women. Shirley then follows all of the advice she gets from the researchist to snare the man.

She dyes her hair red, puts on long false eyelashes, wears blue fingernail paint, tight sweaters and wiggles her anatomy according to the advice of the motivation expert.

It works. Shirley lands her man and then begins to have her doubts. She wonders if the prospect fell for her or for the image she created. Since she didn't want to be an image all her life, she marries the researchist instead, which isn't too bad anyway, because he's David Niven, the poor man's Adlai Stevenson.

So it is in the movies, where dreams always come to a peachy finish with wish fulfillment rampant on a field of clean linen.



So far, in the cold cruel world (there's a sign in our business office: "Stop the World ; I Wanna Get Off") motivation research is used mostly in advertising. Soap makers who want to marry 50 million women tell the motivation expert to find out what motivates people when they buy soap. The report, after testing, breaks down into percentages. Such and such a percentage likes a pink package, such and such a percentage wants a bar that fits into the palm, so many want a certain fragrance, so many would like an attractive price.

Then the maker makes the "perfect" soap, and he doesn't sell a bar of it. Why? Because the MR people didn't realize that the average man who answers research questions is a liar. Not an immoral liar, just a blithe spirit of a liar. He forgot to

say he buys the soap that is on the third shelf on the right because he hates to bend. Why should he admit he's lazy? Or he failed to admit to the tester that he likes a strong smell to counteract body odor, and really wishes old-fashioned Lifebuoy were back, but why should he admit he is a stinker?

So the experts sit around with a lot of false statistics. Their information is superficial. What to do? They invent something new called motivation research in depth, which is trying to find out, not what people say they think, but what they really think. This is usually done with a complicated set of questions to ferret out the true feelings of the subject, so that his innermost emotions are out on the table — a sort of intellectual burlesque.



But this mental striptease is soon exposed as being only skin deep. Studying in depth what motivates people is not deep enough, because people don't know what they really think. You can't find out from anybody who doesn't know.

These people are scientifically called Don't Knows, and, believe me, there are a goodly number of them. The Don't Know market is a wonderful market to capture, but the agencies and the researchists don't know how to get at it.

This leads, naturally, to the study of the subconscious. It's the subcutaneous world that counts, the place where people walk around with their skins off.

This scholarship (to sell soap, or whatever) is called subconscious motivation research and millions are spent on it. In "Ask Any Girl" the symbol of this art was referred to as "hitting him below the level of his awareness" or people-to-people subliminality.

A very rare art. It accounts for the thousands of bright young men who work in advertising agencies instead of hospitals. Man is going to be cured by placebos well-packaged and found liberally on supermarket shelves.

Some day I expect to write a movie script of a motivation researcher who goes through all these steps to the top of the truth, and when he gets a horrified glimpse of it, he shuts his notebook and runs like hell.

Drama of Hypocrisy

THERE are facts. There are emotions. And there is fear. All three are motives.

In the current storm over more lake water for Chicago, the opposition has no facts, emotions are rampant, and fear is the factor that prevents us from getting enough water to clean out the sluggish Illinois Waterway.

What are Canada, Wisconsin, Michigan, and the other states holding up our water diversion really afraid of?

Even they don't know. The recent note of the Canadian government didn't say. It's just wild, blind fear. And there's a little politics mixed up in the fear, fear of political reprisal from farmers and fishermen along the water who think that diversion at Chicago will somehow lower their water level and do them unknown economic harm.

Funny how an unreasonable emotion makes decent people seem so suddenly indecent. Let's take Wisconsin. Of all the states I know this one has always been best governed, most reasonable, most logical. A newspaper like the *Milwaukee Journal*, a sensible man like Gov. Gaylord Nelson, an on-the-side-of-the-angels senator like Bill Proxmire — all have made themselves appear ugly and unreasonable by their highly emotional reaction to Chicago's increasing its water draught from Lake Michigan. (Proxmire even conducted a Faubus-like filibuster last year.)



In more than 20 years I never read any editorialized news in the *Milwaukee Journal*. Suddenly the headlines began calling the diversion plan a "Water Grab."

A hate twist in an otherwise fair newspaper is shocking, considering how little that reasonable men have to cling to in the world of modern journalism.

Never have I seen or read one fact to justify this unreasoning fear of Chicago's getting a little more water out of the Great Lakes watershed for sanitation and navigation. Canada and Wisconsin cannot expect a growing Chicago to choke to death for lack of water, no more than rural Wisconsin can expect Milwaukee to choke to death politically for lack of representation in the legislature. The *Journal* has been fighting against provincialism for decades, and suddenly it becomes itself narrow and provincial.

I think that what Cong. Sidney Yates and Sen. Paul Douglas proposed to the Canadian prime minister makes a lot of sense. Let's have an impartial mixed commission of scientists from Canada and the United States study the effects of water diversion for Chicago.

Then if the harm is found to be nonexistent or minimal, let Chicago have its water and let the matter rest there, settled by logic and not by the shaking and shivering of people who don't really know what they're making such a fuss about.



I have my own theories. I think the problem is one of a strong feeling of guilt. Most of the cities in the Great Lakes basin pour their waste and garbage into the Lakes. They do not have adequate sanitation facilities and they are polluting the water supply, all the way from eastern Canada to southern Wisconsin. Even the ducks and geese are dying on the fresh water around Milwaukee.

The fact that Chicago, at the bottom of this queasy flow, has

figured out a way to avoid polluting the lake and is making its waste flow harmlessly away to the southwest, makes the big industries and big cities of the lakes feel guilty.

The only way they can maintain a false self-respect is to pretend that Chicago is trying to “steal” their water. Guilty as they are of the disgraceful act of polluting the clear, fresh water, they cleanse themselves of the fault by trying to blame Chicago for attempting a small diversion, which Sen. Douglas estimates at one-quarter of an inch in Lakes Michigan and Huron.

If Canada and the lake states would shake off their political dominance by the industries, power companies, and the towns defiling our water, and take action to force them to find ways to divert the pollution, the whole problem would solve itself.

The situation is a drama of hypocrisy that could have been written by Henrik Ibsen, whose “Enemy of the People” had the same general theme.

Creative Patterns

WHY, why, we ask ourselves, do they kill, maim, lie, steal, cheat, fail in school, goof off, fight each other in gangs, and come to grief in so many ways it is impossible to imagine all of them?

They murder each other in New York, they stab each other to death in Chicago, they make a mockery of education, social work, religion, law, psychology and all of the wise, kind, sometimes scientific and sometimes just plain intuitive ways the adults have of “handling” them.

The truth hurts. It is simply that nobody knows why, least of all the “delinquent” teenagers.

There are soft experts and there are hard ones. The soft ones

say we must take it easy with them, not be harsh nor cruel, not let the police push them around. This sounds reasonable because long-term solutions are certainly not in the realm of harsh punishments.

The hard ones say the only way to treat them is with toughness. "Adult punishment for adult crimes" has become a popular slogan. This is generally considered to be the ignorant way, yet in favor of it is the fact that in countries where children are treated harshly when they fall from grace there is little or no juvenile delinquency.

The argument against that is that in America—a free, rough, growing, problem-ridden, heterogeneous country—extreme punishment has never been a deterrent to crime or delinquency.

Also, a hardened society invites retaliation, and there is no use pretending that there is not a constant war between authority and the young. If we of the older generation invent new controls, the young will invent new delinquencies. We are no match for them.



I venture (timidly) the opinion that control is not the solution, but rather finding a way to help the delinquent to meet what Fromm calls his inner human needs.

Energy is a fine thing, but one can have too much of it when it is wasted. The answer may be in a task so tremendous that even if successful we could still have the stray escape who would do the kind of thing Charles Baisten did to Samuel A. Schwartz. No system is perfect. Lightning can still strike even when most of it is harnessed into electricity.

The "tremendous task" I speak of is a harnessing of energy into more "constructive channels." I go back to Erich Fromm:

"The isolated individual in modern society who has become free from all bonds that once gave meaning and security to

life cannot bear this isolation. As an isolated human being he is utterly helpless in comparison with the world outside and is therefore deeply afraid of it ; and because of his isolation, the unity of the world has broken down for him and he has lost any point of orientation."

In other words — lost, doubtful, helpless, paralyzed, scared, attention-getting, problem-creating, hostile. They know a lot of things, but don't know what to do with what they know.

A great possibility lies in the making of a positive creative pattern in that dangerous time of life between the spontaneity of childhood and the responsibility of adulthood. It takes work and money, neither of which the adult world has been willing to give. We seem to want the teen-agers to be good for nothing. But now we must make the effort.



In New York city, at Junior high school No. 43 in Harlem, there is a school with 85 per cent Negro and Puerto Rican young people. The students were demoralized and disinterested. The parents paid no attention to the schooling. There was a very high truancy.

Dan Schreiber, the principal, was given \$40,000 to do some extra work. He brought guidance counselors and special teachers for remedial reading and math.

The parents were called on, and shown that in order for children to be "somebody" 10 years from now, they had to begin today. "Making a girl do homework is just as profitable as making her do housework."

The school displayed for the children pictures of Negroes and Puerto Ricans as surgeons, ministers, professors, scientists. Students were taken to the opera, to atomic laboratories, to Broadway plays, to Princeton and Amherst, to talk with Helen Hayes and John Gielgud.

"Startling mass results" are reported. One-third of the stu-

dents had an intelligence quotient increase of about 7 per cent. There was not a single case of a disciplinary problem of any of these children when they went to senior high school. Two of the school's formerly unruly products are at the very top of a 1200-pupil graduating class.

The hopelessness is vanquished. Said one young lady, "I always thought college was only for rich people, but the inspiration of the people who helped me proved to me that I was just as capable of going to college as the son of a movie star."

New York has extended this program to 44 schools at a cost of \$500,000.

If anybody wants to know how our economy can survive disarmament, let him think about this on a nation-wide scale. All we need is 10,000 Dan Schreibers, and we can have these, too, if we care enough.

Nothing Sacred

THE disclosure of the fraud that took place on TV quiz shows is a powerful disenchantment to millions of Americans. It is actually a matter of historical significance.

Sometimes history books miss the exact pinpointed time, when some "little" thing turns into a big thing that has a serious effect on a nation's future.

Gibbon in writing of the Decline and Fall of the Roman empire and Carlyle in writing about the French revolution were fascinated by the little things that brought great disillusionment, or monstrous cynicism, or sweeping reform.

I don't know how you felt, but I felt sick when I read about the contestants in quiz shows being told what category to study, what answers to give, and whom to lose to in the contests supposedly held in good faith for large cash prizes.

My first concern is for the young. We who are older may look at many things with skepticism since skepticism is not always harmful and in certain cases can be healthy.

But when a young person is reared on ethics as an ideal and is told that if he lives by high moral purposes he will never go wrong, he has a right to doubt our "way of life" when he discovers that something in which he had faith is fraudulent.



There is a devastating letdown in the revelation that the whole business was an illusion and that the heroes were dust. American ethics is bound to take a blow from which it will not soon recover.

I recall a statement by a juvenile delinquent in Len O'Connor's new book, "They Talked to a Stranger": "Everybody's plenty dirty theirselves and everybody's got a racket and they start preachin' at you, and all you gotta say is, 'You bastard, who are you, you should be tellin' me?'"

The children are not the only ones who will suffer and feel bewilderment by the fact that these TV quiz shows were largely fixed. The United States itself is bound to suffer. Our enemies abroad are making hay out of the moral laxity (as they do over our deviations from democracy) and our allies are bound to be less proud of us than they were before all this started.

The fact that these producers and directors and contestants entered into these contests with all the elaborate precautions of having the questions held in bank vaults and of putting the contestants in separate glassed cages, when most of them knew all the time that the thing was phony, is a shock not easily absorbed.



It makes many people wonder what is sacred when such things are fakes.

Is "anything for a buck" the only code we live by? Is this the "Room at the Top," Dick Nixon, Get-ahead-any-way-you-can Age?

I still believe that 99 per cent of our people of all races, creeds, colors and religions are still honest people living by the guidepost of morality.

I believe also that most people really believe in education, quality and character. In the long run they will not lose their confidence that knowledge is a great power in the development of a civilized life.

The "quick buck" and the political slap on the back are obviously our enemies, and admiring the man who "has it made" is one of our weaknesses.

I blame some of this indignity suffered by "the American way" on the TV promotions, where the advertising agency feels that it must get a higher rating than the next program. Almost any kind of gimmick seems to be legitimate. They thought nothing of working up the country into an unnatural tenseness, for the sake of making those extra "fast bucks."



It is a strange kind of society that will go to extra precautions to keep its horse racing clean, its prize-fighting regulated, its baseball Simon pure, and permit corruption to creep into some of its more intellectual pursuits.

A refined, sensitive, well-educated French woman said the other day, "The U.S. is a comfortable country, and that's all." Is she right?

There is nothing quite so shattering as the sudden discovery that some of your heroes have feet of clay. It is to be hoped that the honest, intelligent people will strive even more mightily to improve and uphold the American moral tone.

Hidden Laughter

CHARLIE BOYLE's life was suddenly snuffed out on election night, when his automobile struck one of those steel posts on Western avenue, the kind that stick out into the street.

This was an irony in itself. Here was a congressman serving his third term, with one of the best voting records in Washington, an expert on housing and planning in big cities, killed by the posts which were bound to be eliminated if Charlie Boyle's plans and program had come to their ultimate conclusion.

But the posts couldn't wait. They were impatient to take home the life of a man who in principle was their enemy. They seized the opportunity on a wet, dark night when he had worked too hard and too long on election day.

All the city hazards lurk and wait like that for their chance. The bottlenecks, the overpasses, the blind corners, the misplaced posts, the slippery outer drive — they all wait in light and night for their victims.

When I think of Charlie Boyle, I get only one image — that ruddy face, crown of grey hair, and eyes that seemed to say "I like you."

He would come into the office, stand around talking in a very offhand way with the staff members, and those gleaming, moist eyes would take everything in.

If I came hurrying through the room with a fistful of papers in my hand, he would murmur with a certain good-humored tolerance, as if he were smiling at me from up above instead of from the floor he was standing on, "There's the editor, my editor, hello editor."

It was just a way of talking with three parts to it, part amusement because I was always in such a hurry, part respect (I preferred to think), and the part that comes clearest to me

now that he is dead—a friendly voice from the distance, a sound from a mysterious bourn, a purr, maybe a whisper, from somewhere out of this world.



We always think that people who die before their time had some premonition of it. There was more evidence of that in Charlie than in other people I have known who died unexpectedly, not because he spoke of it, but because he had the undefinable ethereal quality of a person attached to the world and yet somehow detached.

Yet Charlie's attachment to the world was quite tight. He was interested in a thousand subjects.

He understood the intricacies of many things only a conscientious congressman has to learn, not that all of them do. He moved over the face of his world, between Chicago and Washington, like a moth attracted to the flame of human affairs. I learned many things from his enthusiasms and interests.

He sent me one copy of almost everything he put in writing, and while there are some people whose memos I seldom read, I always read Charlie's, even those that were printed by the U.S. government. There was a pixie somewhere in Charlie that forced me to look through all the dull things for that hidden laugh I knew was there.

Charlie was a man full of hidden laughter.

Every once in a million there's a man with a personality like that.

On election night of 1958, he dropped into the office, not to get congratulations on having been reelected, not to have his hand pumped or get a little gloating started, but just to be with the newspaper boys, to smell the ink, to observe the tabulation, to watch the headlines being written. Other candidates came in for a minute, or phoned, but Charlie sat the

whole night in the newsroom, away from the big celebrations downtown, away from the tumult of ward headquarters.



He loved the atmosphere of politics. We were the last two people to leave Democratic headquarters in 1948. I had gone there to get their precinct totals.

"Well, it looks like Dewey beat Truman," said Charlie, reluctantly.

"What'll you bet?" I asked.

"A new hat," he said. I knew he was praying he would lose.

He did, of course, when the West was heard from, and the next week I wore a new grey fedora, bought by Charlie Boyle, the man who was then, as later, willing to lose for a good cause.

Winston Churchill, on his 75th birthday, said, "I am ready to meet my Maker, but I am not sure that my Maker is ready for the ordeal of meeting me."

I think Charlie Boyle's wife and family may be sure that wherever the meeting is taking place, Charlie Boyle is organizing a caucus to establish a liberal side in heaven, if they don't have a good one there already. And his voting record will be perfect.

Too Much Freud

I HAVE a friend who says that most of our trouble comes from knowing too much Sigmund Freud.

For instance, he says, when he sits down to a big meal, it isn't because he's overcompensating for a lack of something in his life, like sex or ego satisfaction, but because he loves food.

"I just love to eat," he says, "and nobody is going to call what I like to do any fancy names."

Often he meets people who behave strangely. In fact, they seldom behave any other way. He constantly hears this being called "inferiority complex."

"Hell's bells," he says. "People act inferior because that's usually what they are, comfortable and dumb. We've just picked ourselves up off the floor of the cave. What's all this about man's colossal potential superiority, except that he behaves inferiorly because his ego is wounded?"

"It's a lovely alibi, but I don't buy it. If you're stupid, you're stupid. The only reason we seem to have so many smart people in the world is that the less stupid ones stand out like sore thumbs, that's all."

"And then there's all this stuff about satyriasis and nymphomania and being oversexed. Baloney," he says. "I like women," says he. "They're beautiful, and appreciating them is not only a privilege I will fight for, but I insist having a libido is normal. Those guys who have names for everything are trying to make a disease out of my love life."

"Oppositely," says my friend, "I learned in Freud that clocks symbolize women. But when I look at a clock I just want to know what time it is. Shall we synchronize our watches? Or would that be an obsessive neurosis?"

"Sometimes when I get mad at somebody, I'm told to pipe down because my 'aggression' is showing. Nuts. Could it be the guy's a jerk and I have a perfect right to give him what he has coming?"



"Now you take all that jazz about sick comedians, sick music, sick literature, sick jokes and the beatnik set.

"Those guys aren't sick, they're just smart. They've got a new name for an old idea in a new cellophane package. They're salesmen. There's money in acting sick and being beat.

"Actually, I like beatniks, crazy talk and oddball poetry.

Today's oddball is tomorrow's genius. We have to give the young people a chance to be different. I don't believe in turning out young people as if they were all cut out with the same tin cookie cutter. They have to explore, think, experiment and explode. You don't do that if you're stuck in the mud. You have to be free and spontaneous.

"Now you take what they call sublimation. I call that the thing you do when you have the blues. Some people blow the blues, some people sing the blues, some write the blues, and me, I just have the blues, sometimes, in the pit of my stomach. But it's all normal and all natural.

"Why make a federal case out of normality ?

"When I eat ice cream or drink milk," my friend continued, "somebody always remarks that I'm giving myself reward food. That devil has read Freud. But I have a secret it won't cost \$64,000 to discover. I like ice cream and I like milk. I eat them because they taste good. Call that a complex if you like.



"And take all that stuff about dreams, and how, if you learn the meaning of your dreams, you're cured.

"Well, when I have a dream and I wake up with a fright in the middle of the night, I always know what it means. I drank too much coffee, I smoked too many cigarettes and I ate too much salami before I went to bed.

"You can say from an interpretation of my dreams that I am inhibited and have an Oedipus compulsion, but that would be baloney—I mean salami. If the salami was too hard, and there was too much garlic in it, then my psychological mechanism of self-accusation and self-humiliation created a great hostility against myself. My superego makes demands of a compulsive character, namely that I stop indulging myself."

When I stopped laughing, I was sorry for the poor guy. That's what he gets from being too simple — a pip of an anti-Freudian neurosis.

The Unreality of De Facto

Is the world for real ?

It seems that the answer is "no."

When a fact is right there, looking us in the face, we refuse to look back at it. Then we call our prejudices "reality."

This goes on all the time, in many different contexts.

In West Bend, Wis., there is a concerted effort to stop the flouridation of drinking water.

West Bend has been putting an infinitesimal amount of fluorine in the drinking water for nine years for the purpose of halting tooth decay. The results have been wonderful. The teeth of the children of West Bend are greatly improved.

Nevertheless, a combination of fanatics and other Alice in Wonderland characters are trying to stop flouridation and may even succeed because the lethargic public appears to have a preference for unreality.

Hamelin town almost lost its children because the elders wouldn't pay the pied piper.

Remember Dr. Ignaz Semmelweiss ? He discovered that doctors who attend women at childbirth should wash their hands when delivering the babies, to prevent the spread of puerperal fever, which was killing thousands of mothers. Poor Ignaz was virtually driven from the medical profession for favoring soap and water.



Let's take the fight on cancer. The only known "cure" for cancer today is early detection. Chicago has a rare medical organization doing great work in diagnosis and education in

the cancer detection field, the Cancer Prevention center. It is approved by many fine doctors and medical groups, yet it has almost constantly to fight public apathy (and some medical politics) in order to maintain its public service.

All good things in society have some opposition, and even thrive on it in the sense that challenge improves competence, but our China policy seems absolutely in love with unreality.

According to U.S. foreign policy, 650 million Chinese people, organized into a strong and unified government, do not exist. We refuse to admit that there are two Chinas.

Even the story of the emperor's new clothes is a case of hard facts compared to this. This is a real granular, or national head-in-the-sand policy. Big China makes all the trouble, but we recognize Little China only, so that the tiny little cut-off tail wags the great big Asian dog.

But Big China is real and it is giving us a real headache. We could recognize that it exists, *de facto*, without approving what it stands for or liking the kind of government it has. *De facto* means in fact, actually, in reality.

We think we are punishing Big China by not recognizing it, and we may be, a little, but we are also punishing ourselves. We could help ourselves a lot if we exchanged students and newspapermen with Peiping and increased our trade with it in non-military materials.

Today an American can't even buy a vase in China or sell fertilizer or automobiles. Yet selling to 650 million people might make up the loss in business we are suffering from foreign competition. The surest way to wean the Chinese away from the Russians is to start doing business with them.



But what is reality to interfere with our complacent dreams? Reality must go away and let us go on with our illusions.

I'd rather recognize Big China, sell it Falcons and Corvairs and Ramblers, and try to work out a *modus vivendi* with it, than to have to sacrifice a few hundred thousand American young men every now and then to keep our blindness safely in the dark.

I admit the Chinese are Communists and bad actors. But I think reality (that awful word again) requires that we deal with them and not ignore them. In this case ignoring and ignorance are Siamese twins.

The new study made for the Senate foreign relations committee recommends taking Red China into the UN, our recognizing both Chinas, and the mutual exchange of newsmen and scholars. It would help us to know more about what goes on behind the Bamboo Curtain.

But already the China lobbyists' money, and mental arteriosclerosis, are at work denouncing the idea.

Of course, they're right. Reality is unreal. Everybody knows that.

Jet Flight

SURROUNDED by faintly disgraceful luggage, I waited in line at the airport to have my reservations validated.

I stood in one spot for 20 minutes. There was a good reason for it. The fellow at the head of the line owed 60 cents and the clerk didn't have change for a dollar. The jet age!

No remarks now, but I was \$44.60 overweight — in the luggage department, I mean. It was too much. My socks and books and sport shirts (I always take a lot of sport shirts to the Golden West that I never wear) were not worth 60 cents a pound, I told the harassed attendant.

He had an idea. Why not send the allowed weight straight

out and put the rest (on the same plane) in the air freight? That would cost only \$12.50. Why not, indeed?

We called another porter and took the overweight including this typewriter to a special freight office, where it was accepted by an austere young man in uniform.

It was by then time to run for the jet. We made it, but we forgot our insurance. We always buy insurance for the kids, so that if the plane goes down we will sit there smugly knowing we have done the insurance company out of fifty or a hundred thousand dollars.

Off we went without insurance, feeling gypped.

There was the sound of a teakettle, blended with a hi-fi playing popular music. When the water in the teakettle was well boiled (at least that's what it sounded like), we were up in the air, although how that differs from the ordinary take-off, I can't say. Anyway, is it possible to get up out of it without a bit of "chinek hocking"?



The stewardess made a little speech, the pilot made a little speech (we would be in the air 3 hours and 50 minutes to San Francisco), and the department of not-too-much high-fidelity noise blared.

I took a deep breath and we were over Des Moines, Iowa.

We were 28,000 feet up, at a temperature outdoors of 40 below zero. A red light blinked on our tail. Weatherclear, track empty, I hoped. I held my wife's hand, and sipped a whiskey and soda, courtesy of TWA. It was not a payola; they give it to everybody.

Courage came to me. I looked out of the window. There was the Big Dipper, pointing straight north. The North Star blinked all the way to San Francisco, which means we were going diestraight westward, skipping over mountains and all.

No bump, no jolt, no squat, no stoop, no squint. We ate

steaks and crabmeat. The teakettle whistled ever so slightly, drowned by hi-fi pops. Denver, Grand Island, Nebraska, Utah. We would have been in Sterling, Ill., in a car, I thought, or in Burlington, Iowa, in a train. Don't ask me where we would be in a conestoga wagon — giddy-up!

Conestoga, that's how the stogie got its name. The men who drove the mules and the oxen smoked cheroots made in Philly, which is how Phillies got their name.

But there's no time for think-idle when you're in a jet. We were in the state of California, above the mountain range. The teakettle held steady at 28,000. The North Star was there.

I saw a string of light. Then a city of neon. It was San Francisco, the basalt city of Woldercan, built also of obsidian, chalcedony and jadeite. There were the yellow light of the bay bridge, the lavender light of the Golden Gate, the modesty of Sausalito, the little willow grove.



We began the downsteep in the air elevator. The pretty thin girls in the brown uniforms began to put on their hats. The hi-fi was off. This is serious business, I thought, when they forget to play the music. Moment of truth.

We circled the city several times. The heavy plane slowly dipped over the bridges and the bay like a huge gliding pigeon, almost alive, uncertain, as if looking for a good place to land.

Suddenly the teakettle noise returned. The propellerless motors sped up. Straight in we went to a target. We were on the ground before I realized it. I sat while the others rushed.

"Aren't you going to San Francisco?" asked my wife gently. "I want to catch my breath first," I said. "I'll go ahead," said she, "and say hello, and you get the fluff out of your wings."

We went up a ramp to get to the main floor, then down an-

other ramp for the luggage. Why up and then down? Even Information didn't know, but I decided that was the state of architecture in the age of the jet. Man is up in some things and down in others.

We are fast, but does that mean anything else? Not jet.

Beautiful and Crazy

Palm Springs, Calif.:

ALTHOUGH I was not conscious at the beginning that I was writing a "Living in America" series, it appears that this is exactly what I am doing in this personal exploration of the American West.

Southern California is beautiful and crazy.

In the first place, and I think this is primary, nearly everybody is suffering from some sort of lonesomeness. In the past few days we have met at least half a dozen people out here who enjoy the climate, like the living in shorts during the day and sweaters at night, but who confess to missing their relatives, their scenery or even their problems of what here is called "Out East." (Everybody wants to eat "Eastern beef," which means beef from Omaha, Kansas City or Chicago.)

Lonesomeness is a key to many strange drives. You may be sitting under an olive tree with a book in your lap, but heaven help the meter reader or the postman if he should suddenly show up. His ear will be inundated with talk.

If you are looking for conversation, not necessarily brilliant, but basic, like bread and butter, this is the place for it. The whole coast from the Monterey peninsula to San Diego, and this whole desert, is suffering from galloping nostalgia. That may account for the tremendous amount of cultism and off-beat religions.

At home in the effete East we conceal our personal thoughts and our private affairs. Here it seems that you inherit everybody's business the day you arrive. If you are the worrying type, you will pick up a lot of new problems. Not your own, but somebody's. With living standards lower out here, except for the declining movie industry, it is not surprising to find a much higher type of individual doing menial work in Southern California.



Girls who would be queens in Rogers Park are packing groceries in supermarts. The waitresses look as if they all came from the Ziegfeld chorus. "Is this what they get in exchange for sunshine and oranges?" I asked my wife. "I suspect there's a story with some delinquent husband lurking in the back of most of these dolls," mama said.

Whatever it is, there seems to be a plethora of women, and a definite man shortage, just the opposite of the situation in Alaska, where there are five men for every woman.

In Palm Springs during the week the handsomest women are forced to go out in pairs or alone because they can't find any kind of male companionship.

We know a bachelor who lives in Palm Springs who politely refused to meet one of our lovely female friends. "The town is loaded with women," he said yawning. "This is one place where woman chasing is not a sport, it's like shooting fish in a barrel."

As my friend Alexander King says, customs are merely a matter of geography.

There's another fact about Southern California, and that is that it's politically flat. McCarthyism has left its deadly serious mark here, more than any place else.

There's more education here than any place else in America, and less freedom. Intellectualism is underground. Mostly, they talk about the weather.

This is the bailiwick of Richard Nixon, or, as they say in San Francisco, "south of the Chandler-Nixon" line. If you are not a Republican or some kind of conformist you keep your mouth shut and observe that it is cooler tonight than it was last night. You sit under the calavo trees and eat home-grown tangerines and sew pearl buttons on your lip.



Nixon is the hero of the tract developers and the chambers of commerce and the trailer park dwellers. He is the god of the golf courses and the pool umbrellas. Seldom does anything against him, even a casual letter to the editor, appear in the Chandler or Hearst press, which has a tight control on most of the state of California. As far as they are concerned, Nixon is the real present president and without doubt the next president of the United States.

There is a majority of Democrats in the state of California, but they don't say much and they don't do much. It's so hard to make a living, commercialism is always first.

The state is now permitting a shameful reenactment of Hitler-like anti-Semitism in a town called Elsinore, where the Jews are being driven out of town by a Ku Kluxer crowd that call themselves the I.F.F. There have been bombings, stonings and an organized boycott. Instead of saying "good morning" in Elsinore, they say, "What happened last night?"

The state helped the Kluxers by making a "test case" of the use of hot springs that were bringing Jewish people into the town from Los Angeles. Because this cause is being brought to public attention by a TV columnist, the newspapers hardly mention it.

The significant thing about all this is that the whole of California is so full of "neutrals" that a handful of American Nazis can do what they please. This is the part that is just like Germany in 1933. The Germans are nice people, but they

just didn't stand up to the hate hoodlums. Look at the price they paid for confusing their own welfare with that of people whose idea of practicality was making soap out of human beings.

American Californians are nice people, too. They may remember Thomas Jefferson a little sooner.

In the meantime, it was warmer here last night than the night before. No rain, and 85 degrees during the day. Likewise, you tan without burning. Let's keep the conversation right there. I want the All Year Club to like me.

1960

They Won't Give it Back to the Indians

Palm Springs, Calif.

THERE was a young Indian standing in front of the delicatessen store.

As a native whose ancestry has been traced back to 10,000 B.C., he was naturally engaged in a pre-Columbian rite.

He was eating a piece of chocolate Halvah.

From my vantage point on the sidewalk I knew that he had just finished an order of lox and bagels, Boston coffee and a soupçon of pastory called "a Danish."

Delicatessen prices are high in Palm Springs, because the corned beef and pastrami must be brought in by truck from Los Angeles. An Indian in Palm Springs is one of the few people who can afford to stand out in front of the delicatessen looking sated.

No, it isn't oil. It's real estate.

Palm Springs is an old Indian reservation. When it was given to the Indians it was naturally worthless. (The Indians never get rich except by accident.)

They lived in their grass hogans on the snake-infested desert and never dreamed of chocolate Halvah.

The Cahuilla women wove baskets, splitting the grass with

their teeth. In fact, they wove the best and tightest baskets in the world, before 1906, when suddenly the Colorado river overflowed and drove the desert tribes up into the mountains, where they began to die out from the cold and the scarcity of food.

On the flat, hot floor of the desert valley, as barren as it looks, many things come along that an Indian can eat — jack-rabbits, quail, raccoon, and a kind of combination of raccoon and red fox called a ring-tail. I saw the ring-tail in the museum, next to the public library. He did not look toothsome to me, but, barbecued by a squaw over an open fire, he was, I am sure, as succulent as ribs at the Town House.



Palm Springs, by the way, is the only community I have ever been in where the public library and the museum are on the best real estate, the equivalent of State and Madison. The squaws going by now wear slacks and bathing suits, but most of them are from Beverly Hills.

But to get back to the flood, the desert Indians of Palm Springs did not enjoy their diet of mountain goat and french fried pine cones. Their numbers are now reduced to 30 adults and 60 children.

The Southern Pacific, after three years of fighting to save its railroad, which was under water in 1906 and 1907, restored the desert, and the Cahuillas said *hasta la vista* to their mountain brethren, the Morongos, and went back to the desert, but they didn't weave baskets again. (Boulder, now Hoover, dam was built to prevent another flood.)

By this time the hardy Los Angelenos (most of them came from Des Moines or Dubuque) had discovered Palm Springs. They came out in the early cars over the dirt and sand roads made by the date ranchers and the early vegetable planters. Carefully they put up a few small hotels just outside the boun-

daries of the reservation. The reservation covers 32,000 acres.

The dates, by the way, were planted with root stock stolen from the Arabian desert. The date palm is sacred among the Moslems and the people who were going to plant the green fan stems in the American desert had to snatch them in the dead of night and bring boatloads of them to Los Angeles, and then transport them to the desert.

It was touch and go, because many did not take root, and who wanted dates, anyway? It took generations to teach Americans to eat the sacred fruit, and to tame the Indians so that they would work in the date groves of the Coachella valley. But there were plenty of Mexicans (Mexico is only 110 miles away) and thousands of them have become valuable and useful American citizens.



Palm Springs and its sister city, Indio, looked like checkerboards because the Indians controlled the land and wouldn't permit any building on it. The hardest thing to build was a golf course. The Indians feared golf courses because they saw them as eating up too much of their sandland. It was almost 40 years after the Colorado river burst into the desert that the golf courses were permitted, and Bing Crosby came into his own as a developer.

The Great White Father himself played golf here last year, he thought courtesy of George Allen, but actually with the basic permission of the Agua Caliente Mission Band of Indians, a group of native redmen of various origins, mostly Christians, formed from the original native tribes.

Today, as Palm Springs expands by leasing land from the Indians, the white businessmen spend much of their time in consultation with the Indian council composed of women of the tribe. A friend of mine is building a hot springs bath house and has been given (because they like him) a 99-year lease on

the spa area. The young bloods such as the one I saw in front of the store will live securely through the next four generations because their mothers put a lot of small print in the legal documents.

The Indian I saw was, of course, in native dress. He wore a flat felt hat, a white alpaca sweater, a blue tie with his initials in white, a pair of white buckskin shoes and pleated slacks. As I walked by him, he was strolling southward to look in Saks Fifth Avenue's window.

The Case of the Cut-Price Corpse *(or From Here to Eternity)*

OUT in good old Loz Onglaize, where the freeways flow gently to the sea, there is a struggle between togetherness and foreverness. It has to do with the high cost of living when dying.

Foreverness is represented by the Forest Lawn cemetery, billed as the world's largest, which has its own mortuary and chapels, and therefore handles entire funerals, cutting out the undertakers.

Togetherness represents the organized undertakers, who resent the fact that Forest Lawn advertises a complete funeral for \$90, probably with Johnnie Ray thrown in to do the crying.

The undertakers, naturally, have an association, and a natural-looking lawyer. The association obviously spends a dollop of its time denouncing price-cutters, such as the foreverness crowd. Recently the lawyer came up with a gimmick. On behalf of the togetherness grouping he filed a suit in court to compel Forest Lawn to increase the price to a standardized minimum.

I suppose the idea was inspired by the fact that the California Supreme Court recently declared legal the Fair Trade act in California, which makes everybody sell such things as liquor and groceries at the same "protected" price, substantially above what the consumer would pay for the same goods in the degenerate Orient (east of Nevada).

I guess the theory is that if you can fair-trade booze, you ought to be able to fair-trade permanent snooze.

(Incidentally, the recent fair trade ruling has been appealed to the U.S. Supreme Court, which in previous cases has had a tendency to kill fair trade laws for being in restraint of trade.)

Anyway, the Los Angeles County Funeral Directors association has filed suit to force Forest Lawn Memorial Park to raise its minimum price to \$350. They argue that \$90 price is a come-on, like a retail loss leader, but the Forest Lawn people say they have handled more than 1000 funerals in 1959 for less than \$350, and that anybody who wants a \$90 funeral can have one. In other words, any cheapskate corpse can have Foreverness, but this sentence is mine and below the dignity of the Over the River Buryin' Sassiety of the West Coast.

When the suit was filed to maintain togetherness on the cost of eternal rigor mortis, Forest Lawn did a very clever thing. They advertised the suit in full page ads in the newspapers. "We do not believe," they said, "that we should be forced to raise our prices up to the level of these undertakers." To raise anything up may not be good English, but all is fair in grammar and war.

"Our exclusive 'self-selection' plan permits a free choice without influence from anyone," says the ad, a direct answer to the canard that the \$90 price is a decoy.



Then Forest Lawn did something very cute. They pub-

lished the 12 names of the officers and directors of the outfit filing the suit!

This obviously has the simple effect of making every potential corpse stare at the undertaker with a cold and fishy eye. Even in the Land of Perfect Serenity, there is a resentment, however subconscious, of the gentle art of price-togetherness.

"We will keep the public informed as to the progress of this suit," says Forest Lawn's ad, promising further fun and games in the struggle for men's bodies, which is much more important, it seems, than the same for men's minds.

Or are they really the same struggle?

Babes in Toyland

SEN. H. STYLES BRIDGES, a Republican of New Hampshire has issued a statement in which he urged people to stop hating Vice-President Nixon.

It was extraordinary to read such a statement in a Chicago newspaper, not 48 hours after Mr. Nixon was subject to more journalistic adoration than any human being could stand, let alone deserve.

This suggested to me (since Sen. Bridges is one of the "inside" Nixon men) that the reason for the overwhelming amount of propaganda has something to do with the feeling that somehow the candidate is lacking and needs to be sold, although what appears to be happening is that he is being oversold.

I think the fact is that the people do not hate Mr. Nixon. The case is probably being overstated. The people do not hate Mr. Nixon, they are just worried about him.

You can't really blame anybody who loves his country for

worrying about a mechanical, prefabricated candidate for the presidency of the United States. The presidency is an office for which Americans have profound respect. The man who occupies it must prove not that he loves the office, but that he loves the country. A capable man, an experienced man, a technically perfect man, a man who knows all the answers may do as the president of a widget factory, or as the chairman of the board of an insurance company that needs high pressure salesmanship, but that does not mean this set of qualifications makes a man eligible for the presidency of the United States, the highest and best office we can award.

The large army of Nixon apologists are constantly making fun of those people who say, "I don't know why, I don't like Nixon."

The apologists say if you don't know some facts to back up your beliefs, then keep quiet.



Although the nomination of the Republican party does not necessarily mean election to the presidency of the United States and is therefore at this moment not an ultimate concern, I think that this uneasiness should be respected.

Nixon himself should feel an obligation to deal with this uneasiness.

For instance, practically every single extremist of the far right is a Nixonite. Is it just an accident? Or is it that these people sense something about Nixon they like that makes millions of others fear him? Nixon acts, looks and feels (to the public) like Pinocchio when the old wood carver first made him.

He is a perfect toy soldier, and the question is: whose interests will he serve if he should assume the presidency? Are we all babes in toyland?

Since reading his many biographies I find that Nixon is

dedicated to the idea that concentration and effort can solve any type of public relations problem.

If this is so, the Vice-President should have no trouble proving to the people of the United States that what appears to be his ruthless upward climb will not end up with the United States as a puppet dictatorship, under a Pinocchio who may, with power, turn into a Golem.

This is a very touchy situation. The people who vote against Nixon or speak against him or write against him may be in danger in the future, if Nixon is really a vindictive, pitiless, unforgiving individual.



If he is interested in constructive criticism he should consider that he has to convince the American people, if he is elected, that the country will continue to be a serene, democratic, tolerable place in which to live. In spite of the colossal power of the makers of artificial enthusiasm, and the favor curriers, I still have confidence that the American people want the kind of president who will make a happy country.

I am reminded of the Venetians who would not select a Doge who was a professional politician because running the country is not the job for a superhuman, but for a human.

First Person Plural

ONCE upon a time, in my blushing youth, I was sent to cover the trial of a banker who had absconded with many of the funds that are given to a bank in trust.

The old banker, a fine looking man with flowing white hair, was put on the stand by the defense lawyers. When he was asked whether he did this or he did that, he referred to

himself by his full name, declaring that "John Smith never did that," or "John Smith is an honest man."

Of course, he wasn't, and ended in jail, but I never forgot how he referred to himself by name as if he were talking about somebody else. It seemed an almost desperate attempt to create a new personality, not "I," but John Smith, so that somehow in the magic of the moment the culprit would be saved.

For years afterward, I observed the use of nouns and pronouns by people, to try to detect whether their employment of "we" when they should have said "I," or "mine" when they should have said "ours," was a simple erroneous use through habit, or a schizoid subconscious comment on something interesting in their lives. It's a sort of game, I guess.

Take the word "we." When Lindbergh flew across the ocean alone, he referred to himself as "we," and this was considered charmingly modest, because his plane, his cat and himself were all there, and he was generously distributing credit.



It was not until much later, when Lindy's personality and objectives became much clearer, that the "we" became mixed up in my mind with the ancient permissive use of "we" by kings and editors, who have been using this since the earliest days to maintain the fiction that the utterer, be he king or editor, is an aristocrat who in himself "represents" unseen others and must therefore employ the first person plural, nominative case.

I've noticed that politicians use "we," but I have lately come to think that this is not because they are either kings or editors, but that they do not want to take exclusive blame for the things that happen. They prefer to hint at unseen and unknown collaborators. Thus "we" has gone from modesty to

schizophrenia in one big leap, in spite of the fact that a defensive politician may not know the nominative case from a case of bourbon.

Editors have practically given up "we" when they write signed material. In unsigned material, the "we" is still legitimate in an expression of opinion because it may actually represent a group idea. Kings and queens still use "we," but we can dismiss that with pity and compassion.

The main point is that nowadays, whether an editor or politician says "we" when he should say "I," he's ducking some of the responsibility for his deeds, he wants to suggest other shoulders besides those so neatly encased in Duro's canvas can be blamed, or praised, too.



In praise, the "we" is a hedge. "We always try to do a good job" means when you have a complaint, remember I'm not the one to get mad at. "We" try. I noticed that a police captain who refused to take a lie test referred to himself as "we" in some newspaper interview.

My other lament in the pronoun department is over those people who use possessive pronouns incorrectly and refer to things that are not wholly theirs as "mine." They speak of "my furniture" and "my piano" when they mean "our furniture" and "our piano."

A woman with a perfectly live husband keeps saying, "I moved to Sheridan road" and "my rugs need cleaning" as though her husband, poor guy, or her children did not exist.

These people need a sense of community property. There is a great morale factor in saying "ours" instead of "mine." It puts everybody in the act. Where work needs to be done, and living has to be lived, that's good.

Give the Voters a Choice

SOMETIMES we forget that the 1960 presidential story is not about the giants of politics, but about us, you and me.

We become fascinated by side issues such as whether Kennedy or Humphrey will win the preferential primary in Wisconsin, and we think we are watching a kind of show in which we have no part. In reality, this whole show is about us, what is to become of us, who will lead us, how we will fare in the future.

Politics is like a game, but the game is for bigger stakes than the jobs involved. You and I are the stakes.

Now that I have made that point, I want to move to another one, and that is a simple string hanging from the first point:

If this political scrap over the presidency is about you and me, then the candidates of the parties ought to be men good enough to do the job you and I require for our own and our children's future.

That eliminates nearly everybody who has been thus far mentioned as a candidate, including those who are "far out in front." The pollsters keep asking people whom they prefer, Tweedledumb or Tweedledeef, and they are always coming up with a percentage answer. I would like some poll to ask people: "Honestly, if you could name anybody in America for the next president, whom would you select?"

Some would answer with names already in the presidential news, but many would name people whose names have never come up. There are people in America who would make better presidents than the dozen or so men who have been mentioned.



The only thing I am trying to say here is that a completely free uninhibited choice might give us a president in 1960 who

could be trusted in all his actions and deliberations to put the country above politics and the people above his friends or personal ambitions.

But this isn't the way it is going to be. Nixon will probably be nominated by the Republicans because the cards have been stacked that way, and the Democrats will have the dilemma of choosing someone who can defeat him (which of course is guesswork) or of choosing someone sufficiently opposite in style and character so that the American voters will have a free choice of which kind of man they prefer for the presidency.

I am for the free choice, no matter who wins. If the choice, let us say, is between Nixon and Stevenson, then let every American think over the difference between Nixon and Stevenson, go to the polls and vote his choice, and then later we can always say that there was no confusion over issues or personalities.

What is most important is the opportunity for a clear choice. Then, in the four big critical years after 1960, the years of the expansion of population, nuclear power, world upheaval and economic conflict, the American people will have lain in the bed they made themselves.



Giving the American voters a chance for a clean-cut choice of opposites will take the responsibility away from the campaigners and put it where it belongs, on the voters themselves.

This, I admit, is somewhat unfair, because I am aware that people do not like responsibility. They prefer rights and privileges. But it seems to me that this year the voters should be put in the position of having to make a choice, to decide their own destiny.

Since the presidential contest is about them, the people shouldn't be left out of the decision by the selection of candidates so very much alike that it doesn't matter who wins.

Self-Created Burden

IN a book about Zen Buddhism called "Zen Flesh, Zen Bones" there is a story about two Zen masters who were out walking.

At the side of a street, they saw a very lovely, delicate young lady in a new kimono and silk slippers. She was studying the muddy road to find the best way across.

The bigger one of the two men picked her up, lifted her over the puddle, and set her down on the other side of the road. She thanked him and the masters went on their way.

Not a word passed between the two masters until supper time. Then one said to the other, "Brother, is it not true that in our customs it is improper for a master of Zen to touch a woman?"

"Yes," said the other.

"In that case," asked the first, "was it right of you to pick up that young lady in the street and lift her over the mud puddle?"

"Well," said the master, "*I* put her down on the other side of the street, but I see that *you* are still carrying her."

We all carry things we should have put down a long or a short time ago.

A successful businessman recently told me, "As hard as I try to be loyal and considerate of my old employees, I find that without meaning to, those do the greatest damage who have the longest memories. They absorb as they go along certain deep impressions and prejudices. Without deliberate intention to make trouble, they carry memories and feelings, very often based on error, which affect their work or some particular situation."

"I find," the tycoon continued, "that if I get somebody to take charge of a situation who has no old bugaboos in his

head, he will succeed or fail without the handicap of carrying something that should have been forgotten long ago."

We create our own conditions. Sometimes every bit of what worries us is a product of our imaginations. As much as circumstances, or other people, can make us miserable, this is almost nothing to how miserable we can make ourselves.

I know a woman who has spent almost her entire life, day and night, worrying about the possibility that she may become poor. Her thoughts, her conversation, her actions, her decisions about her future are all based on her security fears.

Fortunately for her, the automatic built-in security of America in the twentieth century has prevented her worst fears from being realized, but her own imagination has kept her in a state of terror. She is still carrying what happened to her father in the depression, and she can't put it down. She is carrying a self-created burden.

The past is often a friend, but it can be an enemy.

Those who remember the depression, or the two world wars, and have learned something from these important events in their lives, are benefited from the fact that they are veterans of the great events of history. In many cases, the depression left worse scars than the war, because in the war people were coddled by our avuncular government, but in the depression it was every lonesome heartbreak on its own, a hundred million self-created burdens.

When we get wisdom from experience, it's great. When we get foolishness or superstition from experience, it's tragic.

Inside me (what a title for a book by John Gunther, who has written "Inside Europe" and "Inside U.S.A." etc.) I am grateful that I have lived through two great wars and one depression. Those were 20 years of the best schooling I could get. But in that, as in everything else, I hope I have understood that it is good to leave certain memories where they belong, at the side of the road.

He'd Rather be Right

THERE'S not much talk about it anymore, but it ought not to be forgotten that Adlai Stevenson was the first one to propose an end to nuclear bomb tests. This makes him a big man in history whether or not he ever gets to be president of the United States.

When Adlai proposed this, in the midst of his presidential campaign in 1956, he was given the royal brush-off. The President was haughty and aloof. There were some remarks made about trifling with your country's defense just for the sake of political advantage.

Actually, this proposal of Adlai's was no political advantage. It hurt him to make a proposal for which the people were not yet ready. He was widely ridiculed, especially by the military, the Republican members of Congress, the jingoes who want war at any price, and the press.

But Adlai, a guy who would rather be right than president, stuck to his guns that flexing our muscles by nuclear bomb testing boded no good for the world and that Russia ought to fall in with us to stop it before we all fell out from fallout.

At that time the few people who saw this as statesmanship on Adlai's part were also thought suspect. Walter Lippmann the columnist was one of the few men of national standing who supported Adlai in this, and so did Linus Pauling, the Nobel prize chemistry professor at Cal Tech.

Pauling was threatened by a congressional committee for being so bold, but when he said that as an educator he would be glad to educate the members of Congress on this topic, the quiz was dropped.



On Oct. 31, 1958, a little more than two years after Adlai made his proposal, we stopped testing nuclear bombs, and

with the exception of the small devices tested by France this year, there have been no atomic explosions in the world. What sounded like pixie poop when Stevenson proposed the atom bomb test ban in 1956 is now the official policy of the U.S. government.

Now there have been other great strides toward peace. At Geneva a program for a long-term ban on nuclear bomb testing has been made, and while Russia and the U.S.A. are still apart on how it should be done, they are not far apart. When the Summit meeting takes place in May, the whole disarmament question will come up, and already there is some light shining through, such as the U.S. proposal to Russia that we both limit our armed forces to 2½ million troops each, and the Russian proposal that in four or five years we eliminate all armed forces except internal police.

There are some differences of opinion, but there is just enough light shining through the clouds to suggest that peace may break out.

Why did Ike change his mind from the time of Adlai's suggestion? One obvious reason is that after his inauguration in 1957, the President added a nuclear fission expert to his staff. From Dr. Killian he obviously was given the facts about what superbomb testing does to the atmosphere and how devastating the newer big bombs can be.



Dr. Linus Pauling describes the older atom bomb as "little fellas" because they killed "only" 100,000 people at a time (Nagasaki and Hiroshima) and were capable of flattening an area of "only" nine square miles.

The new big bomb (we exploded one called the Bravo in 1954) has 20 megatons of power, can kill 10 million people, and cover 10,000 square miles. One of these bombs is seven times as great as all of the fire power of the Second World war.

As for "adequate" shelter, there is no such animal, says Pauling, because the new bombs ("big fellas") create a ball of fire hotter than the sun, which burns all the oxygen in the exploding area, making breathing of people in shelters impossible unless they have their own oxygen for a long period.

By now, the whole business is no longer a military question. It's the biggest moral question in the world. It boils down to whether we have a right to kill so many millions of people, on both sides, nearly all of them innocent, and whether we also have the right to affect future generations by creating human mutations through nuclear radiation.

Of course, it must be seen that absolutely nobody can "win" a nuclear war. The bombs themselves, the fact of their existence, give us no choice but to create world-wide peace.

Into the Daylight

Amsterdam:

EVERY living thing practices tropism; it leans toward the light.

In a jet plane, no matter which way he goes, man loses the night and finds the day. Winging west at 600 miles per hour, he catches up with the sun. Flying east at the same speed starting at midnight, we lost the night before 3 o'clock in the morning.

At 2:45 a.m. New York time (we left at midnight) we were 2000 miles out over the ocean, and seeing daylight.

We were also six miles up in the air. I was reading about Mad magazine's presidential boom for Alfred E. Newman, the mythical "What, Me Worry?" kid.

It seemed like a reasonable idea in view of the fact that we have a kid of that kind in the White House now. (I had just read an authoritative article in a New York paper virtually

admitting that the U.S.A. was going to the Summit meeting without a plan. There was plainly no caddy around to help work out a strategy for the long dog-leg at Paris.)



Up in the stratosphere (how low that seems nowadays) we had already been treated to chewing gum, candy, roast beef and tongue sandwiches, sweet rolls, fruit salad and coffee.

Sunday morning broke with dark pink spots of light on the eastern horizon. The sky above was a cobalt blue, changing quickly to powder blue, as the pink turned to orange. By 3 a.m. New York time it was daylight.

The captain announced on the loud speaker at 5:15 a.m. New York time (in three languages, English, Dutch and Spanish) that breakfast would soon be served. I was working on the fourth pound of the five-pound *New York Sunday Times*.

I read (1) a riddle — who was looking like a candidate, talking like a candidate and saying he wasn't a candidate? (2) that Nixon was worried, (3) that the success of the Paris peace conference depended on Khrushchev, (4) that Harry Truman, when asked if he really "gave 'em hell" in 1948, answered thusly, "Not exactly, I just told them the truth and the Republicans thought it was hell," and (5) a statement by Dr. Hastings Banda, Nyasaland nationalist leader: "How can you tell when a country is ready for self-government? It's like saying to your son, 'Now I want you to be a first-class tennis player, but don't touch a racket until you get to Wimbledon.'"



The Dutch have a sense of humor. They served salad and kalter aufschnitt for breakfast, along with Gouda cheese, rolls and coffee. Six hours out we were in heaven over Ireland, even though some of our mothers didn't come from there. We saw the lakes of Killarney from 38,000 feet.

There are people who say that jet planes are too fast because changing from one kind of culture to another is so bewildering. That's not true anymore, because in the first place the Western world outside our borders is becoming more and more like us and secondly, speed is spoiling us as we become accustomed to the wonders of rapid travel.

I am not at all shocked to find myself in the middle of tulip-lush Holland a few hours after leaving New York; in fact I would have been much more shocked if I didn't!

Man is such a very strange animal. He does some things so very admirably and other things so very abominably. What is happening at this moment in the Union of South Africa, and in the American southern states cancels out so much of the pride I want to feel about man's progress.

And so to the dikes, the polders and the tulips.

Dreams of a Distant City

Amsterdam:

I WENT to bed and had a dream that I was visiting a foreign country called the United States of America, where I was particularly impressed with a very quaint and curious town called Chicago.

Hardly anybody would believe the fanciful things I saw in Chicago. In fact, I suppose if many Chicagoans had seen these in a country that was foreign to them, they would never stop talking about them.

For instance, I'm certain that they would have been raving had they seen the magnificent carriage drive along the edge of the lake. It runs for more than 20 miles along the lakefront, curving like the Serpentine.

The city has been built on the edge of a very large lake, one

of the biggest in the Western hemisphere, and while there are some parts on the lakefront that are private, most of it is for the public, and it is most rare and unusual to see this thing the Chicagoans take for granted, a beach at the end of almost every street, and many large public beaches everywhere.

It is incredible to see a city so well situated, far more pleasant, in fact, than the French Riviera or Yugoslavian cities like Split or Dubrovnik. The sand is finer than that of Morocco or Algeria.



One strange scene that probably is not noticed by many visitors is a custom called smelt fishing in the moonlight. Hundreds of natives drive out to a pier jutting out into the lake, where they cast their nets for a type of small fish that runs in those waters early in the spring, like Norwegian sardines, except somewhat larger.

These fish are fried and gulped by the dozen with a drink called Atlas Prager, a native mead.

To see these people dipping their nets for smelt in their quaint American garb is an unforgettable scene. The combination of moonlight, blue street lights, and the long beams from Cadillacs and Lincolns adds to the eerie sight.

The people who live in this singular city do not realize how much it is like Paris or London, or the Venetian Lido. Chicago has a river like the Seine in Paris or the Thames in London. On the left bank of the Chicago river there is a Latin quarter like the one in Paris, with a whimsical street known as Rush, where most of the night life is concentrated, including the famous key clubs where the waitresses wear net stockings up to their elbows and are more beautiful than those of the Montmartre.

On the right bank I saw a market that made the Caledonian market in London and the Flea market in Paris look like the

pig market in Oshkosh. This market is called Maxwell street, and there are as many *chiffoniers* there on nearby Jefferson street as can be found in Le Marche des Cousins. Rembrandt would have found many a suitable subject in the local market.



Chicago teems with people of all races and religions. On Halsted street between Taylor and Roosevelt road (known as the West Side) one can visit dozens of Italian stores, and directly north of that are the wonderful Greek cafes, where the Mediterranean belly dancers hold forth. Still farther north there is another whimsical neighborhood known as Old Town, which is in the early Victorian-Galitzianer-American-Revolutionary-Latin American style. There are unusual little night clubs and precious little jewels of architecture and decor, interlarded with the quaint slum-like residences.

Still farther north is Lincolnstrasse, where the marvelous stores are loaded with Rhine wines, sausages and Limburger cheeses, as well as the Scandinavian markets of Clarkvej, where lox and lingonberries and hardtack are fancied by the indigenous population.

Then one encounters the great frou-frou delicatessens where pickled fish, corned beef, chocolate soda water, and delectable le soufflé de barbecue au piccalilli abound.

If the people there could only see what is around them, they would be thrilled since it is all so terribly interesting and foreign. Seen from a distance, it is obvious to me that those people don't know how lucky they are to live in those wide streets near the huge parks and breathe that wind-swept air fanned by lake breezes.

The Place in Kingly Street

London:

WE were browsing about in Regent street, looking at the goods at Jaeger's and the antiques at Liberty's (I was surprised to find that Field's on State street has adapted the same architecture) when my wife said she thought it was time for lunch.

Since this kind of progressive thinking always suits me, we made our way through the Swedish glass and Finnish furniture to the lift, a tiny elevator that is held up by a cable and is made of open iron work and gives you the feeling you are being lowered in an open champagne bucket.

When we reached the ground floor (what they call the first is several floors above that) and came out on the sidewalk, I was intrigued by a very narrow alleyway that seemed to lead off into the bowels of the West End.

Up one block through the mews (there I go talking English again; the American name for it is alley) we came to a narrow street called Kingly street. Only the pubs were open.

The coffee shops, the tobacco shops, and the many elaborate Italian and Greek food stores were closed, but some lights were burning through the chilly English afternoon in front of a place called the Angus Steak House. It was Brummagem, but the real thing.

In we went, and there we found a perfectly charming little restaurant of the kind we are always looking for but seldom find (clean, not too strange and, we hoped, cheap).

There were pictures of huge Scottish bulls on the walls, framed in red and black tartan. One called "Galloway Bull" was a fierce specimen of Angus manhood, apparently the great-great-grandpapa of the meat.

The walls were walnut, the tables small, the customers English as John Bull, 1960 style. By that I mean they still look

like John Bull, but they have been gentled by prosperity and the war.



We were seated at a table built for two and given a long menu that took some studying. My wife decided on a chump chop, a green salad, and whatever she could swipe off my plate. I ordered a grilled filet and cole slaw. The filet sounds pretty fancy, but I was intrigued by the price, six shillings six pence, about a dollar.

The table was quickly filled with a basket of French sour dough bread, butter in little round ceramic jars, and enough table silver to feed half the U.S. Army.

A boy about 15 in a white chef's costume wanted to know if he could bring us anything to drink. Knowing we get no drinking water, we order Guinness on draught.

"Do yez wish 'alf pints 'er full?" the boy asked. Modestly, we ordered alveses.

"Would yez mind paying fer it now?" It was one and six, which comes to 21 cents.

The boy scooted out into Kingly street, apparently to a pub, and soon came back with two foaming steins of Guinness. I took the first sip.

"What does it taste like?" my wife wanted to know.

"Well," I puzzled over an exact description, "like, well, like unsweetened Coca-Cola with a touch of alcohol in it."

The lady took a swig. "It's good," she pronounced, "better than root beer."

At that moment the broils came. The chump chop is a thick lamb chop with the bone taken out, and the filet is like our minute steak. Both were broiled in charcoal, beautifully dark on the patina with nice warm pink insides.

"Will you have French or English mustard?" the waiter asked, with just a trace of chauvinism.

Sensing a possible danger to NATO and western harmony, I diplomatically asked for English mustard.

By this time we were talking to the customers around us, all of whom were eating broils and drinking Guinness. One English lady, who was a "professional" at going to royal celebrations, said she would fix a lunch basket with sandwiches and a bottle of wine and arrive at Pall Mall (Pell Mell) at 6 a.m. with a folding seat to enjoy the princess' wedding procession.

"And what if it's raining cats and dogs?" I asked.

"No mind," said the lady, "we'll wear our Macs and have a rubber cushion. The coronation was smashing."

"But quite damp," I reminded her.

"Now listen," said my wife, wiping away her foamy Guinness mustache, "don't spoil these people's fun."

The afternoon was pretty much gone by then. I had intended to go to Charing Cross road to rummage through Foyle's book shop, but I settled for another 'alf pint of brown stout instead. After all, it's the chief export of Ireland and deserves to be supported. A humanitarian to the bitter end, sez I.

Rhythms of England in the Spring

London:

THE cherry blossoms in Regent's park are thicker and pinker and even more plentiful than those in Washington.

All of London is very green and thriving, and the night fountains are gushing pure crystal in Trafalgar square.

A girl in a green organdie dress comes out of a building carrying a white helmet. She dons the helmet, hops on the

back of a motorcycle driven by her date and she's off, green skirts and nylon legs flying in the wind.

Lovely gas lights in St. John's Wood look like a scene from the movies. The Londoners, as in San Francisco with the cable cars, don't permit the London County council to do away with the old lights. Every time a proposal comes up to electrify the street, the sentimentalists kick up a row.

As we drive through Kensington, a cop directs us into a narrow road in Kensington park. When we get to the middle of the park we find we are at the "grace of favour" palaces belonging to the queen, and within a sneeze of the residence of the new Mrs. Antony Armstrong-Jones.

A cop wants to know how we got into a private drive and we tell him the other cop directed us. On one side are some single family dwellings mostly Georgian, and on the other, in the park, is the old palace George III built as a nursery, which will now hold Tony and Margaret, when they return from Jamaica. It's a two-story house with an attic and not even big enough for the wedding presents.

George III once tried to tax the Americans and they overthrew him. Now Americans don't pay tax when they buy anything in England. All goods are marked with the British purchase tax on it.

If it is bought for export, the tax comes off, like the sales tax in Illinois for people from Wisconsin. However, the purchase tax in England is much higher than the sales tax in the States. It is graduated according to the article, with no tax on foods, little on clothing, about 6 per cent on china, and from 50 to 100 per cent on certain luxuries. The English have to pay a 50 per cent purchase tax on a new car, but from the traffic in Oxford Circus or Haymarket, it seems that the tax is no deterrent.



On TV one night there is a championship soccer game be-

tween the Real Madrids and Barcelonas in the new Barcelona stadium. We watch the closely fought match without a single commercial interfering.

The Madrid team has two dazzling professionals from Hungary, who emigrated after the rebellion. Soccer is so popular in Europe that the players make \$100,000 a year. Madrid wins the match, but Barcelonans who come to see their team win (110,000 of them) razz the home team and inundate the field with cushions.

Marks and Spencer, the department store people, in a desire to help Israel, put a line of Jaffa oranges and grapefruit for sale at the main counter near the entrance. This became so popular they added pears, grapes, tomatoes and lettuce. Now the big soft goods house, unexpectedly, has one of the biggest food businesses in England. Jaffa oranges are juicy and delicious, and Marks and Spencer's good intentions have been handsomely rewarded.

Beauty is where you run across it. Walking through Harrod's department store in Knightsbridge, we stumbled on a garden display of colorful spring flowers, including slipper-shaped lush calceolaria, shy cineraria, and large pink and white rhododendrons.

Nature's gift of spring flowers and spring sunshine is counteracted by an item I read in the newspapers. Mrs. Verwoerd, the wife of the South African prime minister, makes a statement: "I see the hand of God in the absolute miracle that not only was Dr. Verwoerd's life spared, but that he is expected to recover and continue the struggle. Is it not a sign to us that we are on the right path and God is with us?"

God takes a beating again. A lot of things humans do are hard to explain to other innocent humans. The Chessman affair has England gagging. They don't like what's going on in South Africa, either, but if they make too much of it while

the African foreign minister is here, S. A. may decide to quit the Commonwealth. Most Englishmen are willing to let them go, as Harry Truman was willing to let the South "go" in 1948, at least politically.



Into the rhythms of England's spring comes worry over the Arab shipping boycott. It is felt here that "the trouble" could lead eventually to war. A satisfactory settlement must be found.

Spring 1960, the front page, all conflict. Spring 1960, the inside pages, flowers, love, music, sport, food, finance and freedom.

Grosvenor square, between the Old American embassy and the new one now being built, is a soft quiet green park amid lacy trees. There stands a statue of Franklin D. Roosevelt. Roosevelt's head is high, his cloak is around his shoulders, and he carries a heavy cane to suggest his bout with polio.

The four freedoms are engraved in the stone around F.D.R., who looks curiously like the statue of George Washington. The first one I see is "freedom of speech." I look no further, because without this one there could be no other. If we cannot talk about what we see, no matter how we talk about it, then there will be many more things we cannot see that we cannot talk about.

Hitler, whose ghost is visible in the still burned-out buildings in London, was defeated by the free press, which told the truth about him after he obtained power through stifling free speech in central Europe. We cannot recognize tyranny unless we know about it, and that is a chief function of free speech. We must have free speech even to denounce the tyranny of the press itself.

Winter of the Sauerkraut

FOR some it was summer of the 17th doll, others have had their teahouse of the August moon, but for me this was the winter of the sauerkraut.

Deciding suddenly that it was time we went up to the farm to see how things were this winter, we drove in brittle February sunshine over the dry roads to the Wisconsin village we call home as often as we dare.

The neighborhood had been hit hard by snow. High clean piles of it on the sides of the roads suggested that the township crews had been kept busy fighting the drifts, which were still forming because of the brisk wind.

A phone call to our neighbors established that our own road was being plowed out, and that if we killed time in the village we could probably get in a half hour or so later.

For us, killing time in the village means shopping, especially in the dead of winter when we have to provide enough food for a week-end that may turn into a snowbound week, as it did last year.



First, we stopped at the butcher's, and selected some very neatly trimmed T-bone steaks, some luscious hamburger, and a few lamb chops. Thence to the grocer's, where I was given a cart by the boss of the family and generously told I could have anything I wanted.

I came back to the cashier's with one item, a barrel-shaped crock of old fashioned fresh bulk sauerkraut.

"Is that all you want?" my wife asked. "No jam, no smoked bacon, no beer, no Eskimo Pie?"

"That's all," I said, "and I want to cool it on the back porch before dinner."

It turned out to be a long time to dinner. The road crew's

clutch burned out, and we were told we'd have to wait an hour at a neighbor's before they came back with the grader.

So we toasted our toes by the stove, drank coffee and munched home-made doughnuts, and I played checkers with an 8-year-old boy.

It was nearly sundown. The snow truck had not come. We decided to try for the house through the deep snow. My wife, who is an excellent driver, took the wheel and made it through the three-foot drifts. The car was stuck at the house, but we managed to get ourselves and the groceries into the house, a triumph of logistics.

The queen of the kitchen took charge of her department, I built a pleasant fire in the fireplace, and I set the glass barrel of sauerkraut out on the open porch in the zero weather. I was promptly given a legal notice that if the glass cracked from the cold, I would have to clean up the mess.



Dinner was ready by 7. There were hamburgers, boiled potatoes, giant green peas, and homemade bread and butter.

I rushed out to the porch and retrieved my sauerkraut, which had to be opened by a person of strength, my wife.

At once after we sat down I dipped my hand into the frosty barrel, took a firm grip on about a quarter of a pound of that lovely cold sauerkraut, and gulped it down.

"Are you unacquainted with the instrument known as a fork?" I was asked.

My mouth was so full of sauerkraut, I couldn't answer.

A new softness came over the face of my best friend and severest critic. "I understand," she said. "We used to have a crock of kraut on the back porch at our house, too."

"With a board over the top held down by a brick?" I asked.

"Yes, of course."

"And with red apples in it, which turned sort of brown?"

"My mother never used anything but russet apples."

"Oh, mine used Jonathans. If we were good, we were allowed to eat them."

"Ours were allotted according to the age of the child; the oldest got them first, just like the yellow eggs in the chickens."

"Hmm. You come from a very nice family."

"So do you. But we used the seniority instead of the merit system."

I dipped my hand into the icy crystal barrel again.

For some disconnected reason, at that very moment, the radio played "Roses Are Blooming in Picardy."

About the Author

Leo A. Lerner is the editor and publisher of twenty North Side newspapers in Chicago, with a circulation of more than half a million readers. Civic leaders, politicians, and businessmen all over the city subscribe to one or more of his papers so they can read his "First Column," which has been running in his papers for more than twenty-five years.

Mr. Lerner lives in Uptown Chicago, and spends most of his week-ends in southern Wisconsin, on his farm, which he calls "Kettle Moraine Farm." His two sons, Louis and Robert, are following in his footsteps in the newspaper business; his daughter, Rosanne, is studying art at a San Francisco art school. His wife, Deana, to whom he has been married for thirty-one years, is half of the Lerner team of world travelers.

His two previous books, "Continental Journey" and "The Itch of Opinion," received high praise from critics and public figures. Carl Sandburg called him "Diogenes without a lantern," and the *Saturday Review* said of him, "He is a man who has his eyes open and his heart on his tongue. He is jovial, warm hearted and witty."

Who's Who in America has an impressive list of credits to his name, including Chairman of the Board of Trustees of Roosevelt University (a post from which he resigned recently); Vice President of the Cancer Prevention Center of

Chicago ; Co-chairman of the National Committee of Stevenson for President in 1952 ; Chairman of the Abraham Lincoln Memorial Commission ; Director of the Chicago Public Library ; recipient of the first prize for the best editorial, Illinois Press Association, 1937 ; Herrick Award, N.E.A., 1951 ; named Publisher of the Year, 1953, and many others.

The text of this book is set in Linotype
Granjon, the display in Nicolas Jenson Light.
Composed, printed and bound at North Central
Publishing Company, St. Paul, Minnesota.
Designed by John B. Goetz.



3 5701 00104 6491

AC 8 .L46

046491

Lerner, Leo A. 1907-1965.

The italics are mine.

AC 8 .L46

046491

Lerner, Leo A. 1907-1965.

The italics are mine.

DATE	ISSUED TO

Meadville Lombard
Theological School Library
5701 S. Woodlawn Avenue
Chicago, IL 60637

